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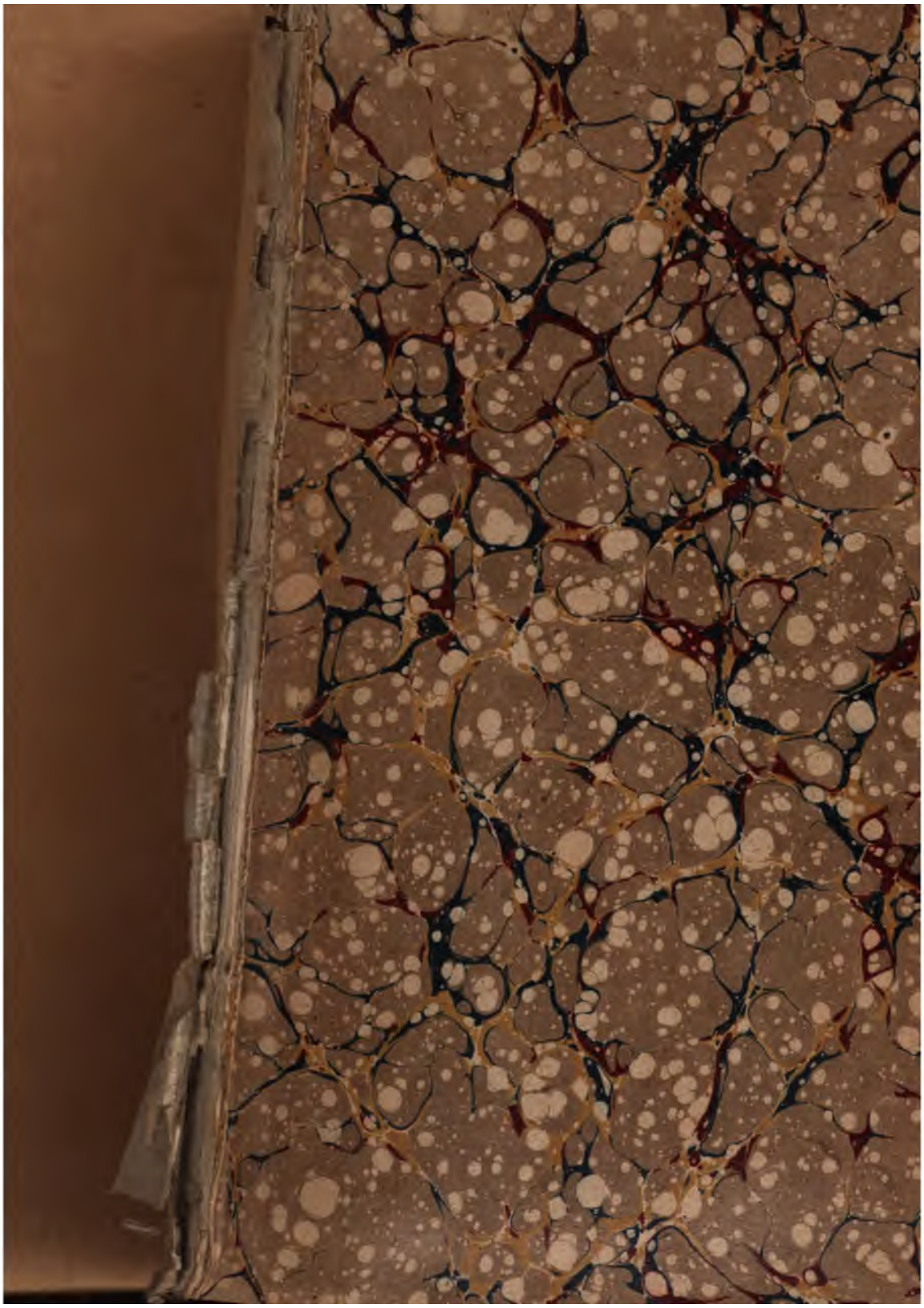

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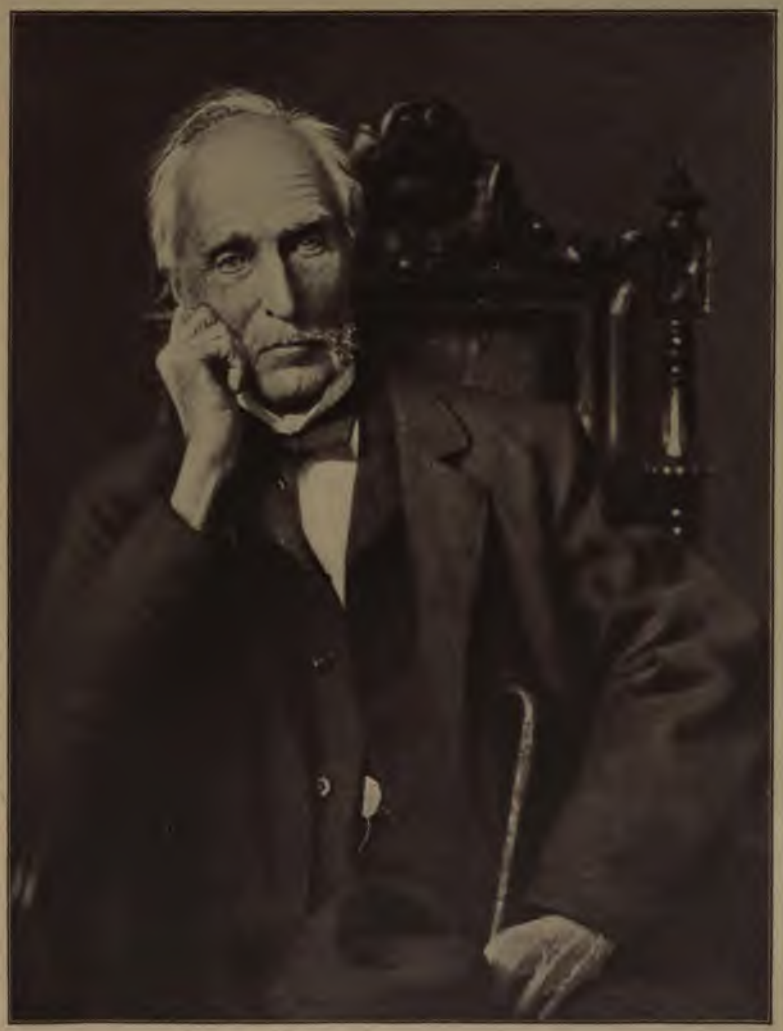

Goldwin Smith

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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THE GREAT MINDS OF AMERICA.

I.—GOLDWIN SMITH.

THERE is a branch of history which, although in our day historians have ceased to deal exclusively with diplomacy, politics and war, receives even yet, but seldom, the separate and careful treatment that might bring out its full significance. In a modern historical narrative we are sure to read, not only about warriors and statesmen, but also about the conquerors in the fields of scientific research, in astronomy, physics, chemistry and biology, about the inventors who enrich mankind with the practical applications of scientific principles, about theologians, legists, men of letters, painters, sculptors and architects. We still hear relatively little, on the other hand, about the men who stand in the background, so far as any active part in public life or special investigation is concerned, but who interpret more or less correctly the meaning of current events, who direct more or less consciously the general tendencies of their contemporaries, and who shape more or less decisively the attitude of their generation towards the problems of daily life. We can exemplify the place occupied and the function discharged by such interested and alert onlookers, if we recall the part played by Erasmus in the first third, and, less conspicuously, by Montaigne in the last third, of the sixteenth century; by Pascal in the first half, and by

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Hobbes and Locke in the last half, of the seventeenth; by Montesquieu, Voltaire and Rousseau in the eighteenth; by Goethe in the first quarter, and, so far as Britons and Americans could be reached, by Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson in the third quarter, of the nineteenth century. The comments made by such detached but watchful spectators of the drama unfolded in the struggles, achievements and failures of mankind are illuminative and helpful, because they are uttered from a coign of vantage like the tower imagined by Lucretius as commanding a wide prospect of a tossing sea, a view-point which enables the observer to see social phenomena in their right perspective and true dimensions.

In Western countries, no generation since the Renaissance has been entirely deprived of the benefit derivable from such impartial commentaries and far-sighted suggestions; and, although, from the instinctive disposition to extol times past, we of to-day may conceive ourselves in this respect less happy than our fathers, there is no doubt that we possess on this side of the Atlantic men who, in a certain measure, at least, perform for us the same useful function. Among them may be specified Goldwin Smith and Charles W. Eliot, nor is it disputable that other names will at once recur to the reader's mind. It is mainly as a commentator on contemporary affairs, and on those historical events which have a direct bearing on the present state of things, that we purpose here to mark briefly the work done by Goldwin Smith.

I.

By way of preface, the barest outline of a biography may be desirable. To that purpose, however, we can devote only a few sentences. Goldwin Smith was educated at Eton, after which he matriculated at University College, Oxford, where he not only gained a Double First (a first class in classics and in mathematics), but also the Hertford and Ireland Scholarships (which attest a still higher grade of proficiency in the Greek and Latin languages); the Chancellor's prize for Latin Verse; the Latin Essay prize and the English Essay prize. Early in the fifties, he was appointed, in conjunction with Arthur Stanley (subsequently Dean of Westminster), a Secretary of the Royal Commission appointed to reform the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and in that capacity was credited with doing more

than any or all of his colleagues to bring about the drastic changes which revolutionized those hide-bound institutions. In 1858, he was made Regius Professor of Modern History, the office which was to be filled successively by his coevals, Stubbs, Freeman and Froude. An unflinching and outspoken champion of the North during our Civil War, he visited the United States in 1868; resigned his post at Oxford to become Honorary Professor of English and Constitutional History in Cornell University; and in 1871 went to Canada, where he has since resided.

The list of his published writings is suggestive of the habitual drift of his thought. In the long catalogue, perhaps three works should be specifically mentioned as being the most widely known, the most influential, and the most likely to prove durable, to wit, his "Political History of the United Kingdom"; his "Political History of the United States," which is rather a philosophical disquisition than a pictorial narrative, and for that very reason possesses a peculiar value; and, finally, the compact but full-freighted volume entitled "Essays on Questions of the Day."

In a long-remembered course of lectures, delivered at Oxford, on the statesmen of the Commonwealth, the substance of which is reproduced concisely in "The History of the United Kingdom," Goldwin Smith anticipated Carlyle in forming and impressing conceptions of Eliot, Pym, Hampden and, above all, of Cromwell, which are now generally accepted as correct. Singularly enlightening is his answer to the question, What did Pym and Hampden mean to do with the Church and Commonwealth when they had beaten the King? "The Church, of course, they meant to make Puritan, probably with an episcopate unmitred and reduced in power;" a counterpart, in fact, of what we see in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States; for neither Pym nor Hampden was, in principle, opposed, as the Presbyterians and Independents were, to that form of church government. "As to the Commonwealth, both of them were monarchists, though they wished to put the monarch under parliamentary control." Yet they could never have set Charles I again upon his throne. The conviction, founded upon repeated experience, that no faith could be put in his pledges and concessions, however solemn, was their motive and justification for drawing the sword. To what expedient, then, must they eventually have had recourse? The reply is: "Probably, they would

have done what was done by their political heirs in 1688; they would have kept the monarchy, but changed the dynasty. Lewis, the young Elector-Palatine, son of the Protestant idol, the Electress Elizabeth, had appeared in England, and the eyes of the people had been turned to him." To Goldwin Smith, therefore, it seems not unlikely that, had the party of Pym and Hampden prevailed, the young Elector might have been called to the constitutional throne, to which the patriots of 1688 called William of Orange. Of Cromwell in the same work we read that "he had no love of sabre-sway. Like Cæsar, unlike Napoleon, he had been a politician before he was a soldier, and he had always shown himself loyal in principle to the supremacy of the civil power." Goldwin Smith's researches led him to conclude that Cromwell's aim may fairly be said to have been, "after the closing of the wounds of the Civil War by amnesty, to resettle the Government on a broad national basis," in accordance with the habits and traditions of the people, securing to the nation at the same time the substantial objects, religious and political, the religious objects, above all, for which the civil sword had been drawn. "From the conference which Cromwell held at the critical moment with leading men, soldiers and lawyers, to take soundings of opinion as to the settlement of the Constitution, it appears that his own leaning was in favor of something monarchical, whether with the old or with a new name." Herein Goldwin Smith can see no apostasy. Cromwell had drawn his sword in a religious cause, with which the cause of civil liberty was identified, but had never proclaimed himself a republican, though he had republicans among his brethren in arms, and had, no doubt, listened to them with sympathy, and, perhaps, flattered their aspirations. Evidently, he had been willing to restore the King, if the King could have been bound effectually to mend his ways. "That Cromwell was still true to liberty, Milton, no bad judge, must have been convinced when he wrote his sonnet. Though the poet knew that Cromwell had suffered detraction, yet over this, as over his enemies in war, he hailed him triumphant, and beckoned him on to victories of peace and to the rescue of free conscience, whereof he regards him as the hope." In a word, the true view of Cromwell's character is pronounced to be that which represents him as raised from step to step by circumstances, without far-reaching ambition or settled plan.

In the second volume of his history of "The United Kingdom," Goldwin Smith brought out clearly for the first time the essential and far-reaching difference between the form of federal government created in 1867 by the British North America Act for the Dominion of Canada and that which we see exemplified in the Constitution of the United States. The difference is thus stated in a nutshell: "In the case of Canadian confederation, the national element has been from the first stronger than the federal in this respect, that the residuary power which the American organic law leaves in the States was, by the Canadian Constitution, assigned to the Dominion." Moreover: "The Canadian Constitution, though framed in the main by Canadian politicians, is set forth in an imperial Act of Parliament, subject to repeal or amendment only by the same authority by which it was passed." The inference seems warranted that "a community living under a Constitution imposed by external authority, and without the power of making peace or war, can hardly be said yet to have attained the status of a nation."

The outline of the political history of the United States was recognized at the time of its publication as a marvel of condensation and lucidity. In no other book, whether from the pen of De Tocqueville, or from that of Bryce, has the same field been covered so succinctly and so well. Of the five chapters—there are no more—the first deals with the colonial epoch, the second, with the Revolutionary period, the third and fourth review the history of the Federal Government to the outbreak of the Civil War, and the fifth depicts the era of rupture and reconstruction. Every page of the brief essay is enriched with striking and incisive comments that challenge the reader to reconsider carefully, if not to change, his personal views of historical persons and events.

II.

Among the living and urgent problems examined in the volume comprising "Essays on Questions of the Day," none is now more opportune and useful than that which considers the prospect and the inevitable limits of social and industrial revolution. It should be, of course, kept in mind that the standpoint of Goldwin Smith is that of a Liberal of the old school as yet unconverted to State Socialism, who still looks for further improvement, not to increased Governmental interference, but to individual effort,

free association and the same agencies, moral, intellectual and economical, which have brought us thus far, and one of which, science, is now operating with immensely augmented power. In a word, Goldwin Smith accounts it the function of Government to protect these agencies, not to supersede them. Obviously, a writer of this school can have no panacea or nostrum to offer; and, when a nostrum or panacea is offered, he will, necessarily, be found rather on the critical than on the effusive side. He will look for advancement, not for regeneration; expect improvement still to be, as it has been, gradual; and hope much from steady, calm and harmonious effort, little from violence or revolution.

Not that he lacks deep and fervent sympathy with the effort of reformers to relieve the mass of working-men from social and political disabilities. No man with a brain and a heart, he says, can fail to be penetrated with a sense of the unequal distribution of wealth, or to be willing to try any experiment which may hold out a reasonable hope of putting an end to poverty. By the success of such an experiment, the happiness of the rich, of such, at least, of them as are good men, would be increased far more than their riches would be diminished. Only the Nihilist, however, would desire blindly to plunge society into chaos. Goldwin Smith sees that it is plainly beyond man's power to alter the fundamental conditions of his being. "There are inequalities, greater even than those of wealth, which are fixed, not by human lawgivers, but by nature, such as those of health, strength, intellectual power and length of life; and these draw other inequalities with them. Justice is human. Where inequality is the fiat, not of man, but of a power above man, it is idle for any practical purpose to assail it as injustice."

No doubt the difference between a good and a bad workman is, partly at least, the act of nature; but to give the same wages to the good workman and the bad, as Communists propose, while it might be just from some superhuman point of view, would yet, from the only view-point which mankind can practically attain, be pronounced by Goldwin Smith unjust. While the limits, however, of human progress are thus clearly perceived, Goldwin Smith is no pessimist. On the whole, his view of man's future is a sanguine one. He keeps in view the fact that steady industry, aided by the ever-growing powers of practical science,

is rapidly augmenting wealth. He can discern no cause for doubting that thrift and increased facilities for saving and for the employment of small capitals, will promote the equality of distribution. "Let Governments see," he says, "that labor is allowed to enjoy its full earnings, untaxed by war, waste or iniquitous tariffs. The best of all taxes, it has been truly averred, is the smallest. With equal truth it may be said that the best of all Governments is that which has least occasion to govern."

Of recent years Goldwin Smith has evinced, now and then, an inclination to turn his attention from political, social and economical inquiries to the haunting problems concerning a future life and man's relation to the cosmos. Some of his thoughts upon this subject have been set forth in "Rational Religion and Rationalistic Objections"; and in "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence." His specific view-point is that of an agnostic, but of one who recalls tenderly and gratefully the beauty and the nobility with which faith, in elevating and benign religions, has dignified and embellished human nature. Of such blessings he would hold fast to as much as is compatible with a paramount reverence for truth.

CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—XXII*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the present year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated, October 10, 1906.*] Susy has named a number of the friends who were assembled at Onteora at the time of our visit, but there were others—among them Laurence Hutton, Charles Dudley Warner, and Carroll Beckwith, and their wives. It was a bright and jolly company. Some of those choice spirits are still with us; the others have passed from this life: Mrs. Clemens, Susy, Mr. Warner, Mary Mapes Dodge, Laurence Hutton, Dean Sage—peace to their ashes! Susy is in error in thinking Mrs. Dodge was not there at that time; we were her guests.

(1890.)

We arrived at nightfall, dreary from a tiresome journey; but the dreariness did not last. Mrs. Dodge had provided a home-made banquet, and the happy company sat down to it, twenty strong, or more. Then the thing happened which always happens at large dinners, and is always exasperating: everybody talked to his elbow-mates and all talked at once, and gradually raised their voices higher, and higher, and higher, in the desperate effort to be heard. It was like a riot, an insurrection; it was an intolerable volume of noise. Presently I said to the lady next me—

"I will subdue this riot, I will silence this racket. There is

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only one way to do it, but I know the art. You must tilt your head toward mine and seem to be deeply interested in what I am saying; I will talk in a low voice; then, just because our neighbors won't be able to hear me, they will *want* to hear me. If I mumble long enough—say two minutes—you will see that the dialogues will one after another come to a standstill, and there will be silence, not a sound anywhere but my mumbling."

Then in a very low voice I began:

"When I went out to Chicago, eleven years ago, to witness the Grant festivities, there was a great banquet on the first night, with six hundred ex-soldiers present. The gentleman who sat next me was Mr. X. X. He was very hard of hearing, and he had a habit common to deaf people of shouting his remarks instead of delivering them in an ordinary voice. He would handle his knife and fork in reflective silence for five or six minutes at a time and then suddenly fetch out a shout that would make you jump out of the United States."

By this time the insurrection at Mrs. Dodge's table—at least that part of it in my immediate neighborhood—had died down, and the silence was spreading, couple by couple, down the long table. I went on in a lower and still lower mumble, and most impressively—

"During one of Mr. X. X.'s mute intervals, a man opposite us approached the end of a story which he had been telling his elbow-neighbor. He was speaking in a low voice—there was much noise—I was deeply interested, and straining my ears to catch his words, stretching my neck, holding my breath, to hear, unconscious of everything but the fascinating tale. I heard him say, 'At this point he seized her by her long hair—she shrieking and begging—bent her neck across his knee, and with one awful sweep of the razor—'

"HOW DO YOU LIKE CHICA-A-AGO?!!!"

That was X. X.'s interruption, hearable at thirty miles. By the time I had reached that place in my mumblings Mrs. Dodge's dining-room was so silent, so breathlessly still, that if you had dropped a thought anywhere in it you could have heard it smack the floor.* When I delivered that yell the entire dinner company jumped as one person, and punched their heads through the ceiling, damaging it, for it was only lath and plaster, and it all

* This was tried. I well remember it.—M. T., *October, '06.*

came down on us, and much of it went into the victuals and made them gritty, but no one was hurt. Then I explained why it was that I had played that game, and begged them to take the moral of it home to their hearts and be rational and merciful thenceforth, and cease from screaming in mass, and agree to let one person talk at a time and the rest listen in grateful and unvexed peace. They granted my prayer, and we had a happy time all the rest of the evening; I do not think I have ever had a better time in my life. This was largely because the new terms enabled me to keep the floor—now that I had it—and do all the talking myself. I do like to hear myself talk. Susy has exposed this in her Biography of me.

Dean Sage was a delightful man, yet in one way a terror to his friends, for he loved them so well that he could not refrain from playing practical jokes on them. We have to be pretty deeply in love with a person before we can do him the honor of joking familiarly with him. Dean Sage was the best citizen I have known in America. It takes courage to be a good citizen, and he had plenty of it. He allowed no individual and no corporation to infringe his smallest right and escape unpunished. He was very rich, and very generous, and benevolent, and he gave away his money with a prodigal hand; but if an individual or corporation infringed a right of his, to the value of ten cents, he would spend thousands of dollars' worth of time and labor and money and persistence on the matter, and would not lower his flag until he had won his battle or lost it.

He and Rev. Mr. Harris had been classmates in college, and to the day of Sage's death they were as fond of each other as an engaged pair. It follows, without saying, that whenever Sage found an opportunity to play a joke upon Harris, Harris was sure to suffer.

Along about 1873 Sage fell a victim to an illness which reduced him to a skeleton, and defied all the efforts of the physicians to cure it. He went to the Adirondacks and took Harris with him. Sage had always been an active man, and he couldn't idle any day wholly away in inanition, but walked every day to the limit of his strength. One day, toward nightfall, the pair came upon a humble log cabin which bore these words painted upon a shingle: "Entertainment for Man and Beast." They were obliged to stop there for the night, Sage's strength being ex-

hausted. They entered the cabin and found its owner and sole occupant there, a rugged and sturdy and simple-hearted man of middle age. He cooked supper and placed it before the travellers —salt junk, boiled beans, corn bread and black coffee. Sage's stomach could abide nothing but the most delicate food, therefore this banquet revolted him, and he sat at the table unemployed, while Harris fed ravenously, limitlessly, gratefully; for he had been chaplain in a fighting regiment all through the war, and had kept in perfection the grand and uncritical appetite and splendid physical vigor which those four years of tough fare and activity had furnished him. Sage went supperless to bed, and tossed and writhed all night upon a shuck mattress that was full of attentive and interested corn-cobs. In the morning Harris was ravenous again, and devoured the odious breakfast as contentedly and as delightedly as he had devoured its twin the night before. Sage sat upon the porch, empty, and contemplated the performance and meditated revenge. Presently he beckoned to the landlord and took him aside and had a confidential talk with him. He said,

"I am the paymaster. What is the bill?"

"Two suppers, fifty cents; two beds, thirty cents; two breakfasts, fifty cents—total, a dollar and thirty cents."

Sage said, "Go back and make out the bill and fetch it to me here on the porch. Make it thirteen dollars."

"Thirteen dollars! Why, it's impossible! I am no robber. I am charging you what I charge everybody. It's a dollar and thirty cents, and that's all it is."

"My man, I've got something to say about this as well as you. It's thirteen dollars. You'll make out your bill for that, and you'll *take* it, too, or you'll not get a cent."

The man was troubled, and said, "I don't understand this. I can't make it out."

"Well, I understand it. I know what I am about. It's thirteen dollars, and I want the bill made out for that. There's no other terms. Get it ready and bring it out here. I will examine it and be outraged. You understand? I will dispute the bill. You must stand to it. You must refuse to take less. I will begin to lose my temper; you must begin to lose yours. I will call you hard names; you must answer with harder ones. I will raise my voice; you must raise yours. You must go into a rage—

foam at the mouth, if you can; insert some soap to help it along. Now go along and follow your instructions."

The man played his assigned part, and played it well. He brought the bill and stood waiting for results. Sage's face began to cloud up, his eyes to snap, and his nostrils to inflate like a horse's; then he broke out with—

"*Thirteen dollars!* You mean to say that you charge thirteen dollars for these damned inhuman hospitalities of yours? Are you a professional buccaneer? Is it your custom to—"

The man burst in with spirit: "Now, I don't want any more out of you—that's a plenty. The bill is thirteen dollars and you'll *pay* it—that's all; a couple of characterless adventurers bilking their way through this country and attempting to dictate terms to a gentleman! a gentleman who received you supposing you were gentlemen yourselves, whereas in my opinion hell's full of—"

Sage broke in—

"Not another word of that!—I won't have it. I regard you as the lowest-down thief that ever—"

"Don't you use that word again! By ——, I'll take you by the neck and—"

Harris came rushing out, and just as the two were about to grapple he pushed himself between them and began to implore—

"Oh, Dean, don't, *don't*—now, Mr. Smith, control yourself! Oh, think of your family, Dean!—think what a scandal—"

But they burst out with maledictions, imprecations and all the hard names they could dig out of the rich accumulations of their educated memories, and in the midst of it the man shouted—

"When *gentlemen* come to this house, I treat them *as* gentlemen. When people come to this house with the ordinary appetites of gentlemen, I charge them a dollar and thirty cents for what I furnished you; but when a man brings a hell-fired Famine here that gorges a barrel of pork and four barrels of beans at two sittings—"

Sage broke in, in a voice that was eloquent with remorse and self-reproach, "I never thought of that, and I ask your pardon; I am ashamed of myself and of my friend. Here's your thirteen dollars, and my apologies along with it."

[*Dictated March 12, 1906.*] I have always taken a great in-

terest in other people's duels. One always feels an abiding interest in any heroic thing which has entered into his own experience.

In 1878, fourteen years after my unmaterialized duel, Messieurs Fortu and Gambetta fought a duel which made heroes of both of them in France, but made them rather ridiculous throughout the rest of the world. I was living in Munich that fall and winter, and I was so interested in that funny tragedy that I wrote a long account of it, and it is in one of my books, somewhere—an account which had some inaccuracies in it, but as an exhibition of the *spirit* of that duel, I think it was correct and trustworthy. And when I was living in Vienna, thirty-four years after my ineffectual duel, my interest in that kind of incident was still strong; and I find here among my Autobiographical manuscripts of that day a chapter which I began concerning it, but did not finish. I wanted to finish it, but held it open in the hope that the Italian ambassador, M. Nigra, would find time to furnish me the *full* history of Señor Cavalotti's adventures in that line. But he was a busy man; there was always an interruption before he could get well started; so my hope was never fulfilled. The following is the unfinished chapter:

(1878.)

As concerns duelling. This pastime is as common in Austria to-day as it is in France. But with this difference, that here in the Austrian States the duel is dangerous, while in France it is not. Here it is tragedy, in France it is comedy; here it is a solemnity, there it is monkey-shines; here the duellist risks his life, there he does not even risk his shirt. Here he fights with pistol or sabre, in France with a hairpin—a blunt one. Here the desperately wounded man tries to walk to the hospital; there they paint the scratch so that they can find it again, lay the sufferer on a stretcher, and conduct him off the field with a band of music.

(1898.)

At the end of a French duel the pair hug and kiss and cry, and praise each other's valor; then the surgeons make an examination and pick out the scratched one, and the other one helps him on to the litter and pays his fare; and in return the scratched one treats to champagne and oysters in the evening, and then "the incident is closed," as the French say. It is all polite, and gracious, and pretty, and impressive. At the end of an Austrian duel the antagonist that is alive gravely offers his hand to the other man, utters some phrases of courteous regret, then bids him good-by and goes his way, and that incident also is closed. The French duellist is painstakingly protected from danger, by the rules of the game. His antagonist's weapon cannot reach so far as his body; if he get a scratch it will not be above his elbow. But in Austria the

rules of the game do not provide against danger, they carefully provide *for* it, usually. Commonly the combat must be kept up until one of the men is disabled; a non-disabling slash or stab does not retire him.

For a matter of three months I watched the Viennese journals, and whenever a duel was reported in their telegraphic columns I scrap-booked it. By this record I find that duelling in Austria is not confined to journalists and old maids, as in France, but is indulged in by military men, journalists, students, physicians, lawyers, members of the legislature, and even the Cabinet, the Bench and the police. Duelling is forbidden by law; and so it seems odd to see the makers and administrators of the laws dancing on their work in this way. Some months ago Count Bodeni, at that time Chief of the Government, fought a pistol-duel here in the capital city of the Empire with representative Wolf, and both of those distinguished Christians came near getting turned out of the Church—for the Church as well as the State forbids duelling.

In one case, lately, in Hungary, the police interfered and stopped a duel after the first innings. This was a sabre-duel between the chief of police and the city attorney. Unkind things were said about it by the newspapers. They said the police remembered their duty uncommonly well when their own officials were the parties concerned in duels. But I think the underlings showed good bread-and-butter judgment. If their superiors had carved each other well, the public would have asked, Where were the police? and their places would have been endangered; but custom does not require them to be around where mere unofficial citizens are explaining a thing with sabres.

There was another duel—a double duel—going on in the immediate neighborhood at the time, and in this case the police obeyed custom and did not disturb it. Their bread and butter was not at stake there. In this duel a physician fought a couple of surgeons, and wounded both—one of them lightly, the other seriously. An undertaker wanted to keep people from interfering, but that was quite natural again.

Selecting at random from my record, I next find a duel at Tarnopol between military men. An officer of the Tenth Dragoons charged an officer of the Ninth Dragoons with an offence against the laws of the card-table. There was a defect or a doubt somewhere in the matter, and this had to be examined and passed upon by a Court of Honor. So the case was sent up to Lemberg for this purpose. One would like to know what the defect was, but the newspaper does not say. A man here who has fought many duels and has a graveyard, says that probably the matter in question was as to whether the accusation was true or not; that if the charge was a very grave one—cheating, for instance—proof of its truth would rule the guilty officer out of the field of honor; the Court would not allow a gentleman to fight with such a person. You see what a solemn thing it is; you see how particular they are; any little careless act can lose you your privilege of getting yourself shot, here. The Court seems to have gone into the matter in a searching and careful fashion, for several months elapsed before it reached a decision. It then sanctioned a duel and the accused killed his accuser.

Next I find a duel between a prince and a major; first with pistols —no result satisfactory to either party; then with sabres, and the major badly hurt.

Next, a sabre-duel between journalists—the one a strong man, the other feeble and in poor health. It was brief; the strong one drove his sword through the weak one, and death was immediate.

Next, a duel between a lieutenant and a student of medicine. According to the newspaper report these are the details. The student was in a restaurant one evening: passing along, he halted at a table to speak with some friends; near by sat a dozen military men; the student conceived that one of these was "staring" at him; he asked the officer to step outside and explain. This officer and another one gathered up their caps and sabres and went out with the student. Outside—this is the student's account—the student introduced himself to the offending officer and said, "You seemed to stare at me"; for answer, the officer struck at the student with his fist; the student parried the blow; both officers drew their sabres and attacked the young fellow, and one of them gave him a wound on the left arm; then they withdrew. This was Saturday night. The duel followed on Monday, in the military riding-school — the customary duelling-ground all over Austria, apparently. The weapons were pistols. The duelling terms were somewhat beyond custom in the matter of severity, if I may gather that from the statement that the combat was fought "*unter sehr schweren Bedingungen*"—to wit, "Distance, 15 steps—with 3 steps advance." There was but one exchange of shots. The student was hit. "He put his hand on his breast, his body began to bend slowly forward, then collapsed in death and sank to the ground."

It is pathetic. There are other duels in my list, but I find in each and all of them one and the same ever-recurring defect—the *principals* are never present, but only their sham representatives. The *real* principals in any duel are not the duellists themselves, but their families. They do the mourning, the suffering, theirs is the loss and theirs the misery. They stake all that, the duellist stakes nothing but his life, and that is a trivial thing compared with what his death must cost those whom he leaves behind him. Challenges should not mention the duellist; he has nothing much at stake, and the real vengeance cannot reach him. The challenge should summon the offender's old gray mother, and his young wife and his little children,—these, or any to whom he is a dear and worshipped possession—and should say, "You have done me no harm, but I am the meek slave of a custom which requires me to crush the happiness out of your hearts and condemn you to years of pain and grief, in order that I may wash clean with your tears a stain which has been put upon me by another person."

The logic of it is admirable: a person has robbed me of a penny; I must beggar ten innocent persons to make good my loss. Surely nobody's "honor" is worth all that.

Since the duellist's family are the real principals in a duel, the State ought to compel them to be present at it. Custom, also, ought to be

so amended as to require it; and without it no duel ought to be allowed to go on. If that student's unoffending mother had been present and watching the officer through her tears as he raised his pistol, he—why, he would have fired in the air. We know that. For we know how we are all made. Laws ought to be based upon the ascertained facts of our nature. It would be a simple thing to make a duelling law which would stop duelling.

As things are now, the mother is never invited. She submits to this; and without outward complaint, for she, too, is the vassal of custom, and custom requires her to conceal her pain when she learns the disastrous news that her son must go to the duelling-field, and by the powerful force that is lodged in habit and custom she is enabled to obey this trying requirement—a requirement which exacts a miracle of her, and gets it. Last January a neighbor of ours who has a young son in the army was wakened by this youth at three o'clock one morning, and she sat up in bed and listened to his message:

"I have come to tell you something, mother, which will distress you, but you must be good and brave, and bear it. I have been affronted by a fellow officer, and we fight at three this afternoon. Lie down and sleep, now, and think no more about it."

She kissed him good night and lay down paralyzed with grief and fear, but said nothing. But she did not sleep; she prayed and mourned till the first streak of dawn, then fled to the nearest church and implored the Virgin for help; and from that church she went to another and another and another; church after church, and still church after church, and so spent all the day until three o'clock on her knees in agony and tears; then dragged herself home and sat down comfortless and desolate, to count the minutes, and wait, with an outward show of calm, for what had been ordained for her—happiness, or endless misery. Presently she heard the clank of a sabre—she had not known before what music was in that sound!—and her son put his head in and said:

"X was in the wrong, and he apologized."

So that incident was closed; and for the rest of her life the mother will always find something pleasant about the clank of a sabre, no doubt.

In one of my listed duels—however, let it go, there is nothing particularly striking about it except that the seconds interfered. And prematurely, too, for neither man was dead. This was certainly irregular. Neither of the men liked it. It was a duel with cavalry sabres, between an editor and a lieutenant. The editor walked to the hospital, the lieutenant was carried. In this country an editor who can write well is valuable, but he is not likely to remain so unless he can handle a sabre with charm.

The following very recent telegram shows that also in France duels are humanely stopped as soon as they approach the (French) danger-point:

"*Reuter's Telegram.*—PARIS, *March 5.*—The duel between Colonels Henry and Picquart took place this morning in the Riding School of

the Ecole Militaire, the doors of which were strictly guarded in order to prevent intrusion. The combatants, who fought with swords, were in position at ten o'clock.

"At the first reengagement Lieutenant-Colonel Henry was slightly scratched in the fore arm, and just at the same moment his own blade appeared to touch his adversary's neck. Senator Ranc, who was Colonel Picquart's second, stopped the fight, but as it was found that his principal had not been touched, the combat continued. A very sharp encounter ensued, in which Colonel Henry was wounded in the elbow, and the duel terminated."

After which, the stretcher and the band. In lurid contrast with this delicate flirtation, we have this fatal duel of day before yesterday in Italy, where the earnest Austrian duel is in vogue. I knew Cavalotti slightly, and this gives me a sort of personal interest in his duel. I first saw him in Rome several years ago. He was sitting on a block of stone in the Forum, and was writing something in his note-book—a poem or a challenge, or something like that—and the friend who pointed him out to me said, "That is Cavalotti—he has fought thirty duels; do not disturb him." I did not disturb him.

[*May 13, 1907.*] It is a long time ago. Cavalotti—poet, orator, satirist, statesman, patriot—was a great man, and his death was deeply lamented by his countrymen: many monuments to his memory testify to this. In his duels he killed several of his antagonists and disabled the rest. By nature he was a little irascible. Once when the officials of the library of Bologna threw out his books the gentle poet went up there and challenged the whole fifteen! His parliamentary duties were exacting, but he proposed to keep coming up and fighting duels between trains until all those officials had been retired from the activities of life. Although he always chose the sword to fight with, he had never had a lesson with that weapon. When game was called he waited for nothing, but always plunged at his opponent and rained such a storm of wild and original thrusts and whacks upon him that the man was dead or crippled before he could bring his science to bear. But his latest antagonist discarded science, and won. He held his sword straight forward like a lance when Cavalotti made his plunge—with the result that he impaled himself upon it. It entered his mouth and passed out at the back of his neck. Death was instantaneous.

[*Dictated December 20, 1906.*] Six months ago, when I was recalling early days in San Francisco, I broke off at a place where

I was about to tell about Captain Osborn's odd adventure at the "What Cheer," or perhaps it was at another cheap feeding-place —the "Miners' Restaurant." It was a place where one could get good food on the cheapest possible terms, and its popularity was great among the multitudes whose purses were light. It was a good place to go to, to observe mixed humanity. Captain Osborn and Bret Harte went there one day and took a meal, and in the course of it Osborn fished up an interesting reminiscence of a dozen years before and told about it. It was to this effect:

He was a midshipman in the navy when the Californian gold craze burst upon the world and set it wild with excitement. His ship made the long journey around the Horn and was approaching her goal, the Golden Gate, when an accident happened.

"It happened to me," said Osborn. "I fell overboard. There was a heavy sea running, but no one was much alarmed about me, because we had on board a newly patented life-saving device which was believed to be competent to rescue anything that could fall overboard, from a midshipman to an anchor. Ours was the only ship that had this device; we were very proud of it, and had been anxious to give its powers a practical test. This thing was lashed to the garboard-strake of the main-to'gallant mizzen-yard amidships,* and there was nothing to do but cut the lashings and heave it over; it would do the rest. One day the cry of 'Man overboard!' brought all hands on deck. Instantly the lashings were cut and the machine flung joyously over. Damnation, it went to the bottom like an anvil! By the time that the ship was brought to and a boat manned, I was become but a bobbing speck on the waves half a mile astern and losing my strength very fast; but by good luck there was a common seaman on board who had practical ideas in his head and hadn't waited to see what the patent machine was going to do, but had run aft and sprung over after me the moment the alarm was cried through the ship. I had a good deal of a start of him, and the seas made his progress slow and difficult, but he stuck to his work and fought his way to me, and just in the nick of time he put his saving arms about me when I was about to go down. He held me up until the boat reached us and rescued us. By that time I was unconscious, and I was still unconscious when we arrived at the ship. A dangerous fever followed, and I was de-

* Can this be correct? I think there must be some mistake—M. T.

lirious for three days; then I came to myself and at once inquired for my benefactor, of course. He was gone. We were lying at anchor in the Bay and every man had deserted to the gold-mines except the commissioned officers. I found out nothing about my benefactor but his name—Burton Sanders—a name which I have held in grateful memory ever since. Every time I have been on the Coast, these twelve or thirteen years, I have tried to get track of him, but have never succeeded. I wish I could find him and make him understand that his brave act has never been forgotten by me. Harte, I would rather see him and take him by the hand than any other man on the planet."

At this stage or a little later there was an interruption. A waiter near by said to another waiter, pointing,

"Take a look at that tramp that's coming in. Ain't that the one that bilked the house, last week, out of ten cents?"

"I believe it is. Let him alone—don't pay any attention to him; wait till we can get a good look at him."

The tramp approached timidly and hesitatingly, with the air of one unsure and apprehensive. The waiters watched him furtively. When he was passing behind Harte's chair one of them said,

"He's the one!"—and they pounced upon him and proposed to turn him over to the police as a bilk. He begged piteously. He confessed his guilt, but said he had been driven to his crime by necessity—that when he had eaten the plate of beans and slipped out without paying for it, it was because he was starving, and hadn't the ten cents to pay for it with. But the waiters would listen to no explanations, no palliations; he must be placed in custody. He brushed his hand across his eyes and said meekly that he would submit, being friendless. Each waiter took him by an arm and faced him about to conduct him away. Then his melancholy eyes fell upon Captain Osborn, and a light of glad and eager recognition flashed from them. He said,

"Weren't you a midshipman once, sir, in the old 'Lancaster'?"

"Yes," said Osborn. "Why?"

"Didn't you fall overboard?"

"Yes, I did. How do you come to know about it?"

"Wasn't there a new patent machine aboard, and didn't they throw it over to save you?"

"Why, yes," said Osborn, laughing gently, "but it didn't do it."

"No, sir, it was a sailor that done it."

"It certainly was. Look here, my man, you are getting distinctly interesting. Were you of our crew?"

"Yes, sir, I was."

"I reckon you may be right. You do certainly know a good deal about that incident. What is your name?"

"Burton Sanders."

The Captain sprang up, excited, and said,

"Give me your hand! Give me both your hands! I'd rather shake them than inherit a fortune!"—and then he cried to the waiters, "Let him go!—take your hands off! He is my guest, and can have anything and everything this house is able to furnish. I am responsible."

There was a love-feast, then. Captain Osborn ordered it regardless of expense, and he and Harte sat there and listened while the man told stirring adventures of his life and fed himself up to the eyebrows. Then Osborn wanted to be benefactor in his turn, and pay back some of his debt. The man said it could all be paid with ten dollars—that it had been so long since he had owned that amount of money that it would seem a fortune to him, and he should be grateful beyond words if the Captain could spare him that amount. The Captain spared him ten broad twenty-dollar gold pieces, and made him take them in spite of his modest protestations, and gave him his address and said he must never fail to give him notice when he needed grateful service.

Several months later Harte stumbled upon the man in the street. He was most comfortably drunk, and pleasant and chatty. Harte remarked upon the splendidly and movingly dramatic incident of the restaurant, and said,

"How curious and fortunate and happy and interesting it was that you two should come together, after that long separation, and at exactly the right moment to save you from disaster and turn your defeat by the waiters into a victory. A preacher could make a great sermon out of that, for it does look as if the hand of Providence was in it."

The hero's face assumed a sweetly genial expression, and he said,

"Well now, it wasn't Providence this time. I was running the arrangements myself."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, I hadn't ever seen the gentleman before. I was at the next table, with my back to you the whole time he was telling about it. I saw my chance, and slipped out and fetched the two waiters with me and offered to give them a commission out of what I could get out of the Captain if they would do a quarrel act with me and give me an opening. So, then, after a minute or two I straggled back, and you know the rest of it as well as I do."

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

THE AUTHOR AND SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.*

BY WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

It is common to think of the Declaration of Independence as a highly speculative document; but no one can think so who has read it. It is a strong rhetorical statement of grievances against the English government. It does, indeed, open with the assertion that all men are equal and that they have certain inalienable rights, among them the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It asserts that governments were instituted to secure these rights, and can derive their just powers only from the consent of the governed; and it solemnly declares that "whenever any government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation in such principles, and organizing its powers in such forms, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." But such sentences do not afford a general theory of government to formulate policies upon. No doubt we are meant to have liberty; but each generation must form its own conception of what liberty is. No doubt we shall always wish to be given leave to pursue happiness as we will, but we are not yet sure where or by what means we shall find it. That we are free to adjust government to these ends we know; but Mr. Jefferson and his colleagues in the Continental Congress prescribed the law of adjustment for no generation but their own. They left us to say whether we thought the government they had set up was founded on "such principles," its powers organized in "such forms" as seem to us most likely to effect our safety and happiness. They do not attempt to dictate the aims and objects of any generation but their own.

* Address at Jamestown Exposition, Norfolk, Virginia, July 4th, 1907.

We are justified in looking back with a great satisfaction to the documents which spoke the purposes of the Revolution and formed the government which was to succeed to the authority of King and Parliament. They speak the character of the men who drew them as clearly as they speak the circumstances of the time. The fifty-six men who put their names to the Declaration of Independence were not of the sort to meet acute crises in affairs with treatises on government. They were accustomed to the practice of business, and as apt to go straight to their point as any minister oversea. They were of every calling:—men were apt in that day of beginnings to have been of several callings by the time they reached middle life. Lawyers predominated among them, like James Wilson and John Adams and Edward Rutledge; but there were merchants too, like Robert Morris of Philadelphia and John Hancock of Boston; country gentlemen of large affairs, like Benjamin Harrison and Charles Carroll; and physicians, like Benjamin Rush and Lyman Hall. Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin we cannot classify: each stands unique and individual, a man separated by genius. Hard-headed Englishmen, like Button Gwinnet of Georgia; and men sure of their rights because they were Irishmen, born with an inclination to assert them, like James Smith and George Taylor, added to the handsome variety; and a man like John Witherspoon, the indomitable president of Princeton, turned statesman to authenticate the teaching he was giving lads like James Madison and Harry Lee, contributed his own flavor of unhesitating directness, both of thought and speech. Only Scotchmen seem able to be formidable at once in philosophy and in fact. The only professional politician among them was Samuel Adams, at home a master of agitation and political organization, but in the Congress quiet enough, a statesman of grievances, not of measures.

The genius of the new republic was expressed among these men, as it was expressed eleven years later among the men who framed the Constitution of the United States, by practical capacity, thoughtful, indeed, and holding at its heart clear-cut, unmistakable conceptions of what the government of free men ought to be, but not fanciful, a thing of action rather than of theory, suited to meet an exigency, not a mere turn in debate. We do not live in times as critical as theirs. We are not engaged in making a nation, but we are engaged in purging and preserving a nation,

and an analysis of our duty in the situation in which we stand is in many ways more difficult than that which they attempted, the remedies to be applied lie less obvious to our choice. They gave us the nation: we owe them, not empty eulogy, but the sincere flattery of imitation. If we are their descendants, either in blood or in spirit, let us distinguish our ancestry from that of others by clear wisdom in counsel and fearless action taken upon plain principle.

No one now needs to be told what the principle of the American Revolution was: it was the principle of individual liberty. Though the men who signed the Declaration of Independence were no theorists but practical statesmen, a very definite conception of what the government of enlightened men ought to be lay back of everything they did, and that conception they held with a passionate conviction. They believed government to be a means by which the individual could realize at once his responsibility and his freedom from unnecessary restraint. Government should guard his rights, but it must not undertake to exercise them for him.

No doubt the most interesting spokesman of that conception was that eminent Virginian, that unique and singular man, the author of the Declaration of Independence. No doubt Thomas Jefferson was an astute politician; no doubt he was a most interesting philosopher; certainly he was a most inscrutable man. It would be impossible to make a consistent picture of him that should include all sides of his varied genius and singular character. He took leave, like all great men of affairs, to be inconsistent and do what circumstances required, approaching the perfection of theory by the tedious indirections of imperfect practice. But the main base of his theories was the base upon which all thoughtful men in his day founded their thinking about politics and intended to found their measures also. He believed consistently and profoundly in the right of the individual to a free opportunity and in the right of the nation to an unhampered development, and was ready to support every law or arrangement which promised to secure the people against any sort of monopoly in taking part in that development. Moreover, he knew that government was a thing conducted by individuals, men whose weaknesses and passions did not differ from the weaknesses and passions of the men whom they governed; and that government

must operate upon individuals, whose tangled rights and opportunities no government could look into too curiously or seek to control too intimately without intolerable consequences of paternalism and petty tyranny. Every man who signed the Declaration of Independence believed, as Mr. Jefferson did, that free men had a much more trustworthy capacity in taking care of themselves than any government had ever shown or was ever likely to show in taking care of them; and upon that belief the American government was built.

So far as the Declaration of Independence was a theoretical document, that is its theory. Do we still hold it? Does the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence still live in our principles of action, in the things we do, in the purposes we applaud, in the measures we approve? It is not a question of piety. We are not bound to adhere to the doctrines held by the signers of the Declaration of Independence: we are as free as they were to make and unmake governments. We are not here to worship men or a document. But neither are we here to indulge in mere rhetorical and uncritical eulogy. Every Fourth of July should be a time for examining our standards, our purposes, for determining afresh what principles and what forms of power we think most likely to effect our safety and happiness. That and that alone is the obligation the Declaration lays upon us. It is no fetish; its words lay no compulsion upon the thought of any free man, but it was drawn by men who thought, and it obliges those who receive its benefits to think likewise.

What do we think of our safety and of our happiness,—of the principles of action and the forms of power we are using to secure them? That we have come to a new age and a new attitude towards questions of government, no one can doubt,—to new definitions of constitutional power, new conceptions of legislative object, new schemes of individual and corporate regulation. Upon what principle of change do we act? Do we act upon definite calculations of purpose, or do we but stumble hesitatingly upon expedients? To what statements of principle would a declaration of our present reasons and purposes commit us before the world? To those the signers of the Declaration of Independence would have avowed, or to others very different and not at all novel in the political history of the world? This is not a party question: there is apparently, for the moment, little difference between

parties in regard to it. It is a national question,—a question touching the political principles of America. We ought not to hesitate to avow a change, if change there is to be; but we should be ashamed to act in radical fashion and not know that there was a change. Precedent is at least a guide by which to determine our direction.

There is much in our time that would cause men of the principles of Mr. Jefferson the bitterest disappointment. Individual opportunity is not unhampered. The nation has had in every respect an extraordinary material development, but the chief instrumentalities of that development have been at least virtually monopolized, and the people, though they created the opportunity and contributed the labor, have not shared the benefits of that development as they might have shared them. This has not been due to the operation of our institutions; it has been due to the operation of human nature, which is alike under all institutions and which has perhaps had freer play under our institutions than it would have had under any others—as Mr. Jefferson wished that it should have. Moreover, there is no doubt that we shall set all things right: but it is important we should inquire the way, and not set them right by methods which may bring new trouble upon us, if the old methods will suffice for our safety and happiness. What were those methods? What was the spirit of the nation at its inception,—in 1776 when the great declaration of its intentions was framed, and in 1787 when it made deliberate choice of its form of government?

There is no difficulty in answering these questions; the answers to them have lain before us since we were children, in every book that spoke of our history or of our character as a nation. Let us use them as a mirror into which to look, in order to make test whether we shall recognize our own features, disguised as they are by change of circumstance, in our present habit, as we live.

The most obvious characteristic of the men who gave the nation voice and power was their profound regard for law. That conviction is upon the surface and at the heart of everything they said or did in support of their purpose. They did not fling off from the mother country because they wanted new rights, but because the rights they had time out of mind enjoyed as free men under the laws and constitution of England, and the rights they had been promised as colonists in a new country with a life of

its own, had been arbitrarily disregarded and withdrawn, and they knew not what ancient and undoubted liberties and privileges they could count upon. They wanted, not less law nor even better law, but law they could rely upon and live by. Their case was a case for legality, for the established understandings of law upon which they knew that liberty had immemorially depended.

There is no longer any need to debate what liberty is. The question has been tried out again and again, both in theory and in practice,—in the council-chamber and on the field of battle, where the air was calm and where it thrilled with passion,—and by no race more thoroughly than by that from which we derive our law; and we may say that we know. Affairs swing this way and that, sometimes with revolutionary force, as interests wage their war for advantage, but we know where the midpoint of perfect poise lies and seek constantly to turn our lines of policy towards it. Liberty consists in the best possible adjustment between the power of the government and the privilege of the individual; and only law can effect that adjustment. Where liberty is there must be a perfect understanding between the individual and those who would control him; and if either he or they can disregard the understanding, there is license or anarchy. It was in that knowledge that the founders of our government loved the law.

These same men, therefore, who revered law and depended upon its grants and definitions for their security and happiness, were deeply jealous of too much law. It is easy to talk of "society," of "communities," of "the people," but the fact is that these are but names we give to bodies made up of individuals. It is easy, also, to speak of "governments" as if they were forces set apart from us and above us; but governments also consist of individuals of like nature with ourselves. That is the reason, the very interesting and conclusive reason, which the founders of our government needed not to have explained to them, why control of our affairs by the government and the regulation of our relations to each other by the law are two very different things, and lead to sharply contrasted results. The history of liberty in the past, from which we may certainly gather some intimation of its history in the future, has been a history of resistance to too much governmental control, and the careful discovery of the best forms and the most prudent degrees of legal regula-

tion; and it is clear that the law which the signers of the Declaration of Independence loved was something which they regarded, not as a body of powers possessed by a government, but as a body of rules regulating the complex game of life, no more favorable to control than was necessary to make it a safeguard of individual privilege and a guarantee of equal rights. Too much law was too much government; and too much government was too little individual privilege,—as too much individual privilege in its turn was selfish license.

Now let us hold this mirror up to ourselves and see if we recognize in it the image of our own minds. In that mirror we see a conception of government which frankly puts the individual in the foreground, thinking of him as the person to be at once protected and heartened to make a free use of himself, the responsible administrator of his own liberties and his own responsibilities, and of government as the umpire; and which depends upon law for nothing else than a clear establishment of the rules of the game. That is hardly our notion. We are indeed in love with law,—more in love with it than were the makers of the government,—but hardly in love with it as an instrument of mere regulation. For us it is an instrument of reconstruction and control. The individual has eluded us, we seem to say, has merged and hidden himself in corporations and associations, through the intricacies of whose structure we have not time to thread our way in search of him; we will, therefore, meet the circumstances as we find them, treat him not as an integer, but as a fraction, and deal with the association, not with the individual. We will prohibit corporations to do this or to do that, to be this or to be that, and punish them either with fine or with dissolution if they disobey. The morals of business and of law we will frankly accept as corporate morals, not individual morals, and we will not set these corporations, these new individuals of our modern law, to watch and sue one another for infractions of the law: they might combine, and there is no sufficient motive for them to check one another in illegal practices. Neither can we depend upon individuals. They are now too minute and weak. The moralizer and disciplinarian of corporations can, in the nature of the case, be none other than the government itself, and, because corporations spread from State to State, can be none other than the Government of the United States.

It is amusing how we extend this new theory of law into some of the new details of our life,—extend it, at any rate, in our thinking if not in our legislation. We hear it suggested on every side, for example, that the true and effective way to stop the driving of automobiles along our highways at excessive rates of speed is to lock the automobile itself up whenever the speed laws are violated, so that for a long time at least it may not be used again. I suppose we shall some day see officers of the law arresting electric cars and steam locomotives for the offences which their motormen and engineers have committed, and the faults of men everywhere corrected by locking up their tools. The trouble is that the tools are wanted, and the lives of all of us are inconvenienced if they are taken away. Even the automobile is useful, when used with caution and sanity. And there is exactly the same serious trouble about the way we now deal with our corporations, punishing inanimate things instead of persons. When we fine them, we merely take that much money out of their business,—that is, out of the business of the country,—and put it into the public treasury where there is generally already a surplus, and where it is likely to lie idle. When we dissolve them, we check and hamper legitimate undertakings and embarrass the business of the country much more than we should embarrass it were we to arrest locomotives and impound electric cars, the necessary vehicles of our intercourse. And all the while we know perfectly well that the iniquities we levy the fines for were conceived and executed by particular individuals who go unpunished, unchecked even in the enterprises which have led to the action of the courts. And so from one body of hidden individuals we turn to another, and say, "Go to, we will instruct the Government to regulate this thing in place of boards of directors: if necessary, we will instruct the Government to transact the business which these corporations have made the Government interfere with on account of bad practices. We shall then have honesty: for are not the men who compose the Government men of our own choice, our servants for our common business?"

It needs no prophet to predict that too much government lies that way, and nothing but too much government,—no increased efficiency or improved business to be had in the bargain. And beyond too much government lies the old programme, repeated and repeated again and again every time the like thing has hap-

pened: a new struggle for liberty, a new eagerness for emancipation from a law that dictates into the freedom of a law that umpires. No doubt the old cycle must some time be gone through again; but we ought not to be the people to go through it: we have had too much light: we have furnished the world with too much doctrine and example in this kind: we cannot afford to illustrate our own principles by our mistakes, after having illustrated them by our successes. Shall we return to our old standards, or shall we adopt arrangements which we know our children will be obliged to reject?

Can we return to our old standards, in this strange and altered day when all the face of circumstance seems changed and nothing remains as it was in the time when the government was hopefully set up? Undoubtedly we can. Not everything is changed: the biggest item of all remains unaltered,—human nature itself; and it is nothing to daunt a free people,—free to think and free to act,—that the circumstances in which that old, unalterable nature now expresses itself are so complex and singular. The difficulty of the task is part of its desirability: it is a new enterprise upon which to stretch our powers and make proof of our sanity and strength. It is the task of making a new translation of our morals into the terms of our modern life, where individuality seems for the time being lost in complex organization, and then making a new translation of our laws to match our new translation of morals. It is the task of finding the individual in the maze of modern social and commercial and industrial conditions; finding him with the probe of morals and with the probe of law. One really responsible man in jail, one real originator of the schemes and transactions which are contrary to public interest legally lodged in the penitentiary, would be worth more than one thousand corporations mulcted in fines, if reform is to be genuine and permanent.

It is only in this way that we can escape socialism. If the individual is lost to our law, he is lost to our politics and to our social structure. If he is merged in the business group, he is merged in the state, the association that includes all others. Unless we can single him out again and make him once more the subject and object of law, we shall have to travel still further upon the road of government regulation upon which we have already travelled so far; and that road leads to state ownership.

We have not even tried to extend the old roads into this vast new area of business and of corporate enterprise, which recent years have seen opening up like a new continent of mind and achievement, and until we have tried, we cannot claim legitimate descent from the founders of the government. We have abandoned their principles without even making trial of their efficacy in a new situation.

The elaborate secret manipulations by means of which some of our so-called "financiers" get control of a voting majority of the stock of great railroad or manufacturing companies, in order to effect vast combinations of interests or properties, incidentally destroying the value of some stocks and fictitiously increasing the value of others, involve first or last acts which are in effect sheer thefts, making the property of thousands of stockholders so much waste paper, or arbitrarily decreasing the relative earning capacity of corporations for a share in whose earnings thousands of men and women had paid hard-earned cash; but we have never sought to bring the details of these transactions within the definitions of criminal law. Not to do so is like overlooking the highway robberies of the mediæval barons. Moreover, it leaves an unjust stain of popular suspicion upon transactions similar to all outward appearance but conceived in justice and fair dealing. Every corporation is personally directed either by some one dominant person or by some group of persons, in respect of every essential step of its policy: somebody in particular is responsible for ordering or sanctioning every illegal act committed by its agents or officers: but neither our law of personal damages nor our criminal law has sought to seek the responsible persons out and hold them individually accountable for the acts complained of. It would require a careful hand and a minute knowledge of existing business conditions to draw the law, but statutes could oblige every corporation to make such public analysis of its organization as would enable both private individuals and officers of the law to fix legal responsibility upon the right person. We have never attempted such statutes. We indict corporations themselves, find *them* guilty of illegal practices, fine *them*, and leave the individuals who devised and executed the illegal acts free to discover new evasions and shape the policy of the corporations to practices not yet covered by the prohibitions of law. We complain that directors are too often mere names

upon a list, and that even when they attend the meetings of the boards to which they belong they give no real heed to what is done, and allow some committee to have its own way unquestioned; and yet the law could easily make them responsible, personally and individually responsible, to any extent it chose, for acts which their votes authorized, and could thereby quickly change their nominal participation in the affairs of the corporations they pretend to govern into real participation and watchful oversight. Let every corporation exactly define the obligations and powers of its directors, and of its several officers and managers, and then let the law fix responsibility upon them accordingly.

I need not multiply examples. We know that the vast majority of our business transactions are sound, the vast majority of our business men honest. In order to clear the air of unjust suspicion, give credit where credit is due, condemnation where condemnation, let us set ourselves to work to single out individuals and fix personal responsibility, and we shall both lighten the difficulty of government and make a new platform of life. Governmental supervision there must be, but of the kind there has always been in District Attorneys' offices; not the kind that seeks to determine the processes of business, but the kind that brings home to individuals the obligations of the law.

It would be a happy emancipation. We should escape the burden of too much government, and we should regain our self-respect, our self-confidence, our sense of individual integrity. We should think straight with regard to the moral aspect of conduct, and we should escape perplexity with regard to our political future. We should once more have the exhilarating freedom of governing our own lives, the law standing as umpire, not as master.

By such means we should prove ourselves indeed the lineal descendants of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is fashionable, as it is easy, to talk about Jeffersonian principles of government. Men of all kinds and of the most opposite doctrines call themselves by Mr. Jefferson's name; and it must be admitted that it is possible to turn many of Mr. Jefferson's opinions this way or that. But no man's name settles any principle; and Mr. Jefferson was originating no novel doctrines, announcing no discoveries in politics, when he wrote the Declaration of In-

dependence. What it contains is in fact the commonplace of political history. There can be no liberty if the individual is not free: there is no such thing as corporate liberty. There is no other possible formula for a free government than this: that the law must deal with individuals, allowing them to choose their own lives, under a definite personal responsibility to a common government set over them; and that government must regulate, not as a superintendent does, but as a judge does; it must safeguard, it must not direct.

These thoughts ought still to linger in the very air of this place. The first English settlers came here while the breath of the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" was still in every man's lungs, and the quickening impulse of enterprise and adventure. The great Tudor queen had known how to deal with mettlesome men: she had given them leave to do what they pleased in the world, if only they would remember always her sovereignty and their allegiance, and deal always with each other's rights as the law commanded. The things which government fostered and sought to manage never throve in America, amongst the French colonists in Canada and the South, or amongst the Dutch and Danes on the North and South rivers; but the free English energy throve like a thing bred for the wilderness. That breath of individual liberty has never gone out of our lungs. Too much government still suffocates us. We do not respect ourselves as much as fractions as we do as integers. The future, like the past, is for individual energy and initiative; for men, not for corporations or for governments; and the law that has this ancient principle at its heart is the law that will endure.

WOODROW WILSON.

THE POWERS OF THE STATES IN THE UNION AND THE NECESSITY OF PRESERVING AND EXERTING THEM.

BY THE LATE UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN, OF ALABAMA.

THE sovereignty of the States is the true measure of the supreme power of "the people of the United States," and is the fountain source from which the organic forces of government will be supplied, to meet every new condition in the growth and progress of the nation that can arise in the future. The people of the United States are not personally and individually endowed with sovereign powers. Their sovereignty, in government, is not aggregated, but is separated, and is represented by and through the sovereignty of the States of which they are citizens.

If every voter in the United States should declare, in a general convention through authorized agents, that A is elected President of the United States, that vote would be a nullity. While it would represent the will of the people, it would be impotent as the expression of the sovereign will of the people, reserved to them in the sovereignty of the States; so, in the Senate, every State has equal power, without regard to the number of its population or its geographical area. It is the sovereignty of each State that gives to it this equality of power in the Senate, and that sovereignty is exercised by its people without question, let, or hindrance from any other sovereign State, or from any combination of States.

The predicates thus stated are true beyond question or denial, and will serve to illustrate, along with many others, the powers that comprise the reserved supremacy of State sovereignty in making provision for unforeseen conditions that must arise in

the growth and perfect consummation of self-government by the sovereign people, nationally designated as "the people of the United States."

Some of these reservations of sovereign powers are expressed in the Constitution as powers to amend that compact, through the sovereign will of the States, in which Congress alone has co-operative authority, as well as in the undefined power of two or more States to enter into compacts with the consent of Congress.

In every view of this vital subject, the sovereign power to provide for conditions that were unforeseen when the Constitution and the Amendments thereof were adopted, has its foundation source in the sovereignty of the States, which resides in the citizens—"the people"—of the States respectively. Thus, the people of the States are the actual source of all political power, and this power, authentically expressed in its sovereign authority, has the support of all the people of the United States.

The crucial point of time in our national history was when the original States, thirteen in number, met in convention at Philadelphia, through their delegates, under the Presidency of George Washington. Such an assembly of sovereign States had never met in all the history of nations, and its purpose was as new to the world of mankind as would be the creation of a new solar system. Each State was as independent of all the rest, and of the control of each other, as Prussia was of France or Italy was of Sweden. This fixed legal status was thus established in the treaty of 1783 with Great Britain.

The meeting of the States in convention was not a surrender of any feature of this separate independence. On the contrary, it was expressly confirmatory of the sovereignty and independence of every State. It was the first, noblest and best conception of liberty regulated by law that was ever expressed in an organic Code, and its justice and its excellent purpose were the guarantors of the real power and majesty of popular government based on the sovereignty of the people.

The new light in government of the people had engaged the contemplation of the greatest minds assembled on this continent from all the wide range of Christendom, and was grasped and made real by the cautiously plighted faith of thirteen sovereign States, and established on the basis of the moral courage that won American Independence.

No State of that galaxy had any special or peculiar advantage or ambition that it sought to advance. Each State had the generous purpose to grant equal and exact justice to all the rest and to their people; to promote the welfare and prosperity of the people of all the States; and to secure the general welfare of all the inhabitants of the country through all the conditions and events of coming ages, and against the aggressions of all unjust demands upon their liberties by foreign or domestic powers. Each State was happily freed from all political jealousies, and earnestly desired so to balance the blessings of a more perfect Union that no friction or cause of discontent should ever arise that could not be remedied by the action of an important tribunal created by common consent.

The Government of the United States was intended to be the object of the pride and of the cordial support of all the people of all the States, instead of being a suspected invader of their reserved sovereign rights. Such encroachments were not then actually anticipated, but they were guarded against with the same care as if they were known to be premeditated, so as to make such conditions practically impossible in the future.

These high purposes and great principles were represented in the Convention by groups of delegates from each State, among whom there was no inferior person. They were all men of experience in personal affairs, in war and in peace; some of them being the admitted equals, in wisdom, education and talents, of the greatest men in the world.

There was no attempt to excel in personal or political leadership; nor was there any taint of covetousness of power—known under the misnomer of "honorable ambition"—or of money, which is the master sin of covetousness. The highest honors that history can bestow had already been won by these men, and it only remained for them to secure the fruits of their labors to themselves and the posterity of the people they represented.

This they did, under God's Providence, by "building wiser than they knew."

They accomplished the task of laying the foundations of free self-government by the people, upon principles of truth and justice that are imperishable. That government was, therefore, to be as perpetual as time. It was attempted to fence in these foundations with buttresses that would repel all efforts at in-

vasion either from within the citadel or by outward assault, and this was done, chiefly, by ten Amendments of the original text of the Constitution before its ratification was secured. These Amendments are, mainly, organic laws of interpretation and construction of all grants of powers conferred, denied or reserved in the original text of the Constitution. Their mandate over such questions was made paramount.

There was scarcely a provision of the Constitution, or of the ten Amendments, that did not bear directly on the sovereignty of the States, then existing, or afterwards to be created; so that this element of Statehood was considered and weighed and settled to meet every future condition that could be foreseen or suggested to these great delegates.

Yet, they did not conceive that they had designated every power that might be necessary for the general welfare. They provided, however, that no exercise of power to meet new conditions should ever encroach upon the sovereign powers reserved to the States, through any action of the Government of the United States, nor that any State should voluntarily or negligently surrender any part of its sovereign powers to the National Government.

In the discussion of these subjects, each group of delegates, having in charge the sovereignty of their States was concerned to the extremest anxiety to provide every possible safeguard for these new, unprecedented and precious rights of the States and the liberties of their people. With this sacred task in hand, they scanned the future with the most critical caution.

In the levy of taxation, direct and in the form of tariffs upon imports and exports, they inserted in the text of the Constitution various provisions to protect the States and their ports of entry against unjust discriminations. In laws respecting immigration, bankruptcy, currency, representation in Congress, and in the Electoral College as well as in other national legislation, the rule of uniformity is prescribed.

The power of making treaties is vested in a special tribunal; as is the power of impeachment and the appointments to office, with express restrictions fixed in the text of the Constitution. The powers of originating bills of appropriations, of amending the Constitution in cooperation with the States; of declaring war, and of admitting States into the Union, are vested in Congress

as separate and original powers, in which no other power can exercise lawful control.

And other designated powers were created in the Constitution, to which it is not important that reference should be made. They were intended to meet difficulties that might arise in the execution of the settled provisions of the Constitution, rather than to meet any new conditions that were not provided for in the text of that instrument.

It was as perfect as any plan could be that originates in human wisdom and is not copied from any existing model. In clearness of diction and in the harmony of expression it is as if it was the work of a single great author. In fact, it is the aggregation of thoughts that many minds had wrought into a splendid maturity, and it is the best collation of the settled results of the most practical and the best matured of the actual experiences of the leading men of all Christian nations.

Each of the thirteen groups of delegates was an Embassy from a Sovereign Power that had no superior among the Sovereign Powers of the world, and each Ambassador was fully conscious of his individual participation in the sovereign power that had been, for the first time in history, conferred upon him as a citizen of his State, and esteemed as the noblest human power the great trust that had been conferred upon him as a representative of the sovereignty of the State he represented.

History, in its crucial researches, has failed to attribute any selfish ambition to any delegate in that grand conclave of Ambassadors that was personal to himself or was unjust or ungenerous to any other State represented in the Convention; and the severest criticism has not revealed a serious imperfection in their great work.

It did not escape their keen foresight or their anxious care that in such a convention of sovereign States some great matters must be left to future adjustment, in which their respective sovereignties would be in disagreement. Their independence of each other, notwithstanding their intimate association in their work of conducting another sovereignty that is not independent of the States, but is their common agent and even their vassal, is perfect, and is so considered by every State that belongs to the Union.

There is no fact in the history of the Government that is

more clearly defined or is more thoroughly respected than the independence of each State towards all the rest of the, now, forty-five States of the American Union.

If the fifteen Latin States of America were now assembled in convention to establish a common federal government, greater care could not be taken by them in adjusting their future relations as sovereigns than was observed in framing our "more perfect union."

In addition to the power of amending the Constitution, so as to provide against dissensions among the States two other powers of supreme importance were provided for in the text of the Constitution and the first ten Amendments, but were scarcely defined as to their scope and ultimate operation—except that they must, in every event, conform to our plan of government and to all the principles and provisions of the written Constitution. The preservation of these is a sacred national obligation that no man or State can legally violate.

These powers to meet the exigencies of "the more perfect union" are the rights of the States, by compact, to agree with each other as to anything lawful that may concern the welfare of two or more of the contracting parties, subject to the ratification of Congress.

Three illustrations of the value of these State rights are now claiming the attention and arousing the painful anxiety of the people of the entire country. They are cited, as instances of many other possible conditions, to show the vast benefits that are possible in the making of compacts between States.

The questions referred to, but not discussed, are: the necessity for uniform laws on the subject of marriage and divorce; of the enforcement of extradition of criminals between the States; and certain regulations in respect of the public health and the laws of quarantine.

These illustrations open an inquiry as to many matters where the differences of climate, industry and trade within this wide country are as variant as those of the countries in Europe and Asia that lie between the North Atlantic and the Equator in Africa. The adjustment of such differences among our forty-five sovereign States is quite possible under our Constitution, which gives the initiative to two or more States.

The illustrations given above are quite sufficient to prove the

great value of this power to the States and the people of our wide domain. But a still more impressive fact concerns the general purpose and the wise provisions of our plan of a written organic law, in the grand and harmonious promotion of the general welfare through the initiative of the States. It is that the State and Federal Governments are so carefully united in their powers and duties that they are, at least, capable of the closest cooperation, and are so united in the grandest scheme of blessing to men and nations that their purpose should be one and inseparable to work together for good.

If the exercise of these special powers for good be requisite, it is an assurance of success that they should originate in the fountains of State sovereignty, rather than through the inferior sovereignty of the Federal Government, and in pursuance of a purpose of central aggrandizement. This destructive evil was grasped by the throat in the ten Amendments; but it has survived all efforts of extermination and is still the master, because it has behind it the raising and expending of the vast revenues of forty-five united sovereignties. But it is not now the purpose to discuss the oppressiveness of such evils, but to indicate the powers that must finally be employed to eradicate them.

The sovereignty of the States fully and properly executed is the cure for every usurpation that the Government of the United States may ever attempt.

JOHN T. MORGAN.

THE PESSIMIST'S PROGRESS: J.-K. HUYSMANS.

BY JAMES HUNEKER.

"Ah! Seigneur, donnez-moi la force et le courage
De contempler mon cœur et mon corps sans dégoût."
—BAUDELAIRE.

I.

JORIS-KARL HUYSMANS has been called a mystic, a naturalist, a critic, an aristocrat of the intellect; he was all these, a mandarin of letters and a pessimist besides—no matter what other qualities persist throughout his work pessimism is never absent, his firmament is ever clotted with black stars. He had a mediæval monk's contempt for existence, contempt for the mangy flock of mediocrity; yet his genius drove him to describe its crass ugliness in phrases of incomparable and enamelled prose. It is something of a paradox that this man of picturesque piety should have lived to be the accredited interpreter, the distiller of its quintessence, of that elusive quality we name "modernity." The "intensest vision of the modern world," as Havelock Ellis puts it, Huysmans unites to the endowment of a painter the power of a rare psychologist, with a lycanthropic nature. A collective title for his books might be borrowed from Zola: *My Hatreds.* He hated life and its eternal *bêtise.* His theme, with variations, is a strangling Ennui. With those devoted sons of Mother Church, Charles Baudelaire, Barbey D'Aurevilly, Villiers de l'Isle, Adam and Paul Verlaine, eccentric sons whose actions so often dismayed their fellow worshippers of less genius, Huysmans has been affiliated. But he was not a poet nor, indeed, a man of imagination. He did not possess the novelist's talent. His was not the flamboyant genius of Barbey, nor had he the fantastic invention of Villiers. He seems closer to Baudelaire, rather by reason of his ironic, critical temperament than because of his creative gifts. Baudelaire's oriflamme was embroidered with preciously devised letters of

gold which read: "Spleen and Ideal"; upon the emblematic banner of Huysmans this motto is "Spleen." His work at times seems like a prolongation in prose of Baudelaire's. And by reason of his exacerbated temper he became the most personal writer of his generation. He belonged to no school, and avoided, after his beginnings, literary groups or schools.

He is recording-secretary of the petty miseries and ironies of the life about him. Over ugliness he becomes almost lyric. "The world is a forest of differences." His pen, when he depicts an attack of dyspepsia or neuralgia, or the nervous distaste of an hypochondriac for meeting people, is like the triple sting of a hornet. He is the prose singer of neurasthenia, a Hamlet doubting his digestion. When he painted the *nuance* of rage and disgust that assails a middle-aged man at the sight of an underdone mutton chop his phrases are unforgettable. The tragedy of the gastric juices he has limned with a fulness of expression that lifts pathology to the dignity of art. A descendant of Flemish painters, sculptors, architects (Huysmans of Mechlin, the Antwerp-born painter of the seventeenth century is said to be a forbear), he inherited their powers of envisaging exterior life; those painters for whom flowers, vegetable markets, butcher-shops, tiny gentle Dutch landscapes, gray skies, skies of rutilant flames and homely details were surfaces to be passionately and faithfully rendered. This vision he has interpreted with pen instead of brush. He is a virtuoso of the phrase. He is a performer on the single string of self. He knows the sultry enharmonics of passion. He never improvises, he observes. All is willed and conscious, the cold-fire scrutiny of a trained eye, one keen to note the ignoble or any deviation from the normal. His pages are often sterile and smell of the lamp, but he has the candor of his chimera. Well has Remy de Gourmont called him an *eye*. In his prose, he sacrifices rhythmic variety and tone to color. His rhythms are massive, his color at times a furious fanfare of scarlet. Every word, like a note in a musical score, has its value and position. He intoxicates because of his marvellous speech, but he seldom charms. It is a sort of sinister verbal magic that steals upon you as this ancient mariner from the lower moral deeps of Paris fixes you with his glittering eye, and in his strangely modulated language tells tales of blasphemy and fish-wives' tales of half-forgotten rivers below

the bed of the Seine, of dull cafés and dreary suburbs, of bored men and stupid women, of sordid, opulent souls, souls spongy and voluptuous, mean lives and meaner alleys—such an epic of ennui, mediocrity, bizzare sins, and neurotic, superstitious creatures was never given the world until Huysmans wrote "*Les Sœurs Vatard*" and "*A Rebours.*" Entire vanished districts of Paris may be reconstructed from his chapters. Zola declared, when Guy de Maupassant and Huysmans appeared side by side in "*Les Soirées de Medan,*" that the latter was the realist. However, it was not Huysmans who was to write the ideal ecclesiastical novel, but Ferdinand Fabre, in his "*L'Abbé Tigrane.*" Fabre was the lesser artist, yet the greater novelist of the two.

The unity of form and substance in Huysmans is a distinguishing trait. He had early mastered literary technique, and the handling of his themes varies but little. There are, however, two or three typical varieties of description which may be quoted as illustrations of his etched and jewel-like prose. A cow hangs outside a butcher-shop:

> "As in a hothouse, a marvellous vegetation flourished in the carcass. Veins shot out on every side like the trails of bind-weed; dishevelled branch-work extended itself along the body, an efflorescence of entrails unfurled their violet-tinted corollas, and big clusters of fat stood out, a sharp white, against the red medley of quivering flesh."

Surely a subject for Snyders or Jan Steen.

Lèon Bloy somewhere describes Huysmans' treatment of the French language as "dragging his images by the heels or the hair up and down the worm-eaten staircase of terrified syntax." Huysmans, in "*A Rebours,*" had called M. Bloy "an enraged pamphleteer whose style was at once exasperated and precious." And magnificence of phrase in evoking a picture can go no further than the following—Englished by Arthur Symons—which shows us Gustave Moreau's Salome:

> "In the perverse odor of perfumes, in the overheated atmosphere of this church, Salome, her left arm extended in a gesture of command, her bent right arm holding on the level of the face a great lotus, advances slowly to the sound of a guitar, thrummed by a woman who crouches on the floor. With collected, almost anguished countenance, she begins the lascivious dance that should waken the sleeping senses of the aged Herod; her breasts undulate, become rigid at the contact of the whirling necklets; diamonds sparkle on the dead whiteness of her skin, her bracelets, girdles, rings, shoot sparks; on her triumphal

robes sewn with pearls, flowered with silver, sheeted with gold, the jewelled breast-plate, whose every stitch is a precious stone, bursts into flame, scatters in snakes of fire, swarms on the ivory-toned, tea-rose flesh, like splendid insects with dazzling wings, marbled with carmine, dotted with morning gold, diapered with steel blue, streaked with peacock green."

Gautier—who was for Huysmans only a prodigious reflector—Flaubert, Goncourt, could not have excelled this verbal painting, this bronze and baroque prose, which is both precise and of a splendor. And Huysmans can describe a herring as would a great master of sumptuous still-life:

"Thy garment is the palette of setting suns, the rust of old copper, the brown gilt of Cordovan leather, the sandal and saffron tints of the autumn foliage. When I contemplate thy coat of mail I think of Rembrandt's pictures. I see again his superb heads, his sunny flesh, his gleaming jewels on black velvet. I see again his rays of light in the night, his trailing gold in the shade, the dawning of suns through dark arches."

Or this invocation when Huysmans had begun to experience that shifting of moral emotion which we call his "conversion"—he was a Roman Catholic born, therefore was not converted; he but reverted to his early faith:

"Take pity, O Lord, on the Christian who doubts, on the sceptic who desires to believe, on the convict of life who embarks alone, in the night, beneath a sky no longer lit by the consoling beacons of ancient faith."

His method is not the recital of events, but the description of a situation; a scene; not a narration; but large tableaux. Action there is little; he is more static than dynamic. His characters, like Goncourt's, suffer from paralysis of the will, from hyperæsthesia. The soul in its primordial darkness interests him, and he describes it with the same penetrating prose as he does the carcass of a cow. He is a luminous mystic who speaks in terms of extravagant naturalism. His violent, vivid style so excellent in setting forth colored sensations is equally admirable in the construction of metaphors which make concrete the abstract. There is the element of the grotesque, of the old, ribald Fleming, in Huysmans, though without a trace of hearty Flemish humor. Nor is the pepper of sophistry absent. He sculptures his ideas. He is both morose and fulgurating. He squanders his emotions with polychromatic

resignation unlike a Saint Augustine or a Newman, yet we are not deeply moved by soul-experiences. It is not vibrating sincerity that we miss; it would be wrong to question his return to Catholicism. He is more convincing than Tolstoy; for one thing, there was no dissonance between his daily life and his writings, after the publication of "*En Route.*" Lucid as is his manner, clairvoyant as the exposition of his soul at the feet of God, there is, nevertheless, an absence of unction, of tenderness, which repels. Sympathy and tenderness are *bourgeois* virtues for Huysmans. Too complicated to admire, even recognize, the sane or the simple, he remained the morbid carper after he entered La Trappe and Solesmes. As an oblate, his fastidiousness was wounded by the minor annoyances of a severe regimen; his stomach always ailed him. Perhaps to his weak digestion and a neuralgic tendency we owe the bitterness and pessimism of his art. He was not a normal man. He loathed the inevitable discords of life with a startling intensity. The venomous salt of his wit he sprinkles over the raw turpitude of men and women. Impassible as he was, he could be shocked into a species of sub-acid eloquence if the theme were the inutility of mankind. No Hebraic prophet, not Swift himself, ever launched such poignant phrases of disgust and horror at the world and its works. His favorite reading were the mystics, à Kempis, Saint Theresa, St. John of the Cross and the Flemish Ruysbroeck—the motto of "*A Rebours*" is taken from Ruysbroeck: "Needs must I rejoice beyond the age, though the world has horror of my joy and its grossness cannot understand what I would say."

In a new edition of "*A Rebours*" he has told us that he was not pious as a youth, having been educated not at a religious school. "*A Rebours*" came out in 1884, and it was in 1892 that he went to La Trappe. He confessed that he could not discover, during the eight intervening years, why he swerved to the Church of Rome. But his books do. Diminution of vital energy was not the chief reason for his reversion. The operation of "divine grace" in Huysmans' case may be dated back to "*A Rebours.*" The modulation by the way of art was not a difficult one. And he had the good taste of giving us his experiences in the guise of art. It is the history of *a* conversion, though he is, without doubt, the Durtal of the books. The final explosion of grace after years

of unconscious mining, the definite illumination on some unknown road to Damascus, took place between the appearance of "*La Bas*" and "*En Route.*" We are spared the *technique* of faith reawakened. It had become part of his cerebral tissue. We are shown a Durtal, believer; also a Durtal profoundly disgusted with the oily, rancid food of La Trappe, and with the faces of some of his companions, and a Durtal who puffs surreptitious cigarettes. At Lourdes, in his last book, he is the same Durtal-Huysmans, grumbling at the odors of unwashed bodies, at the perspiring crowds, at the ignorance and cupidity of the shrine's guardians. A pessimist to the end. And for that reason he has often outraged the sensibilities of his co-religionists, who questioned his sincerity after such an exclamation as: "How like a rind of lard I must look!" uttered when he carried a dripping candle in a religious procession. But through the dreary mists of doubtings and black fogs of unfaith the lamp of the Church, a shining point, drew this hedonist from his chilly ecstasies to it. Like Taine and Nietzsche, he craved for some haven of refuge to escape the whirring wings of Wotan's ravens. And in the pale woven air he saw the cross of Christ.

Leslie Stephen wrote of Pascal: "Eminent critics have puzzled themselves as to whether Pascal was a sceptic or a genuine believer, having, I suppose, convinced themselves, by some process not obvious to me, that there is an incompatibility between the two characters." Huysmans may have been both sceptic and believer, but the dry fervor of the later books betrays a man who willingly humiliates and depreciates the intellect for the greater glory of God. His portrait of Simon the swineherd in "*En Route*" is mortifying to normal humans. Huysmans penetrates the husks and filth and sees only a God-intoxicated soul. Here is, indeed, the "treasure of the humble." At first, religion with Durtal was æsthetic, the beauty of Gothic architecture, the pyx that ardently shines, the bells that boom, the odors of frankincense that rolled through the nave of some old vast cathedral with flame-colored windows. In "*L'Oblat*" the feeling has widened and deepened. The walls of life have fallen asunder; the soul glows in the twilight of the subliminal self, glows with a spiritual phosphorescence; Huysmans is nearer, though not face to face with, God. The object of his prayer is the Virgin Mary; to the hem of her robe he clings like a frightened child at its mother's dress.

All this may have been auto-suggestion, or the result of the "will to believe," according to the formula of Professor William James, yet it was satisfying to Huysmans, whose life was singularly loveless and secret. His terrible death-bed was the final test of his sincerity.

He was born on February 5th, 1848, at Paris, and died in that city on May 12th, 1907. He was educated at the Lyceum Saint-Louis. He contemplated the profession of law; but, at the age of twenty, he entered the Ministry of the Interior, where he remained until 1897, a model, unassuming official, fond of first editions, posters, rare prints and a few intimates. He went then to live at Ligugé, but returned to Paris after the expulsion of the Benedictines. He was elected first president of the Academy Goncourt, April 7th, 1900. He was nominated chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and given the rosette of officer by Briand, though Huysmans begged that he should have no military honors at his funeral. It was for his excellent work as a civil servant that he was decorated, and not as a man of letters. At the time of his death, his reputation had suffered an eclipse; he was distrusted both by Catholics and free-thinkers. But he never wavered. Attacked by a cancerous malady, he suffered the atrocious martyrdom of his favorite Saint Lydwine. Léon Daudet, François Coppée and Lucien Descaves were his unwearying attendants. At the last, he could still read the prayers for the dying. He was buried in his Benedictine habit. But what an artist perished in the making of an amateur monk.

"His face," said an English friend, "with the sensitive, luminous eyes, reminded one of Baudelaire's portrait, the face of a resigned and benevolent Mephistopheles who has discovered the absurdity of the divine order, but has no wish to make improper use of his discovery. He gave me the impression of a cat, courteous, perfectly polite, most amiable, but all nerves, ready to shoot out his claws at the least word." [Huysmans, like Baudelaire, was fond of cats; he valued them more highly than women.] When the present writer saw him several years ago in Paris, he was struck by the essentially Semitic contour of his head—some legacy of remote ancestors from the far-away Meuse.

II.

To traverse the books of Huysmans is a true pessimist's prog-

ress; from "*Le Drageoir aux Epices*" (1874) to "*Les Foules de Lourdes*" (1906), the note, at times shrill, often profound, is never one of dulcification. The first book, a veritable little box of spices, was modelled on Baudelaire's "*Poêmes en Prose,*" but revealed to the acute critic a new personal shade. Its plainness is Gallic, though actual lubricity is absent. That amusing, ironic sketch, "*L'extase,*" so often quoted, gives us a key-note to the writer's disillusioned soul. "*Marthe*" (1876) caused a sensation. It was speedily suppressed. "*La Fille Elise*" and "*Nana*" the public could endure; but the cold-blooded delineation of vice in this first novel was too much for the Parisian, who likes a display of sentiment or sympathy in the treatment of unsavory themes. Now, sympathy for sin or suffering is missing in Huysmans. Slow veils of pity never descend upon his sufferers. Like a surgeon who will show you a "beautiful disease," a "classic case," he exposed the life of the wretched Marthe, and, while he called a cat a cat, he forgot that certain truths are unfit for polite ears accustomed to the rotten-ripe Dumas *fils,* or the thrice brutal Zola. It was in "*Marthe*" that Huysmans proclaimed his adherence to naturalism in these memorable words: "I write what I see, what I feel and what I have experienced, and I write it as well as I can: that is all." This rubric he adhered to his life long, no matter his change of spiritual base. He also said that at bottom there were writers who have talent, and others who have not. All other details, schools, groups, cliques, whether romantic or naturalistic or decadent, do not count. He proved this by his own habits, those of an artistic solitary.

It was 1880 before Huysmans was again heard from, this time in collaboration with Zola, Guy de Maupassant, Henry Céard, Léon Hennique and Paul Alexis. "*Les Soirées de Medan*" was the inappropriate title of a book of interesting tales. Huysmans' contribution, "*Sac au Dos,*" is a story of the Franco-Prussian war that would have pleased Stendhal by its sardonic humor. The hero never reaches the front, but spends his time in hospitals, and the nearest he gets to the glory of war is a chronic stomach-ache. The variations on this ignoble motive showed the perverted malice of Huysmans. War is not hell, he says in effect, but dysentery is; how often a petty ailing has unmade a heroic soul. Naturally, in the face of Maupassant's

brilliant "*Boule de Suif,*" Huysmans' sly attack on patriotism was overlooked. "*Croquis Parisiens*" (1880) contains some specimens of Huysmans' astounding virtuosity. No one before has ever described sundry aspects of Paris with such verisimilitude. Balls, cafés, bars, omnibus-conductors, washerwomen, chestnut-sellers, hairdressers, remote landscapes and corners of the city, cabarets, "*la Bièvre,*" the underground river, with prose paraphrases of music, perfumes, flowers—Huysmans astonishes by his prodigality of epithet and justness of observation. What Manet, Pissarro, Raffaëlli, Forain, were doing with oil and pastel and pencil, he accomplished with his pen of a magician. "*A Vau L'Eau*" followed in 1882. By some it is considered the typical Huysmans tale, and some see in Jean Folantin its unhappy hero, obsessed by the desire for a juicy beefsteak, the prototype of Durtal. Folantin is a poor employee in the ministry who must exist on his annual salary of fifteen hundred francs. He haunts cheap restaurants, lives in cheap lodgings, is seedy and sour, and with the nerves of a voluptuary. His sense of smell makes his life a nightmare. The sordid recital would be comical but that it is so villainously real. Dickens would have set us laughing over the woes of this Folantin, or Dostoiévsky would have made us weep—as he did in "*Poor Folk.*" But Huysmans has no time for tears or laughter; he must register his truth, and at the end an odor of stale cheese exhales from the printed page. Wretched Monsieur Folantin! Of the official life so clearly presented in some of Maupassant's tales, we get little, Huysmans is too much preoccupied with Folantin's stomach troubles. In the same volume, though published first in 1887, is "*Un Dilemme,*" which is a pitiful tale of a girl abandoned. Huysmans, while he came under the influence of "*L'Education Sentimentale,*" seems to have taken as a *leit motif* the idiotic antics of Flaubert's "*Bouvard et Pécuchet.*" This pair of mediocre maniacs were his models for mankind at large. "*Les Sœurs Vatard*" (1879), praised so warmly by Zola in "The Experimental Novel," is not a novel, but kaleidoscopic Parisian pictures of intimate low life, executed with consummate finish, and closeness to fact. The two sisters Vatard, Céline and Désirée, with their love affairs, fill a large volume. There are minute descriptions of proletarian interiors, sewing-shops full of perspiring girls, railroad-yards, locomotives and a gingerbread fair.

The men are impudent scamps, bullies, *souteneurs*, the women either weak or vulgar. Veracity there often is and an air of reality—though these swaggerers and simpletons are silhouettes, not half as vital as Zola's Lise or Goncourt's Germine Lacerteux. But atmosphere, *toujours* atmosphere—of that Huysmans is the compeller. Not a disagreeable scene, smell or sound does he spare his readers.

We reach *bourgeois* life with "*En Ménage*" (1881). André and Cyprien the novelist and painter are not so individual as, say, old *père* Vatard in the preceding story. They but serve as stalking horses for Huysmans to show the stupid miseries of the married state; that whether a man is or is not married he will regret it. Love is the supreme poison of life. André is deceived by his wife, Cyprien lives lawlessly. Neither one is contented. The novel is careful in workmanship; it is like Goncourt and Flaubert, both gray and masterful. But it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Like the early Christian fathers, Huysmans had a conception of Woman, "the eternal feminine of the eternal simpleton," which is not ennobling.

"*A Rebours*" ("Against the Grain") appeared at the psychologic moment. Decadence was in the air. Either you were a decadent or violently opposed to the movement. Verlaine had consecrated the word—hardly an expressive one. The depraved young Jean, duke of Esseintes, greedy of exotic sensations, who figures as the hero of this gorgeous prose-mosaic, is said to be the portrait of a Parisian poet, and a fashionable dilettante of art painted by Whistler. But there is more of Huysmans—the exquisite literary critic that is Huysmans—in the work. If, as Henry James remarks, "When you have no taste you have no discretion—which is the conscience of taste," then Huysmans must be acclaimed a man of unexampled tact. His handling of a well-nigh impossible theme, his "technical heroism," above all, his soul-searching tactics in that wonderful Chapter VII, when des Esseintes, suffering from the malady of the infinite, proceeds to examine his conscience and portrays for us the most fluctuating shades of belief and feeling—his touch here is sure, and casuistically immoral, as "all art is immoral for the inartistic." The chief value of the book for future generations of critics lies in Chapters XII and XIV. Huysmans's literary and artistic preferences are catalogued with delicacy and erudition. More

Byzantine than Byzance, "*A Rebours*" is a storehouse of art treasures, and it was once the battle-field of the literary élite. It is a history of the artistic decadent, the man of disdainful inquietudes who searches for an earthly artificial paradise. The mouth orchestra which, by the aid of various liquors, gives to the tongue sensations analogous to music; the flowers and perfume concerts, the mock sea—all these are mystifications. Huysmans, the *farceur,* is enjoying himself. His liquor symphony he borrowed from *La Chimie du Goût* by Polycarpe Poncelet; from Zola, perhaps, his concert of flowers. The voyage to London is a veritable comic stroke. Fully prepared to face the rigors of the Channel, des Esseintes reaches the neighborhood of the Gare Saint-Lazare. Then he remembers how disenchanted he was with Holland. He enters an English chop-house. He drinks ale, he eats roast beef, Stilton cheese, and recalls scenes from Dickens. Exhausted, he returns home to his Thebaid, fairly saturated with English life and customs, though without fear of the usual reaction after foreign travel. "*A Rebours,*" notwithstanding Huysmans' later pilgrimage to Canossa, was never excelled. It is his most personal achievement. It also contains the most beautiful writing of this Paganini of prose.

"*En Rade*" (1887) did not attract much attention. It is not dull; on the contrary, it is very Huysmansish. But it is not a subject that enthrals. Jacques Marles and his wife have lost their money. They go into the country to live cheaply. The author's detestation of nature was apparently the motive for writing the book. There are episodes of fantasy and realistic descriptions of a calf's birth and a cat's agony that prove the one-time disciple of Zola had not lost his vision; the truth is, Zola's method is melodramatic, romantic, vague, when compared to Huysmans' implacable manner of photographing petty facts.

But in "*Là-Bas*" he takes a leap across the ditch of naturalism and reaches another, if not more delectable, territory. This was in 1891. A new manifesto must be made—the Goncourts had printed a bookful. Symbolism, not naturalism, is now the shibboleth. Huysmans declares that:

"It is essential to preserve the veracity of the document, the precision of detail, the fibrous and nervous language of Realism, but it is equally essential to become the well-digger of the soul, and not to

attempt to explain what is mysterious by mental maladies. . . . It is essential, in a word, to follow the great road so deeply dug out by Zola, but it is also necessary to trace a parallel pathway in the air, another road by which we may reach the Beyond, to achieve thus a Spiritual naturalism."

And by a curious, a bizarre, route Durtal, the everlasting Durtal, sought to achieve spiritually—a spirituality *à rebours,* for it was by devil-worship and the study of Gilles de Rais of ill fame, that he reached his goal. We also study church bells, *incubi,* satanism, demons, witches, sacrileges of a *raffiné* sort; indeed, an enormous amount of occult lumber is dumped into the book, which is indigestible on that account. Diabolic lore *à la* Jules Dubois and other modern magi is profuse. That wicked lady, who is far from credible, Madame Chantelouve, flits through various chapters. Her final disappearance, one hopes "below"—like the devils in the pantomime—is received by Durtal and the reader with a sigh of relief. She is quite the vilest character in French fiction, and, as Stendhal would say, her only excuse is that she never existed. The Black Mass is painted by an artist adroit in the manipulation of the sombre and magnificent.

But "*Là-Bas*" proved a prophetic weather-vane. "*En Route*" in 1895 did not astonish those who had been studying the spiritual fluctuations of Huysmans. Behold the miracle! He is a believing Christian. Wisely the antecedent causes were tacitly avoided. "I believe," said Durtal, simply. Of superior interest is his struggle up the ladder to perfection. This painful feat is slowly accomplished in "*La Cathédrale*" (1898), "*L'Oblat*" (1903) and "*Lourdes*" (1906). And it must be confessed that the more pious grew M. Huysmans the less artist he—as might have been expected. What is his art to a man who is concerned not with the things of this world? He never lost his acerbity, nor his faculty for the phrase magical, though his sense of proportion gradually vanished. Luckily he is not saccharine like the majority of writers on religious topics. Ferdinand Brunetière complained that Flaubert was unbearably erudite in his three short stories—echoing what Sainte-Beuve had said of Salammbô years before. What must he have thought of that astonishing "Cathedral," with its chapters on the symbolism of architecture, sculpture, gems, flowers (Sir Thomas Browne and his quincunxes are fairly beaten from the field), vestments, sacred vessels of the

altar and a multitude of mysterious things, hieroglyphics and dark liturgical riddles? There are ravishing pages, though none so solemn and moving as the description of the "*De profundis*" and "*Dies iræ*" in "*En Route.*"

For any one except the trailer after strange souls "The Oblate" is an affliction. Madame Bavoil, with her *notre ami,* is a chattering nuisance, withal a worthy creature. Durtal is always in the dumps. He speaks much of interior peace, but he gives the impression of a man sitting painfully amidst spiritual brambles. Perhaps he felt that for him after his Golgotha are the sweet-singing flames of Purgatory. We are not sorry when he returns to Paris. As for the book on "*Lourdes,*" it is like an open wound. A whiff from the operating-room of a hospital comes to you. We are, doubtless, edified by the childlike faith with which Huysmans accepts the report of cures that would stagger the most perfervid Christian Scientist. If Zola's "*Lourdes*" was a calamity, Huysmans' is a mistake. It is said that, at his request, his friends destroyed many of his manuscripts; if they were of the "*Lourdes*" kind let us be grateful. His "*Pages Catholiques*" and "*Sainte-Lydwine*" are hard reading, written by a man whose mysticism was a matter of rigid definition, a thing to be weighed and felt and verbally proved.

Of far more literary and critical worth are the three books, "*L'Art Moderne*" (1883), "*Certains*" (1889) and "*De Tout*" (1901). In collaboration with Léon Hennique, Huysmans contributed his share in a pantomime, "*Pierrot Sceptique*" (1881). "*L'Art Moderne*" is the most revolutionary volume of art criticism written during the last century. Baudelaire went far; he introduced Richard Wagner and Manet; but Huysmans went "further"—as the phrase goes. He championed such ultra-realists as Edgar Degas—he was the first to recognize his genius for depicting mercilessly the shivering, tired flesh of working-women; Raffaëlli, Monet, Pissarro, Gauguin, he wrote of, and many others. His *Salons* are models of elegant invective directed, not only against the academic group, but at their upholders and purchasers—chiefly American millionaires. In "*Certains,*" he exploits the talents of Moreau, Chéret, Whistler, Jan Luyken, Odilon Redon, Paul Cézanne—at a time when the last-named was howled down by critics and public. And in a remarkable study of Félicien Rops, he definitely "ranged" that unique

etcher of erotic diabolism. The art criticism of Huysmans cannot be overestimated. And what a vocabulary! What powers of evocation! "*De Tout*" contains new *croquis,* with more variety as to place and subject. Fleming-like, he is less melodist than harmonist in these essays—and such acrid harmonies, polyphonic variations and fuguelike flights to the other side of good and evil.

George Moore was the first English-speaking critic to recognize Huysmans. He wrote that "a page of Huysmans is as a dose of opium, a glass of exquisite and powerful liquor." Frankly, it was his conversion that focussed upon Huysmans so much attention. No one may remain isolated in his century. He has never been a favorite with the larger Parisian public; rather, a curiosity, a spiritual ogre turned saint. And the saintship has been hotly disputed.

Huysmans was not a man of, what is so vaguely denominated, "general ideas." He was never interested in the chess-play of metaphysics, politics or science. He was a specialist, one who had ransacked libraries for curious details, despoiled perfumers' catalogues for their odorous vocables, pored over technical dictionaries for odd-colored words, and studied cook-books for savory terms. His gamut of sensations began at the violet ray. He was a perverse aristocrat who descended to the gutter there to analyze the various stratifications of filth; when he returned to his ivory cell, he had discovered, not humanity, but the anodyne of religion, the love of God. Thenceforth, he was interested in one thing—the saving of the soul of Joris-Karl Huysmans, and being a marvellous verbal artist, his recital of the event startled us, fascinated us. Renan once wrote of Amiel: "He speaks of sin, of salvation, of redemption and conversion, as if these things were realities." Let us rather imitate Sainte-Beuve, who said: "You may not cease to be a sceptic after reading Pascal, but you must cease to treat believers with contempt." And this injunction is not difficult to obey in the case of Huysmans, for whom the things derided by Renan were the profoundest realities of his tortured and troubled life.

JAMES HUNEKER.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

BY IDA HUSTED HARPER.

THE two most important events marking this question as a world movement were the meetings of the International Council of Women in Berlin in 1904 and the International Woman Suffrage Alliance in Copenhagen in 1906. The former, with delegates from twenty countries, instructed by their respective Councils, adopted a resolution that "this International Council advocates that strenuous efforts be made to enable women to obtain the power of voting in all countries where a representative government exists." As this Council comprises seven or eight millions of the leading women in the various countries, its action certainly is an answer to the oft-repeated statement that women do not want to vote. At the International Alliance in Copenhagen twelve countries reported as organized and working vigorously for the suffrage, and an international paper was established. Two countries have since been added, and in almost every one where the status of women has reached any degree of modern civilization, they are beginning to demand a voice in their own government.

The women of New Zealand have possessed the Municipal suffrage since 1886. In 1893, the Parliament conferred upon them the full franchise on exactly the same terms as required of men. There is scarcely a dissenting voice in the distinguished testimony as to the good effect of this on the women themselves and on the politics of the country. At a number of national elections a larger percentage of women than of men have voted.

This situation is duplicated in Australia. The women in its six States have had Municipal suffrage for twenty-five or thirty years. South Australia gave them the full State franchise in

1895, and West Australia in 1899. The six States united in one Commonwealth in 1901, and one of the first acts of the new Government was to give all women the full Federal suffrage and the right to sit in the National Parliament. New South Wales then conferred the State suffrage in 1902, Tasmania in 1903, Queensland in 1905. In Victoria this vote is still withheld, having been vetoed fourteen times by the Upper House of the State Parliament after it had been passed by the Lower House, but indications now are that it will go through during the present session. At some elections not only a larger percentage, but actually a larger number of women than of men have voted. Last year in Tasmania women outnumbered the men at every polling-station. It is also everywhere apparent that they have roused the men to a new sense of their political duty.

Turning to Europe, there is the curious anomaly that in its two so-called republics the cause of woman suffrage is more backward than in almost any of the other countries. In Switzerland every man over twenty may vote. A National Woman Suffrage Association has lately been organized which is supported by many public men. Its president and secretary are members of Parliament and university professors fill other offices.

In France, all men twenty-one years old have the franchise. The National Council of Women, composed of 55 associations with about 70,000 members, has recently joined forces with the National Suffrage Union, thus assuring strong and systematic effort for the enfranchisement of women. In 1906, a Committee for the Defence of the Rights of Women was formed in the Chamber of Deputies, to secure the social, civil and political rights of women. A delegation of 150 from the National Woman Suffrage Union were received by this committee and permitted to make their plea for a Suffrage bill from the rostrum of the Chamber of Deputies. Its Chairman, M. Jean Jaurès, assured them that one would be presented. The Socialist Congress at Limoges instructed the Socialist members to introduce such a bill.

The eminent Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, French delegate to the Peace Congress in the United States, is a strong advocate of woman suffrage, as are many other noted men. The Catholics, who have always stood inflexibly against giving political rights to women, are now saying that, if women had possessed a vote, they would not have shown the indifference to the interests

of the Church that men have, and Parliament would not have been able to bring about the separation of Church and State. The women have held themselves aloof from the suffrage societies, but last summer the secretary of the French Women's Catholic League wrote a letter to the International Suffrage Alliance in Copenhagen expressing deep sympathy with the cause—a most significant incident. Some of them have sent a petition to the Pope, through Marie Maugeret, editor of *"Féminisme Chrétien,"* and he has promised an answer. The Socialists, on the other hand, claim that the enfranchisement of the working-women would greatly strengthen their ranks, so it is not improbable that this may become a live issue in France in the near future.

In Belgium, practically every male citizen over twenty-five is a voter, but a plural system gives two or three votes to university graduates and to property-holders. A few years ago, there was a great uprising of the working-classes under the rallying-cry, "One man, one vote." Some progressive women undertook to have them demand "One person, one vote"; but, although this is a fundamental principle of Socialism, they refused absolutely. As the aristocracy is principally Catholic, its men considered the feasibility of enfranchising women in order to maintain its political power, and even went so far as to send an agent to the United States to examine the effects of woman suffrage here, but as the working-men have made no further demonstrations the matter has been allowed to rest. Miss Martina Kramers, editor of the international woman-suffrage organ, was invited by the University of Brussels to give a course of lectures last winter on the franchise for women. The Congress of Socialist Women has unanimously instructed the Socialist members of Parliament as to the introduction of a woman-suffrage bill.

In The Netherlands, all men over twenty-five who own any property whatever or pay rent may vote. The movement to obtain suffrage for women is well organized and advanced. The National Council is composed of 30 associations and about that many thousand members, with a section for politics and the franchise. The National Woman Suffrage Association, over twelve years old, is an influential body including women of all classes, creeds and politics. Its president is Dr. Aletta H. Jacobs, the first woman physician in Holland, whose husband was a member of Parliament for many years until his death.

There has long been a favorable minority sentiment in Parliament, but the ministry was hostile. The Liberal element finally gained the ascendency and formed a coalition of forces whose first act was to create a Commission for revising the Constitution and broadening the suffrage for men. The Woman Suffrage Association at once appointed a committee to draft a Memorial, asking for an article providing that women should be admitted to the franchise on the same terms as men. The Prime Minister promised serious consideration and asked for testimony from places where women voted. The Commission has now published its recommendation that the word "male" be struck out before all paragraphs relating to election to office, six out of seven favoring this article. This would make women eligible to all Government positions, even to a seat in Parliament. The Ministry reserves to itself the privilege of making all changes in regard to electoral rights. The press is favorable to extending these to women, the Liberal and Social Democratic parties have woman suffrage in their platforms, and it is considered almost a certainty that the Government will put a clause for this purpose in the Constitution. This will go to the voters in 1909. The women of Holland, therefore, to influence public sentiment, have arranged that the International Woman Suffrage Alliance shall hold its convention there in June, 1908. They have little doubt that they will be enfranchised the following year.

The movement for woman suffrage in Denmark was greatly accelerated by the convention of the International Suffrage Alliance in Copenhagen last August. The excellent arrangements made by the Danish women, the parliamentary conduct of the meeting by the president of the Alliance, Mrs. Chapman Catt, of the United States, the addresses of the delegates from twelve countries, gave much dignity and prestige to the cause. The papers were unanimous in their praise and declared that it was manifest injustice to withhold longer the ballot from women. Danish women are very well organized. The National Council comprises 18 national societies. The old and important Danish Women's Association, formed in 1870, has 35 branches throughout the country, and its aim is to work for the suffrage. The National Suffrage Association proper has 16 auxiliary branches.

All men thirty years old may vote for the Lower House of Parliament. The Upper House is partly appointed by the King

and partly elected by large taxpayers. Only taxpayers have the Municipal franchise. Women have no suffrage, and in this respect Denmark is far behind the other Scandinavian countries, behind even its own colony of Iceland. In recent years, the Lower House has been composed almost entirely of Liberals and Socialists; the Upper House remains strongly Conservative. The latter is willing to give the Municipal franchise to taxpaying widows and spinsters, but the Lower House demands it for all women. Several times it has passed such a bill, but always with a "rider" attached demanding some concessions for men, and this has caused the Upper House to reject it. The general opinion is, however, that a liberal Municipal franchise will soon be granted to women.

The Parliament of Iceland in 1882 gave to widows and spinsters who were householders or maintained a family or themselves, the right to vote for Parish and Town Councils and District Boards and Vestries. In 1902 they were made eligible to election to all the offices for which they could vote. The Government has just announced that it will present a bill for their full suffrage.

Germany was stirred from centre to circumference by the International Council of Women which met in Berlin in 1904. The recognition extended by the Emperor and members of his Cabinet and by the Municipality gave it such great prestige that all progressive movements among German women received a strong impetus. They have great genius for organizing, but are prevented by law in most of the States from forming any associations of a political nature, which includes those asking for the franchise. The German National Council of Women is composed of nearly 200 societies with about 100,000 members, and yet they feared even to adopt a resolution in favor of woman suffrage lest the Government should dissolve the organization; but they finally ventured to do this. Women were prohibited in Prussia and many of the other States from attending political meetings; but last year, after their repeated protests, the Reichstag abrogated the law, stipulating, however, that they must sit apart from the men.

The Reichstag is elected by universal male suffrage, but the Bundesrath, or Upper House, is appointed. In the three "free cities," and in some of the States which permit it, women have

now organized suffrage associations and are endeavoring to resuscitate the ancient laws which in various States allow Municipal suffrage to women property-holders, and the question has gone to the Supreme Court. Women lawyers have discovered that the fundamental law of Prussia declares the right of both sexes to be equal unless exceptions are expressly declared. In the statutes relating to the State and Municipal suffrage, only "persons" are referred to and no exceptions are made; thus, apparently, hundreds of thousands of women are entitled to vote. A League of Evangelical Women and a League of Catholic Women are now demanding the suffrage, while the Social Democratic Women, supposed to be several million in number, are making it a part of their programme.

The first vote on woman suffrage in a German Parliament took place in Bavaria in December, 1905, when the Constitution was revised to give universal suffrage to men, and the women petitioned to be included. Their petition was supported by all the Socialists, half of the Liberals and one-fourth of the Clerical party, but the remaining three-fourths of the last-named party were sufficient to defeat it. This precipitated a vigorous discussion in Catholic circles, and their leading paper in South Germany has declared within a few months that the laws of the Church do not forbid the enfranchisement of women, and that social and economic development makes it desirable. At the last annual meeting of the Socialists the women demanded definite action, and, after a ringing speech by August Bebel, they adopted a resolution to make this henceforth a part of their political struggle. The Liberal party, after a heated debate, refused, at the dictation of their leaders, to indorse a resolution even for Municipal suffrage. There is no immediate prospect of women's enfranchisement in Germany, but the demand for it among the women themselves is growing stronger every year.

The obstacles in the way of the women of Austria seem almost insuperable. It is composed of seventeen provinces, besides Hungary; the people speak at least eight languages, and concerted action for any reform is all but impossible. A law was enacted in 1852 granting to men the right to form political organizations, but specifically forbidding this to women. There are many educated, capable and progressive women in Austria, and when, in 1902, they wanted to form a

National Council, they could only get the requisite permission from the Government by showing that it was in no sense of a political nature. It is composed of 36 societies representing over 13,000 women. When last year they saw a measure about to be enacted to grant universal suffrage to men and to exclude all women, they felt that some action was imperative. They could form Independent Committees on Woman Suffrage, which was done, and they have held mass conventions and sent petitions to Parliament. They invited Mrs. Chapman Catt to come to Austria at the close of the International Suffrage Convention in Copenhagen, and she went in September, accompanied by Dr. Jacobs, president of The Netherlands Association. They addressed large meetings at Prague in Bohemia, at Brunn, capital of Moravia, and at Vienna. Here every inch of standing-room was occupied in the great hall by people of all classes, many members of Parliament being present. The addresses were followed by a discussion of two hours, no one speaking in direct opposition. The visitors were astonished at the strength of the movement throughout the provinces.

The question of granting the franchise to women was several times debated in the Lower House. The Minister of the Interior stated that the strong demonstrations in favor of it had been made a subject of earnest consideration by the Government, but he doubted if it were wise to make a trial of it at the moment of so important a political evolution. A few of the radical members favored it, but Dr. Victor Adler, leader of the Socialists, declared that, while his party stood for the equal political rights of women, he thought the reform entirely impracticable at that time. The bill finally adopted gave the franchise to all men. The first election has now taken place under the new law and has resulted in a tremendous Socialist victory which insures a commanding vote in the next Parliament. The Committee of Socialist Women, with the approval of Dr. Adler, have proposed that, at the coming International Congress in Stuttgart, woman suffrage be made a distinct issue in its programme, and it is thought this will be done. Now that universal suffrage for men has been obtained in Austria, there is a probability that they will make an effort for the enfranchisement of women.

A petition for woman suffrage signed by 24,000 Czecks, men and women, sent to the Parliament of Bohemia, has been referred

to the next session, which is to reform the electoral law. The one proposed gives taxpaying women a somewhat extended franchise, but excludes all women from the Municipal suffrage which it confers on all men. The women will insist upon having this also.

Hungary has a National Council of Women composed of about 70 associations, and, soon after the Berlin meeting of 1904, a few who had been in attendance there formed a Suffrage Society which has done an amazing amount of work. The question of woman suffrage had been agitated among men since they began the struggle for their own electoral rights in 1903, and the Hungarian idol, Francis Kossuth, had declared that the Independent party was morally bound to support it. In a short time, however, the political situation became one of indescribable chaos, and the women finally learned that not one of the "reform" parties would take up their cause when it came to the test. Lately, the Society of Women Clerks, Bookkeepers, Stenographers, etc., numbering 1,500, has petitioned Parliament, demanding in the name of taxpaying women the right to vote. A great demonstration in Budapest was attended by women of all ranks and vocations. Women took a prominent part at the last election, many of the candidates publicly advocated woman suffrage, and of the nine elected from Budapest five have announced themselves in favor of it. By urgent invitation Mrs. Chapman Catt and Dr. Jacobs extended their speaking tour to Budapest, where they held three largely attended and enthusiastic meetings. One was under the auspices of the Free Masons. The electoral laws will probably be revised soon, and there is a vigorous movement for universal suffrage for men. The women are preparing to press their claims for inclusion in whatever measure may be adopted.

In Italy, with some educational and property qualifications, all men over twenty-one may vote for the Lower House of Parliament. The National Council of Women, composed of over 60 federated societies, in 1904 voted almost unanimously in favor of both the Municipal and Parliamentary franchise. In 1905, the Woman Suffrage Association of Rome organized committees in all parts of Italy and began systematic, aggressive work. Various newspapers have come to their support and a number of distinguished statesmen, jurists and university professors have

become outspoken advocates of the movement. The question was carried to Parliament and discussed by the Chamber of Deputies February 25th, the galleries being crowded with women. The discussion was dignified and spirited, both Conservative and Radical members speaking in its favor, and finally it was referred to the Minister of the Interior, the most favorable disposition which the regulations allowed. It is the intention of men and women to carry on an active campaign.

Russia had no national suffrage for men until the Duma was created in 1905. In local government of the villages, women, married and single, have certain voting rights and sometimes hold office, as many own property and carry on business. When the war with Japan brought on the vast revolution and men began to strive for political rights, progressive women at once threw themselves into the conflict and made their demand to be included in the proposed universal suffrage. In Moscow, they organized a Union for Women's Rights which affiliated at once with the Union of Men's Associations, and later all were merged into the great body known as the Union of Unions, which counts its members by the hundred thousands. They have found the desire for a voice in their government strong among all classes of women, but especially among the peasants. Nothing could be more touching than the petition sent to the Duma by the peasant women of the three villages of Tver, begging that they should have the same rights as the men. "Till now," they said, "even though we were beaten sometimes, still we decided various matters together. . . . Have pity on us in the name of God! We had formerly the same rulers as our husbands; now our husbands are going to write the laws for us."

Alexis Aladyin, leader of the peasant party in the first Duma, who has lately been in the United States, declares that the press despatches saying the peasant members were opposed to woman suffrage were wholly untrue. He says there was not one opposing vote or voice among them. With the exception of that of the extreme Conservatives, woman suffrage has been placed in the platform of all the political parties, Constitutional Democrats, Labor, Social Revolutionists, People's Socialists, etc., and women are members of their central committees. Many of the leaders of the Octoberist or Conservative party favor it. The Zemstvos and Municipalities in all parts

of Russia have indorsed it, and some of them permitted women to vote for the body which elected members of the Duma. The proposed constitution for self-government in Poland gives women the vote for Zemstvo members. A meeting of 4,000 university professors and students voted unanimously for woman suffrage; the National Medical Congress of 1,200 Russian physicians did the same, and there was scarcely a dissenting voice in the national associations of the various professions and trades which make up the great League of Leagues. If the second Duma had been allowed to finish its session, there was a most encouraging prospect that it would enact a law enfranchising women.

An occurrence in Armenia has great significance as showing the unmistakable tendency toward equal rights for women. There the ancient Oriental Church, occupying a position about halfway between the Greek and the High Episcopal Churches, is almost supreme in government. Last year, the Catholicos, its venerable head, issued a proclamation giving the Church a constitution and committing the management of its affairs henceforth to a general assembly of delegates, to be elected by all the members over twenty-one years old. At once the question was asked whether this included women, whereupon he issued a second edict declaring that not only might women vote for these delegates, but they might also be elected themselves. The most influential Armenian paper in Russia, the "Workman," published at Tiflis, in a column editorial expressed joy over this act and a hope that it would lead to woman's political liberty.

The great victory for woman suffrage in 1906 was won in Finland, when women were enfranchised on exactly the same terms as men and made eligible to all offices, including seats in Parliament. This gives the vote at once to about 300,000 women. Preceding and during the revolution, in the attempt to throw off the Russian yoke, the women shared with the men the work, the hardships and the dangers; and, when the triumph came, there was not a thought on the part of men of excluding women from any portion of the rewards, the most important of which was the suffrage. But they themselves had long been preparing the ground. The Finnish Women's Association to work for equal rights was founded in 1884 by Baroness Alexandra Gripenberg and never ceased its efforts. In 1892 the Woman's Alliance Union was organized, more democratic and aggressive in its

character. In November, 1904, when the revolutionary spirit was surging, this Union called the first public meeting for woman suffrage ever held in Finland; it was attended by more than a thousand women and hundreds more could not gain admission. Forty-seven addresses of sympathy signed by hundreds of women came from all parts of the country. A resolution was adopted declaring for universal suffrage, and another, addressed to the Diet, or Parliament, demanding the full franchise and eligibility to office for women. After the vast national strike in the autumn of 1905, while a body of leading men were drawing up a Declaration of Rights to be presented to the Tsar, Dr. (Miss) Tekla Hulsin, a member of the National Bureau of Statistics, made an eloquent plea in behalf of the women, and they were included in its demand for universal suffrage. When this document was laid before the Tsar, he sent for Senator Mechelin, leader of the Diet, to confer with him as to the advisability of taking so radical a step as enfranchising women. The Senator warmly advocated this, declaring that the nation demanded it. The Tsar signed it in November, giving his consent to the proposed reforms. Immediately the women set to work, lecturing, organizing, getting up petitions, and finally held another huge mass-meeting in Helsingfors, demanding that the Diet carry out this measure. All of the political parties put it in their platforms. On May 28th, 1906, the Diet with only one dissenting vote passed the bill giving the suffrage to all men and women twenty-four years old. This was signed by the Tsar on July 20th.

The first election has recently been held, the women showing as keen an interest as the men, and in many places voting in a larger proportion. They were on the executive committees of all parties and were placed on all tickets as candidates for Parliament. Nineteen were successful—the first women in all time to be elected to a national representative body.

In Norway, since 1897, all men over twenty-five years old have enjoyed the right to exercise the Parliamentary suffrage. The women had been making an organized effort for the franchise since 1885, supported by large petitions. When in 1901 it was proposed to abolish all property qualifications and give every man the Municipal vote, the women protested vigorously against any further enlargement which did not include them. The Government finally abolished all property requirements for

men, and admitted all women to the Municipal franchise who pay taxes on property to the value of $75 in the country and $110 in cities. It also made them eligible to serve on Common Councils. At the first election, in some towns 90 per cent. of the women voted; 98 were elected as members of Councils and 160 as substitutes, and they continue to serve on Councils.

In 1905, although the women were barred from an official vote on the separation from Sweden, they took an informal ballot and presented to Parliament nearly 300,000 names in favor of separation. (The men's vote was about 368,000.) This undoubtedly had a favorable influence; for, when they presented their petition this year for the full suffrage, and asked if Norwegian men would prove less magnanimous than Finnish, their question was made a Government measure. The Storthing could not quite be persuaded to give them universal suffrage, although a change of fourteen votes would have done so, but the Parliamentary franchise was granted to all who pay taxes on an income of $84 in the country and $113 in cities. Wives can vote on the husband's income, and even domestic servants will have an income large enough to entitle them to vote. About 350,000 are enfranchised by the new law, and they will soon have enough influence in Parliament to repeal the property qualification.

The question of women suffrage in Sweden is well advanced. Since 1862, widows and single women have had the municipal franchise on the same terms as men, and in 1904 this right was extended to married women who pay taxes on their own property. Women vote on matters connected with the State (Lutheran) Church. The only franchise withheld is that for members of Parliament. Sweden has had an ancient and unjust system of voting, which disfranchised a very large proportion of the men, but a bill has just been passed giving full suffrage to all men twenty-four years old.

Since 1900, the women have been well organized and have made a vigorous campaign. They have nearly one hundred active suffrage societies, and last October the King received about fifty delegates from these. He expressed deep sympathy with their movement, but said he feared the inclusion of women in the pending bill for enlarging male suffrage would endanger its chances, and he was very desirous that it should succeed. They then collected 141,121 signatures of Swedish

women in all parts of the country to a petition asking for the franchise on the same terms as applied to men, and presented it to Parliament. The Government intimated to them very strongly that in the near future it would promote their claim, and a bill was passed making them eligible to all municipal offices, and removing all tax qualifications for Municipal suffrage. The Social Democratic party have put into their platform votes and eligibility to office for women. It is evident that the way is at last clear for their full suffrage, but the strongest incentive towards it is the action just taken by Norway. The women share equally with the men the rivalry between the two nations. They will bitterly resent the fact of Norwegian women's possessing a voice in Government which is denied to them, and it is likely this feeling will be shared by Swedish men. There is every probability that Sweden will enfranchise women in the very near future.

Every part of the British Empire has some form of woman suffrage. In the Isle of Man, widows and spinsters, since 1881, have voted for all officials, including members of the House of Keys, or Parliament. In the recent organization of the Government of South Africa, there was considerable effort to secure representation for women, the new Premier, General Botha, strongly urging it. The Parliament of Great Britain would not allow it because of the great advantage it would give to the Boers, as there are comparatively few English women in South Africa. The only concession made was to give the Municipal franchise to the women of Natal.

In all of the nine provinces of Canada, widows and spinsters have had for years either School or Municipal suffrage or both, and in the Northwest Provinces all women have both on the same terms as men. The agitation for the full franchise has had able supporters, but has not been very strong or well organized until in recent years. Last year various suffrage advocates formed a deputation to wait upon the new Premier and ask his influence for a Parliamentary Franchise bill. They were supported by the Speaker of the House, the Mayor of Toronto, the chancellor of the university and other prominent men. The Premier assured them that they were asking only for what was their right, but that their position had been assigned by the Infinite and it was not for a statesman to try to change that plan.

The National Council of Women, the strongest organization in Canada, has just created a standing committee on political equality, which will cooperate with the Suffrage Association. If Great Britain should give the full franchise to women, its Canadian colony could not consistently refuse it, especially with those of Australia and New Zealand in full possession of this right.

The storm centre of woman suffrage at the present moment is in Great Britain. When in 1869 the Municipal ballot was secured to women by act of Parliament, and later the District and County vote was added, it was supposed the Parliamentary franchise would soon follow, but the efforts of forty years have proved unavailing. The suffrage for men has been gradually enlarged, until now only a very small property qualification, or the payment of about one dollar a week rent, is required. Even these requirements the Independent Labor Party proposes to abolish in its Adult Suffrage Bill to enfranchise all men.

For a quarter of a century, a strong, well-organized National Suffrage Union has worked in a thorough and systematic manner for the Parliamentary franchise. Its president is Mrs. Fawcett, wife of the former Postmaster-General, and the president of the central or London branch is Lady Frances Balfour, sister-in-law of the ex-Premier. They have held great mass-meetings, gathered immense petitions and labored persistently in an earnest but dignified way. Before the last general election in 1906, the Union took a poll of the candidates, and 420, a majority, were returned pledged to vote for woman suffrage. Early in the session, nearly 200 members of Parliament, and many organizations of women, petitioned Premier Campbell-Bannerman to receive a deputation to urge action by the present Liberal Government. He received a delegation of about 300, composed of all classes, while hundreds marched up and down outside. They presented a memorial representing about 400,000 women.

Meanwhile, the Independent Labor party had become a powerful factor, and under the lead of Keir Hardie it stood for the enfranchisement of women. The Women's Social and Political Union was formed in Manchester, as an auxiliary of this party, to further the interests of its candidates. Its founders were ardent advocates of the suffrage and kept this question to the front. The great Trades Unions among women, who for years had been sending to Parliament huge petitions for the franchise,

gave allegiance to this new body. By 1905 it placed woman suffrage before all other questions, moved its headquarters to London and invited women of all political affiliations to join in the movement. This invitation was accepted and the militant campaign was mapped out, which it is hardly an exaggeration to say has startled the civilized world. While at first all Great Britain was dreadfully shocked, public sentiment has now in a large degree veered around in favor of these aggressive methods. The spectacle of nearly 200 women thrown into prison for demanding their political rights has appealed to the British love of fair play. Petitions signed by 73,384 women textile workers, and by 133 trade and labor unions representing more than 100,000 women wage-earners, have been sent to Parliament asking that they may have a vote to protect their interests. They have stirred the old suffrage society to more vigorous action and, a short time ago, under its auspices, all classes of women, to the number of several thousand, factory workers, university graduates, clubwomen, members of the nobility, marched through the principal streets of London and held a mass-meeting in Exeter Hall. Now they are circulating a petition for the franchise headed by those prominent in all lines of activity, which has been signed by tens of thousands of women who are working for support or for the public welfare.

On March 8th, the Suffrage Bill came up in the House. With so large a majority pledged in its favor, the only hope of defeating it was through the old tactics of talking it to death. The Speaker refused to entertain a motion for closure, and it was thus prevented from coming to a vote. Premier Campbell-Bannerman favored the bill. The Scottish Liberal Association, at its last convention, voted unanimously for enfranchising women. There is a strong committee in Parliament for advancing this cause composed of seventy Liberals, its chairman being Sir Charles McLaren, nephew of John and Jacob Bright, and its secretary, the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, son of the Countess of Carlisle, so long president of the great Women's National Liberal Federation, and herself an advocate of woman suffrage. Nothing can be done by the Liberals, however, while the Speaker and most of the Cabinet are hostile.

The Independent Labor Party has two grievances against the Women's Social and Political Union which has been making so

valiant a fight—first, for declaring itself an independent organization, inviting women of all political opinions to its ranks and claiming the right to oppose candidates of any party, even the Labor, if they do not favor the franchise for women; second, for refusing to merge its demands in the Adult Suffrage Bill and insisting on a separate Woman Suffrage Bill. However, at its April Conference, the delegates declared for "the immediate extension of the franchise to women."

This is the uncertain situation in Great Britain at the present time. Meanwhile, the National Suffrage Society is putting forth heroic efforts, and the "suffragettes" are holding from twenty to thirty meetings a week throughout the country. There is so large a public sentiment in favor of giving the franchise to women, and its advocates are so numerous, able and determined, that the general opinion is it will be granted within a few years, unless some great Parliamentary changes take place.

In Japan, there is an extensive agitation for more rights among the women of the upper classes. In India, the cultured Parsee women are insisting on the local suffrage possessed by men. Even in Persia, the educated women of Iran are asking a vote for members of the newly established Representative Assembly. In all the evolution and revolution which are taking place in various parts of the world at the opening of the Twentieth Century, there is no more significant feature than this almost universal movement on the part of women for a voice, a vote and a share in the Government under which they live.

To present adequately the status of the question of woman suffrage in the United States would require a separate article. The conditions for securing it are harder and more complicated here than in any other country, for in all others it is only necessary to win over a majority of the members of the Parliament. In the United States there are forty-five Parliaments to be reckoned with, and that is only the beginning; for, when a majority of their members have been enlisted, they can only submit the question to the electors. It encounters then such a conglomerate mass of voters as exists nowhere else on the face of the earth, and it is doubtful if under similar conditions women could get the franchise in any country on the globe. Principally for this reason they have not succeeded here, though they have worked longer and harder than those of any other nation—almost than

of all others combined. Nevertheless, four States have fully enfranchised women, there is unquestionably a large favorable increase of public sentiment among both men and women, and it would be quite possible to demonstrate that there are substantial grounds for encouragement and expectation of an ultimate general victory. It does not, however, tend to stimulate an American woman's national pride to reflect that this may be the last of civilized countries to grant to women a voice in their own government. And let this fact be remembered—it is the only one where women have been left to fight this battle alone, with no moral, financial or political support from men.

IDA HUSTED HARPER.

THE GREAT OBSTACLE IN THE WAY OF A REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D.

It is a happy circumstance that so eminent, broad-minded and warm-hearted a prelate as the Archbishop of St. Paul should undertake to comment on my article in this Review, "The Real and Ideal in the Papacy,"* and to answer the question, "Is the Papacy an Obstacle to the Reunion of Christendom?" We agree that the ideal Papacy is one of the chief principles in the unity of Christendom; we disagree in the question whether it is the only principle; and also whether the real Papacy, as it has existed in Christian history since the separation of the Eastern Church and the Western, and especially since the separation of the Protestant Churches from the Papal dominion, has been an obstacle to the reunion of Christendom.

The answer of the Archbishop of St. Paul to this question is in the most irenic spirit, and with a disposition to make all the concessions that he can properly make in view of his doctrine of the Papacy. These concessions are, indeed, so many and so valuable as to make it evident that irenic Roman Catholics and irenic Protestants are not so far apart as is commonly supposed.

It is first necessary to discuss the difference between us in our conception of the ideal Papacy. I regret that I cannot accept the statement of my critic when he says:

"Peter holds the keys of the Kingdom: he is the absolute master. Whatsoever he binds is bound; whatsoever he looses is loosed; his power extends over the whole sphere of the Kingdom, over all its activities; it is shortened by no power or right confided to others."

* Professor Briggs's article, "The Real and the Ideal in the Papacy," was published in the Review dated February 15, 1907; Archbishop Ireland's rejoinder, entitled "Is the Papacy an Obstacle to the Reunion of Christendom?" appeared in the Review dated April 5, 1907. The publication of Dr. Briggs's present article, which was written shortly after the latter date, has been unavoidably delayed.—Ed. N. A. R.

I fully recognize the primacy of St. Peter and his successors in the possession of the keys of the Kingdom, but not their exclusive possession of this authority. How can any one do so in face of the words of Jesus to the Apostles and to the Church? Jesus said, not only to St. Peter, but to all the Apostles and through them to their successors:

> "Receive the Holy Spirit; whosesoever sins ye remit, they shall be remitted; whosesoever sins ye retain, they shall be retained" (John 20: 22, 23).

At an earlier date Jesus had said:

> "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican. Verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven" (Matthew 18: 15-18).

In the great commission, on which the authority of the Christian ministry chiefly depends, Jesus did not give the authority to St. Peter alone, but to the entire Apostolate and its successors, when he said:

> "All authority is given to me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matthew 28: 18-20).

It is evident, therefore, that the power of St. Peter and his successors was shortened by power and right given to the Apostolic ministry, and to the Church. Therefore, I said: "The three constituents necessary to complete unity are the Pope, the ministry and the people, a threefold cord that should not be broken." The learned Archbishop recognizes: "That there is in Christian unity a threefold element is true in a sense. The Papacy, the ministry and the people make up the Church; the Papacy cannot be thought of without ministers and without people, any more than in any organism the head can be thought of without members." But here his metaphor misleads him, when he says:

"but that a portion of the ministry, or a portion of the people, cut off from the Papacy, can still hold that they are within the lines of Christian unity is no more conceivable than would be the claim that certain members, separated from the head or trunk, no longer deriving from the head the current of life and motion, are still parts of the physical organism." To this it might be said that the current of life and motion does not in the human body come from the head, but from the heart in the body, and that the head is rather dependent upon the body than the body on the head; in fact, neither can exist without the other. But a society, whether Christian or otherwise, is something more than the physical organism of the human body. Such a society, as history and experience show, may exist without an executive, or even without a ministerial body. The only thing that is absolutely essential is the people that constitute its membership. They may combine in themselves all the functions of government, except so far as they may delegate these to temporary representatives. For a social organism the head is the least important of the three; the head and ministry will perish without the people, but the society may live on without them if such a necessity should arise.

Surely it is going to the brink of dangerous error to say that the condition of membership in the visible body of the Church "is union with the Pope, the successor of Peter"; and that "priests and bishops they may be, validly ordained, deriving their sacred character from Christ, through Apostolic succession; yet, they are not of the Church, unless they are with Peter and of Peter." For the Catholic doctrine is that a valid baptism is the mode of entrance into the Church; and all that are baptized, in the name of the Holy Trinity by the use of water, are members of the Church and are subject to its discipline, whether heretics or not. And all who are "validly ordained, deriving their sacred character from Christ through Apostolic succession," are bishops and priests of the Church and subject to its jurisdiction, even if schismatic and rebellious. I cannot understand how a Roman Catholic prelate can take any other position.

Even if the Greeks, Orientals, and Protestants of every name, be heretical and schismatic, contumacious and rebellious, they yet are baptized members of Christ's Church, and at least a large part of them have a ministry validly ordained, as Rome

admits. Much the larger part of the Christian Church is separated from Rome. The successor of St. Peter rules over only a minority of the Christian Church. These separated Christians are organized as Christian Churches; they have multitudes of baptized Christians submitting to the government of an Apostolic ministry; they have, therefore, two of the three principles of unity given by Jesus Christ. The absence of the third principle, however important it may be, is not so essential that it destroys altogether the unity of Christ's Church. We are entitled to raise the question whether the Papacy does not in fact violate the unity of the Church still more than they, when it absorbs into itself, as an absolute despotism, not only its own historic rights, but also those of the episcopate and of the Christian ministry and people.

The primitive Church does not favor, but condemns with no uncertain voice, the claim for an unlimited jurisdiction of the Pope. The bishops of Asia did not recognize the sovereignty of the Pope, when he strove to impose upon the Orient the Roman custom of the celebration of Easter; nor did Irenæus of Gaul, when, as Eusebius tells us, "he fittingly admonished Victor." Victor was in this respect guilty of an intrusion into the rights and privileges of the bishops of Asia. Dionysius, the Bishop of Alexandria, writes to the Bishop of Rome as to a brother, seeking his advice; not as to a superior looking for a command. Cyprian had very exalted ideas as to the episcopate and the Roman see, but he refused absolute authority. He said: "For neither did Peter, whom first the Lord chose, and upon whom He built His Church, when Paul disputed with him afterwards about circumcision, claim anything to himself insolently, nor arrogantly assume anything so as to say that he held the primacy, and that he ought to be obeyed by novices and those lately come" (Ep. VII: 1-3).

The Popes now claim the exclusive right to summon Christian Councils; but all the primitive Councils, all those recognized as valid by other Christian Churches than Rome, were summoned by the Emperors and not by the Popes; and none of them recognized the supreme legislative and judicial function of the Popes; but exercised these functions themselves, even to the extent of condemning a Pope as heretical.

There is room for difference of opinion as to the rights and

wrongs in the divisions of the Church. Candid historians, who rise above prejudice, whether Catholic or Protestant, recognize faults on both sides; but the fundamental fault in all these cases was, if I mistake not, the claim for unlimited jurisdiction by the Popes, and the pressing of that claim to intolerable despotism. It cannot be conceded that: "In the Orient, the cause was pride and ambition in Photius, first, and, later, in Michael Cærularius;" although we admit the "unconquerable jealousy of 'Old Rome' in Emperors and courtiers of the 'New Rome,'" not, however, without cause in the ever-increasing pretensions of the Popes. It is far from the facts of history to say that: "In Germany, the preaching of Tetzel and the '*Gravamina*' counted for less, as causes, than the personal waywardness and recklessness of character of Martin Luther, and the political ambition and the inordinate greed of princes and barons." The Reformation was the inevitable result of the intolerable usurpations of the Popes, which the Councils of Constance and Basle tried in vain to resist and restrict. The Reformers, sustained by the Catholic Emperor and all irenic divines, demanded another Council to reform the Church. The Protestants declined eventually to attend the Council of Trent because their doctrine had been condemned already in their absence; and there was no possibility of their getting a decent hearing.

If we should grant that the Roman Church had the right to continue to hold Œcumenical Councils after the greater part of Christianity refused its absolutism; and that it had a right to make binding decisions of doctrines of faith and morals, and to exclude from the discussion the representatives of the separated bodies that it regarded as schismatic and heretical; and that the only thing Rome can now consistently do is to invite the representatives of these bodies to a friendly conference in any future Council; then Christian courtesy, as well as Christian prudence, in view of the vast importance of the reunion of Christendom, should induce the Popes, as I doubt not the Archbishop of St. Paul would agree, to strain the bonds of charity to their utmost extent, not to take advantage of the necessities of the Greeks, as they did at the Council of Florence, nor to decide the most important questions, as they did at Trent, before inviting the Protestants to appear as already condemned before them; but to give them a full, attentive, patient and loving

hearing, with an earnest desire to remove all their difficulties so far as truth and honor permitted. The reopening of doctrine and institutions, already decided by Papal or Conciliary decrees, does not in itself imply any question of their authority; but it raises the question whether these may not be restated, as many others have often been in the history of the Church, in such simple, comprehensive and irenic terms as to remove difficulties and win acceptance. I firmly believe that such a thing is possible, if only the one great obstacle to the reunion of Christendom could be removed.

The amiable prelate of St. Paul does not appreciate the serious difficulties that confront the Protestant mind as it recalls the mischief wrought in the world by the insistence of the Roman Curia upon its absolute and unlimited jurisdiction.

The position that I have taken with reference to the Papacy is that of many of the most eminent Protestant divines, such as Melanchthon, Grotius and Leibnitz, who in their time seriously considered the problem of the reunion of Christendom and earnestly labored for its accomplishment. All irenic movements, however successful they have been in reconciling differences of doctrine and institution, have been wrecked on one and the same rock of offence. Those who recognize the historic and valid jurisdiction of the Popes, in accordance with the teaching of Jesus Christ our Saviour, and the consent of the ancient Catholic Church, are not thereby compelled to acknowledge an unlimited jurisdiction, such as was claimed by the Popes in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

We recognize the jurisdiction of the President of the United States, but that jurisdiction is defined by the Constitution of our country; and, if he overstep these definitions, we do not hesitate to condemn him and resist him. The American Colonies recognized the supreme jurisdiction of the King of England; but, when he exceeded the constitutional limits of his jurisdiction and committed acts of oppression and tyranny, the American Colonies rebelled, and in the Revolution established the United States of America as a separate nation. So, in the Christian Church, the jurisdiction of the Pope is limited by the divine teaching of Holy Scripture, and by the unanimous consent of the Christian Fathers. This limitation is incidentally and implicity contained in the decrees of the Vatican Council. If the

Popes transgress these limits, do they not justify resistance and, if necessary, revolution? This is a question which would be answered differently by different natures at different times. Among the Reformers of the sixteenth century, Luther and Melanchthon, Zwingli and Calvin, Cranmer and Knox answered it, under the constraint of adverse circumstances, by reformation outside the Roman Church; Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, Staupitz, Gropper and others, under more favorable circumstances, by reformation within the Church.

One extreme usually gives birth to its opposite. It is evident that present-day Protestantism will never abandon its extreme until the claim for an unlimited jurisdiction of the Popes is also abandoned. The ground on which alone a reunion is possible is that stated by the greatest of all Catholic peacemakers, Cassander, who, in 1564, at the request of the Emperor Ferdinand and his son Maximilian, proposed a platform of reconciliation in which he urged the limitation of the jurisdiction of the Popes to that which Jesus Christ prescribed in the Gospel and the primitive Church recognized. The pathway to reunion is to constitutionalize the Papacy.

The policy of unlimited jurisdiction resulted in the forfeiture of jurisdiction altogether for the greater part of the Christian world. The strength of the separated Christian bodies has greatly increased since the sixteenth century. The Greek Church is no longer in that terrible crisis which, in the fifteenth century, compelled the Greek Emperor to seek reconciliation with Rome; it has the great Russian Empire at its back. The Protestant bodies no longer are on the defensive in ruinous religious wars; they have the three most powerful nations in the world on their side, Great Britain, Germany and the United States. The Catholic nations are all feeble in comparison, and two of the most important of these, France and Italy, are in open war with the Papacy, in which the majority of voters, nominally Catholic, are arrayed against the authorities of their own Church. And in several other Catholic nations the incipient stages of a similar conflict are easily to be seen. I am not proposing to discuss the rights and wrongs of these conflicts. In many cases, both in ancient and modern times, the Popes have been contending for their just, historic rights; but the difficulty in many cases has been that exclusive claims have weakened the force of right-

ful claims. He who claims too much is usually in danger of losing all.

When one contemplates the happy condition of the Catholic Church in the United States, and compares it with the sad condition of the Catholic Church in the Catholic countries of Europe, one can hardly escape the conclusion that the chief reason for the difference is that the Papacy does not attempt to exercise such an unlimited jurisdiction in the United States as it battles for in the Catholic countries of Europe.

The policy of unlimited jurisdiction and absolute submission weakens the power of the Catholic Church. In a conversation with the present Pope, two years ago, we were talking of the obstacles to the reunion of Christendom. I said to him that, if the obstacles were to be removed, there must be freedom to investigate the difficulties. He said that all reasonable freedom of investigation should be given. If only the Pope would in some way make good his word, and guarantee Catholic scholars reasonable liberty of investigation of the great problems that divide Christendom and obstruct the unity of the Church, I am sure that a splendid array of Catholic scholars would spring up, and with the cooperation of Protestant scholars of the same spirit, the hard problems would be solved, and the unity of the Church secured. Scholarship demands liberty; it cannot thrive under a policy of suppression and absolute submission to an unlimited jurisdiction, and to immeasurable claims, which may easily be extended to cover any and every traditional opinion of scholastic philosophy, mediæval law and patristic exegesis.

The claim to an unlimited jurisdiction by the Papacy may be justly challenged, because the Papal administration is not sufficiently well organized to give just and valid decisions of all questions. It is not the Pope himself who makes the decisions, but the Congregations in which the Roman administration is organized. The Pope simply endorses their action as an executive, if he does not veto it or postpone it. Under these conditions, the Pope is only nominally responsible; we cannot be sure that the decisions express his mature and final judgment.

These Congregations are composed, as every one knows, chiefly of Italians, and these in large part from Southern Italy. From the very nature of the case, they look at everything from a provincial and Italian point of view: they cannot put off the

characteristics of their race, their nationality and their training. It is not a question now of the Pope, but of the Cardinals and monsignors who reside in Rome, and the other humbler members of the Congregations that transact the business of the Church. They do not belong to the divine constitution of the Church, but to the human side of it; and history and experience show that they are very human. The question is not of the jurisdiction of the Pope, but of the jurisdiction of the Curia—of the Black Pope and the Red Pope, and of little popes of every color and shape, who administer the affairs of the Church with an arbitrariness and tyranny that the Popes themselves, owing to their more serious responsibilities, would not think of. These counsellors of the Popes are often not those whom he would prefer, but an inheritance from one or more previous administrations. These not infrequently advise him in their own interests, and not in that of the Church; and they sometimes, by indirection, obstruct and thwart his policy; and they are ever especially hostile to any and every kind of reform. Entrenched in Rome, and perpetuating themselves from generation to generation, they are now, as they ever have been, the petty tyrants of the Catholic world. In any other matter than religion, Roman Catholics would regard it as intolerable that all questions should be decided by men of another nation, with a demand for absolute submission.

When one considers the qualification of the members of the Curia, one must admit their very great ability and learning in Canon Law, in the Ceremonies of the Church, and in Scholastic Theology; but they are sadly deficient in Biblical and Historical scholarship. In fact, a very considerable number of the greatest Biblical scholars and historians of the Catholic Church have been, and now are, in discredit at Rome; and many of their best works have been put on the Index. The Curia is altogether disqualified to make decisions in an immense range of questions that interest the modern world. Furthermore, the Curia is antiquated in its methods, as well as in its organization. These have nothing whatever to do with the divine constitution of the Church. It is entirely within the authority of the Pope to transform the administration and the methods, modernize them and make them more efficient. But as they are at present, a Catholic scholar has the right to challenge their competence in

many things, without disrespect to the authority of the Pope, and without raising any question as to the divine constitution of the Church.

I must think that the Archbishop of St. Paul agrees with me in recognition of many of the mistakes of the Curia and of the Popes; but it is difficult to see how, on his principle of recognizing, in theory, the absolute supremacy of the Pope, the Church can have any guarantee for the present or the future against the repetition of these evils. The Archbishop says: "Counsellors the Pope will gather around him; vicars and delegates he will have to divide with him the labor of his office; but the Supreme Master, in last resort, he will ever remain." If this statement be correct, the Pope is essentially an absolute sovereign with no one on earth to check his will. He may be a Gregory the Great, or he may be a Borgia; who can tell?

But, in fact, the Archbishop does not really hold to such an unlimited jurisdiction. In his discussion of details, he agrees so closely with what I have said in my article, that I see no valid reason why we might not eventually agree altogether. I am inclined to think that he represents fairly well the views of the present Pontiff. The Archbishop limits the jurisdiction of the Papacy by ruling out "jurisdiction in civil affairs, and dominion over civil governments"; by agreeing to a limitation of the Papal domain to a limited territory, such as the District of Columbia; and by agreeing to a number of other limitations with certain qualifications that seem for the most part quite reasonable. I cordially accept his statement that "if purely civil matters are in issue the Pope has no right whatsoever to give directions to Catholics." I do admit, as he thinks I will, "that the question changes when issues under consideration are such as appertain to the religious conscience, and demand solution in the light of religious principles." I agree also to the wise words that "the Papacy possesses no right to determine questions of science and philosophy, of sociology and economics. The realm of the Papacy is faith and morals,—that much and nothing more. The situation changes, of course, when speculation, clothed in the garb of science or philosophy, of sociology or economics, soars into the domain of faith and morals, and challenges the Church within its own sphere." If the Archbishop is correct, and I think he is, that the present Pope himself holds to such limita-

tions of his authority, what reasonable objection can there be to put such and the like limitations in the form of a written constitution, in order to keep aggressive spirits within those limits. Such a constitution would not deprive the Popes of any of their Biblical or historical rights, but might save future Popes, and more especially the Curia, from repeating the errors and blunders of the past. Still more, such a constitution would do much to conciliate many of those who cannot in good conscience submit to the Papacy under present conditions. In my opinion, it would remove the greatest barrier to the reunion of Christendom.

It is quite true that difficulties would still remain. Even with a written constitution, it would not be conceded by modern governments or by modern scholarship that the Curia should have the final right of interpreting that constitution. To no one man, even if he be Pope, can be safely entrusted the final decision as to the extent of his own powers. The repeated overruling of the French episcopate, in the sad conflict waged between the Church and State in France, is a sufficient evidence of this. Let the Papacy restore to the episcopate its historical and Biblical rights, which are just as divine and even more sacred than those of the Pope; and let it restore to the Christian people their Biblical and historical rights which were formerly exercised through the Christian Emperors and other sovereigns; then, and then only, can we have these lawful checks and balances which secure to each of the three divinely appointed *media* of Church government and discipline their valid and properly adjusted rights. Then we may hope for a speedy removal of all the other minor difficulties, and the Unity of Christ's Church, for which He prayed and died and now reigns, will be secured.

CHARLES A. BRIGGS.

NEUTRALIZATION.

BY ERVING WINSLOW.

THE method of territorial Neutralization, since it was suggested as a practical and timely peace measure and as a solution of the problems affecting the welfare of the "weaker peoples," has been widely discussed. Its discussion has indicated in many quarters such a misconception of the plan that a renewed definition seems desirable:

"As has been pointed out by writers on international law, neutrality is the creation of the world of Christianity. For the word neutrality the Latin and the Greek have no equivalent. The heathen nations knew nothing but the inveterate exercise of an all-embracing warfare. The idea of limiting the horrors of war to the contending forces by the abstention of neutrals was the product of the new life that was developed by the Renaissance. The statesmen and the lawyers of that time invented for the characterization of the new principle '*neutralis*' and '*neutralitas*,'—linguistic barbarisms, interesting because they prove its novelty. Even in Machiavelli's day the precept of the Florentine seems to have been generally accepted, that a state should never be neutral, because, as he argued, in case the combatants were strong the neutral would become a prey of the conqueror, and in case they were weak the neutral would forego the opportunity to dominate its victorious ally."*

It is to the Nineteenth Century that we owe the practice of Neutralization,—the declaration by the joint action of the Great Powers that a given nation or territory is permanently removed from the field of international struggle. The Powers agree to respect the integrity of the neutral nation, while it, in turn, agrees neither to make war nor to take part in the wars of others.

"A nation set apart and neutralized is bound, as the authorities assert, 'to avoid in times of peace every engagement which might prevent its observing the duties of neutrality in time of war.' As an independent state it may lawfully exercise in its intercourse with other states all

* Report of the Thirteenth Universal Peace Congress, Boston, 1904.

the other attributes of external sovereignty. It may form treaties of amity and even of alliance with other states, provided it does not thereby incur obligations which, though presumably lawful in time of peace, would prevent its fulfilling the duties of neutrality in time of war. Under this distinction, treaties of offensive alliance applicable to a specific case of war between any two or more powers, or guaranteeing their possessions, are, of course, interdicted to the presumably neutral state, but this interdict does not extend to defensive alliances formed with other neutral states for the maintenance of neutrality of the contracting parties against any power by which it might be threatened with violence."*

The Neutralization of Switzerland in 1815, which followed the fall of Bonaparte, concerned an established nationality and was intended primarily to secure the peace of Europe. The welfare of Switzerland was not so much considered by the Great Powers as their own safety when they closed that pathway to the march of armies. Similarly, the conditions of perpetual neutrality imposed upon the kingdom of Belgium by the Treaty of London in 1839 were not primarily designed to promote Belgium's welfare, but to create a barrier between France and Germany.

The intrinsic benefits of Neutralization to the protected state and the claim which the "weaker peoples" are entitled to make for the opportunity which it affords for self-development make the new aspect in which neutrality, called by Whewell "the true road to perpetual peace," is to-day regarded. Thus, F. de Martens writes:

"Dans les temps passés, et particulièrement au commencement du XIXe siècle, la neutralisation d'un petit Etat comme la Suisse était généralement regardée comme un cadeau que lui faisaient les grandes Puissances de l'Europe. A présent, la déclaration de la neutralité permanente devrait être reconnue comme la manifestation d'un droit individuel ou personnel de l'Etat: c'est la pacification perpétuelle et solennelle d'un Etat. Plus il y a de nations permanentes neutres, mieux le règne de la Paix dans les relations internationales est assuré. Plus grand est le nombre d'Etats neutralisés, plus seront restreintes les limites des conflicts sanglants entre les peuples."†

The Thirteenth Universal Peace Congress in Boston referred to the "Bureau International Permanent de la Paix," for study and report, the subject of the further Neutralization of territories,—a subject quite distinct from the Neutralization of mari-

* Report of the Thirteenth Universal Peace Congress, Boston, 1904.

† "*La Revue des Deux Mondes*," November 15th, 1903.

time routes, canals, or navigable waters. The proposal to urge upon The Hague the Neutralization of maritime routes was introduced into the Peace Congress of Lucerne in 1905, and there defeated, and, though it was carried in the Congress of Milan in 1906, it was opposed by a strong minority. Similar opposition has been expressed by Captain A. T. Mahan* in regard to the protection of commerce during the war on the ground that such Neutralization would remove one of the great deterrents of war,—the anticipation of its wide-spread evils. No such objection could be urged against the permanent Neutralization of territories.

Approaching the subject from the point of view of the "little peoples," we must recognize, not only for the individual but for the nations, that right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness which the Declaration of Independence claims. The attitude of the United States has hitherto accorded with the principles of its founders. Popular sympathy has manifested itself heartily all along, in our country, with struggles to preserve national life. Finland and Poland, Greece, Hungary and Ireland, the Boers in South Africa, have found ardent champions here, and their heroes have been our heroes. It is hardly to be believed that one misstep has separated permanently America from her ideals, which are so exactly expressed and fulfilled in the scheme of Neutralization. The warning of the Farewell Address has no pertinence against an entrance into world politics as initiating the measure which is intended to segregate nationalities and to preserve them from complications, disputes and warfare. Indeed, as the repentant sinner may become the shining example of sanctity, the nation that has erred may, by the very noble act of withdrawal and reparation, assume the leadership which was her birthright, in the cause of world peace. Hitherto, the suppression of national life by the Powers which have not deliberately trodden under foot the subjugated country, has been carried on under the forms of tutelage and trusteeship, with a "sphere of influence" and a resident administrator sometimes acting under the mask of a titular native ruler. The English, who began by wringing the life-blood from India, have furnished in modern times brilliant examples of self-denying and painstaking colonial administration, and men like Sir Henry Cotton, Sir Andrew Clarke and Lord Cromer are, perhaps, ac-

* "National Review," June, 1907.

cording to the powers and abilities of her administrators, the rule rather than the exception. Yet along with all the material advancement, the education and social development of the "wards," it is now very distinctly recognized that the artificial and foreign imposition of authority has fostered rather than diminished the national aspirations, and that the loyalty to foreign government is only skin-deep. The thorough-going tyrant may destroy a nation; the beneficent administrator, by the very conditions of his conduct, decidedly encourages the survival of the national aspirations, while he can give them no hopeful direction, and must finally, indeed, when the crisis arrives, take measures to crush them out, as Mr. John Morley, Liberal of Liberals, made Secretary for India, has so inconsistently felt obliged to do.

The unrest which the foreign-ruled peoples are manifesting, the jealousies among the ruling nations themselves, the expenses of colonial administration which fall upon the masses at home and abroad (while the profits from their exploitation enrich only a few individuals) are progressively impressing themselves upon the public consciousness. Colonies settled by the natives of a country in regions suitable for their domestication are, of course, gradually assuming the real independence to which they inevitably tend, but the unassimilable subjects of the "civilized" nations have no such logical future, while the general diffusion of intelligence, the very gift of the conqueror, supplies the armory with weapons which will inevitably turn, sooner or later, against the most beneficent intruder.

The apparently self-denying ordinance by which the ruler should withdraw from the alien territory, relinquishing all special privileges and leaving it free for self-development under the protection of a general Neutralization, may really be the course of wisdom, of economy and of safety. As for the protected nation itself, if its proper life is to persist and develop, we hardly need to refer to the authority of John Fiske for the warrant that no people ever reached independence through the tutelage of another people.

The recent action of the new Kingdom of Norway, which has applied to Germany, England, Russia and France, asking them to join in the Neutralization of Norway, is a most significant measure. It is understood that Germany, France and Russia have acceded to the request and that Great Britain will undoubt-

edly join with them. A kind of Neutralization had been previously arranged with Sweden, pledging Norway and Sweden against fortifications in the neighborhood of the frontier, and this fact, together with her valuable harbors and largely extended coast, has doubtless suggested to Norway this magnificent opportunity for peaceful development, free from the burdens of militarism. The discussion of the subject of Neutralization in Holland, whatever result may be reached, is notable since the subject has been thus seriously mooted there. Japan assented to the Chinese Neutralization, though in the flush of her triumph over the power of Russia she has been allowed to violate the pledges made with the United States and other Powers which might have placed Korea in the category of neutralized nations.

It is very interesting at this time to note the fact that the United States, first admitted to the counsels of the Great Powers at Geneva, whatever opinion may be entertained of her participation, began to use her influence toward the Neutralization of "weaker peoples" at the Berlin West-African Congress, where Mr. John A. Kasson, in behalf of the United States, strongly and impressively urged the Neutralization of the territories comprised in the conventional basin of the Congo. He instanced with great effect the distress which had been caused in this continent, during the earlier period of its settlement, by foreign wars, and made a deep impression upon the Congress, which declined, however, to enter into a compact which might in case of war deprive the belligerent of the means of attack; only embodying the principle by way of a somewhat futile suggestion to the parties which might be concerned in a future act of war.

An admirable opportunity is now at hand to apply the principle of Neutralization to the solution of our pressing problems in the Philippine Islands.

To this or any other scheme for relief, however, opposition manifests itself in some such form as the following:

"It is humiliating to know that any American citizen would suggest, or even entertain, the idea that we should rid ourselves of the responsibility for the government of the Philippines, because there happens to be a 'popular apprehension that the United States might become involved in war.' Never in their history have the American people shunned responsibility because of the perplexities it entailed, or the dangers it threatened. Such a suggestion is un-American."*

* Pueblo, Colorado, "Chieftain." July 14th, 1907.

This sentiment is inspired by a spirit of bravado, such as might impel a drunken ship-captain to refuse to throw over ballast and to defy a coming storm. Even imperial England is contemplating events which the impossibility of colonial defence in case of war might force upon her.*

Within a few weeks the withdrawal of Great Britain from her greatest colony, where nationalization is everywhere the rallying-cry of Young India, has been seriously faced in such words as these:

"It is a certainty that the withdrawal of Great Britain would be followed almost instantly by a partition of India among the Great Powers, both of Europe and Asia, who would spring at once—France upon Burma and Eastern Bengal, Russia upon the Northern Provinces, Germany upon Bombay and its hinterland, and China through Nepal upon Bengal proper, which they would regard as grand prizes, securing to them revenue and the monopoly of the vast markets for which they are all hungering."†

We may be emboldened to suggest the panacea of Neutralization to prevent the foreboded catastrophe.

But what is the real drift of public sentiment in regard to the Philippines? Are not the people of the United States almost prepared to grasp the opportunity which is offered them to set a shining example in the promotion of world-peace, while escaping a most embarrassing and compromising situation? This feeling is well expressed in a notable editorial in a leading newspaper, only one of scores of editorials from representative journals all over the country:

"We believe that any American statesman who discovers a way to get rid of the Philippine Islands, with honor to ourselves and justice to them, will be remembered when all the brilliant reputations won in the Spanish war and the crusade against the trusts have been forgotten.

"The memory of this happy statesman will go ringing down the ages with that of him whose name shall be most closely connected with the completion of the Panama Canal. These two achievements would be of almost equal value to the country. One would double our power of national defence by bringing the two coasts under observation of a single fleet. The other would reduce half our exposure to attack by withdrawing an exposed and useless outpost."‡

Should any great leader of the Republican Party be the "happy statesman" to carry through the scheme of neutralizing the Phil-

* "Problems of Greater Britain." Sir Charles Dilke.
† "Spectator," July 13th, 1907.
‡ "Minneapolis Journal."

ippine Islands, all those who have so long labored to promote their independence will gladly permit his name to go "ringing down the ages" with those of the greatest benefactors to their country!

Resolutions calling upon the Government to propose to the Great Powers the neutralization of the Philippines were introduced into Congress at this last session,—in the Senate by Senator Crane of Massachusetts ("by request"), and into the House of Representatives by Representative McCall of Massachusetts and Representative Burgess of Texas. A hearing was given April 6th, 1906, on Mr. McCall's resolution before the Committee on Insular Affairs of the House of Representatives, at which Mr. Moorfield Storey made an eloquent and impressive address.*

An important advocacy of the plan of Neutralization is that of the Hon. James H. Blount, a member of the Volunteer Army in the Philippines and a Judge of First Instance in their courts for several years, who has strongly urged it as a solution of the Philippine problem.†

Mr. John Foreman, who has discussed Philippine affairs with so much intelligence and acumen, writes:

> "If, when the United States nine years ago destroyed the protecting power of Spain in the Philippine Islands, the United States had practically said to the Filipinos: 'You are henceforth a free people; work out your own destiny. For no nation which has become great was ever made; it made itself. We will from this moment endeavor to persuade all the Great Powers to join us in declaring your independence and neutrality';—if that had been America's attitude, then the world would have hailed such unprecedented mutual self-abnegation, and the Powers might probably have agreed to America's proposal."

But present conditions are to be faced. During these nine years, it must be recognized, every effort, private and official, has been made to destroy the native characteristics, American influence has been established to the exclusion of every other, and American monopoly set up in many forms, while the death-blow to foreign fair trade will come after the spring of 1909. Vested interests have been legalized, and the Islands, of course, have become more and more a sphere of American influence. It is obvious that to escape the responsibility and to persuade the

* Statement of Mr. Moorfield Storey, of Boston, Massachusetts, before the Committee on Insular Affairs, House of Representatives.

† THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, January 18th, June 21st, 1907.

Great Powers to join in neutralizing the Archipelago, the situation must be met as this great Republic may surely be expected to meet such a situation, nobly and heroically, that withdrawal must be not ostensible but absolute, that concessions made in perpetuity must be cancelled upon just terms, and that our connection with the Philippine Islands should be only that of the other Powers, though as a "favored nation," surely, entitled to the eternal gratitude of a people whose aspirations would thus be magnificently crowned.

ERVING WINSLOW.

THE POETIC DRAMA.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

EACH year sends in a new dozen or so of poetic plays, showing that the form has undoubtedly come to stay. In some sort, it gives an answer to the reiterated question: "Is literature dead?" "Not dead, but hiding," is the reply; "a little overlaid by quantities of cheaply manufactured novels and, literature being essentially aristocratic, somewhat awed by ascendent democracy." In an age when an unlearned opinion can carry as far as the learned, when public-school education has made every man a mediocre critic and silenced the sound of the trained voice, it is somewhat difficult for literature to flourish exuberantly. The theory that, to enter the sacred realm, a living language must be handled as a learned instrument, depending as much upon sight and sound, upon texture, color and perfume as upon the sense it conveys, does not easily gain popularity; and, when the garment of words in which a thought is clothed is worn threadbare for the plain meanings to peep through, and the meanings are adapted to suit the masses, then literature can do no better than hide awhile and await better times. For literature, like all true art, has, as its aim, to give a very high and rare order of intellectual joy; and to say that its first aim should be to convey a fact, or tell a tale, is as dull as to fancy that a Beethoven symphony or a Rodin statue should aim at telling a story or commemorating a fact.

The revival of the poetic drama, whether its results be labelled with medals of success or tags of failure, shows at least the intent of art and as such deserves a welcome. The highest reach it has attained is in the Maeterlinckian drama, where all the differences between the earlier drama and the drama of to-day are most clearly emphasized. Here the daily course, the common

incidents, are charged with heavy meanings, and the passions are spiritualized till it seems as if eternity itself were stalking the stage. Stephen Phillips, despite the acclaim with which his plays have been received, achieved no more than the presentation of obvious, old-fashioned melodrama poetically handled.

Foremost—indeed, as far as permanent values goes, entirely alone—in this year's output stands the volume of Mr. Yeats's collected dramas.* Here is a poet who came into the world dowered with an art, and who had but to keep still until it grew to self-consciousness and uttered itself through him. As is perhaps inevitable in a sophisticated age, Mr. Yeats has also evolved a critical theory of art; but the explanatory prefaces are written to explain the poetry, not the poetry, which jets like a fountain from beneath the covering of all effort, to illustrate the theory. Two theories he offers in his preface—that without fine words there can be no literature, and that art always owes a debt to limitation. The very word "literature," as distinguished from average writing, means that substance prevails by the beauty and the value of its form. All the facts of the world are but commonplace statement till beauty transforms them; all the theory of life is but a dim cloud until visible lines are drawn. To prevail, the written word must justify itself by its ancestry, must be vivified with the strength of traditional and associational value, must have a high and noble breeding, and must link itself to beautiful harmonies with all adjoining sounds. That art gains by limitation means that the firmer, the truer, the outline which cuts off, for decoration, some bit of space from the surrounding void, the finer the art. Art is drawing lines, separating from the blank stare of the commonplace some portion of life and erecting in it an altar to beauty. The particular limitation Mr. Yeats refers to is national; his poetry is Irish in symbol and setting; the plays are compact of weird legend, the delicate and strange intuitions of a folk not yet wholly divorced from communion with the sea and the sky and the mountains, to whom dreams and visions are a part of practice, and to whom the visible life of every day is but the concealing veil of the realities that stretch beyond.

One notices in reading these six beautiful dramas the almost

* "The Poetical Works of William Butler Yeats." In two volumes, New York: The Macmillan Co. (Vol. II shortly to appear.)

imperceptible way in which Mr. Yeats steps from real life into dream life, which comes very closely linked to reality and seems to be not the hyperbole of passion, but rather a fourth dimension into which we may learn to pass at will. When he writes:

> "My master will break up the sun and moon,
> And quench the stars in their ancestral light,
> And overturn the thrones of God and the angels,"

we remember the vehement majesty of Marlowe when he touched the forces of nature; but we get a more delicate touch in:

> "He who could bend all things to His will
> Has covered the door of the infinite fold
> With the pale stars and the wandering moon."

When he writes:

> "Did but the lawless angels see that door,
> They would fall, *slain by everlasting peace,*"

he gives us a profoundly metaphysical conception of how the turbulent and restless forces of life must be ultimately caught and stilled in the meshes of the great, white, unfluttering veil of Quiet. Somewhat the same idea is touched again when he says:

> "By love alone
> It is God binds us to Himself and to the hearth,
> And shuts us from the waste beyond His peace,
> *From maddening freedom and bewildering light.*"

Mr. Yeats's world is a Celtic world, full of signs and omens; through the dramas go the crane that starves at the full of the moon because he is afraid of his own shadow and the glitter of water, the deer with no horns and the dying fawn, the death-pale deer and the boar with no bristles—all full of portent to those alert for signals. Another point to note is the skill with which Mr. Yeats combines the concrete and the abstract concept. This is an effect much in use in the young Shakespeare; and in Mr. Yeats's work it is a swift way of bringing the visionary world into habitual life. He writes:

> "I have lived now, near ninety winters, child,
> And I have known three things no doctor cures,—
> Love, Loneliness and Famine."

Here Famine is ennobled by its connection with the proud company of Love and Loneliness.

Again:

"Dear Heart, make a soft cradle of old tales
And songs and music;"

or:

"There is no medicine but Gabriel's trump.
Till it has ended parting and old age,
And hail and rain and famine and foolish laughter."

One notes throughout the work the extraordinary beauty of the similes drawn from nature:

"And dance upon the mountain like a flame;"

"Dance like a wave of the sea;"

"Her face was pale as water before dawn."

The last has, indeed, the drawback of echoing:

"Her eyes were deeper than the depths
Of water stilled at even."

But it is not the little flowers of diction one would commend in these six exquisite dramas, but rather the unified and profound feeling for life and art:

"I said the poets hung
Images of the life that was in Eden."

This last quality, together with his freedom of the dream dimension, his familiarity with folk-lore and symbolism, his felicitous combinations of concrete and abstract imagery, his mental attitude ever keenly aware of those incarnate, wavering impulses that make the mischief and the witchery and the rhythm of life, is a rich endowment for any poet; but Mr. Yeats has another gift, a rarer, and to those who understand, a dearer, the mystic's sense of the riches hid in silence:

"And more I may not write of; for they that cleave
The waters of sleep can make a chattering tongue
Heavy like stone, their wisdom being half silence."

To turn to Hardy's "The Dynasts"* is to turn from poetry to prose; for "The Dynasts" may be history or it may be philosophy, but what it assuredly is not is poetry. One has but to compare with Mr. Yeats's fairies these supernatural beings, the spirits of the years, of the pities, the spirits sinister and ironic, the spirits of rumor, the messengers, the recording angel and the spirit of the earth—all of them so sadly versed in Schopenhauer's philosophy—to realize that they have won no freedom from hu-

* "The Dynasts." By Thomas Hardy. Part II. The Macmillan Co.

man limitations, and that they are living with us in a worn, commonplace, perfectly matter-of-fact world.

Whatever the subject-matter of drama—and Ibsen has shown us that it may be social complexity, Bernard Shaw that it may be revolutionary doctrine, and Maeterlinck that it may be the most delicate and subtle of intuitions—its form must be as perfect as that of a sonnet. Its artistic perfection must depend upon some underlying unity which bands together into one action, with its rise and fall, all the incidents and characters of the play, "as if," says Pater, "a song or ballad were still lying at the root of it." Mr. Hardy has given us here, in a play of three parts, nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes, all the dust and débris of a life-long study of Napoleon and his times. But Napoleon himself is not big enough to hold together the sprawling events of his age; and, interesting as this drama is, whenever Mr. Hardy's Wessex peasant comes forward, delightful as it is to hear again the spirits of the air giving discursive comment upon life in the manner of the great novelist, the drama can make no clain to artistic completeness.

The next volume of plays* is from an American pen. In opening it, we cannot but wonder if a sentence of Pater's determined Mrs. Dargan's choice in the first drama, of which Henry III is the hero. Pater says of him:

> "A frightened soul . . . doting on all that was alien from his father's huge ferocity, on the genialities, the soft gilding, on the genuine interests of art and poetry, to be credited more than any other person with the deep religious expression of Westminster Abbey, Henry the Third, picturesque though useless, but certainly touching, might have furnished Shakespeare, had he filled up this interval in his series with precisely the kind of effect he tends towards in his English plays."

The effect which Shakespeare tends toward is one that Mrs. Dargan, with her leaning toward happy endings, just misses—namely, that of the pity and the irony of life, standing out the more glaringly when the ills to which we are all of us heirs together fall blighting upon high and conspicuous persons. But, although she has quite missed this effect, she has written dramas with an admirable command of technique, a good understanding of plot and structure, and more than ordinary felicity of phrase. There are phrases painfully reminiscent of more classic

* "Lords and Lovers and Other Dramas." By Olive Tilford Dargan. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

utterances, and there are explanatory lines that are too obvious; but the result remains a high achievement. If one were asked to say wherein the chief weakness lay, one would feel that one had acquired no new or individual point of view from the reading, and that there was no serious comment upon life. Mrs. Dargan has immersed herself in Elizabethan drama, and her plays show no touch of the tremendous advance of thought which marks our own century.

"Abelard and Héloise"* is disappointing when one reflects upon what one demands of so high a theme. The ejaculatory method of speech in the first twenty pages is nothing less than exasperating, and one wonders if no one will ever stand still long enough to utter a finished sentence. Doubtless this is a concession to stage production, but it is ruinous to a reading play. The character of Abelard is so weak and vacillating as to make the love of Héloise seem unworthy. Her indomitable energy and will, her living faith in that life projected beyond all creeds, the life of God in man, loses its force when we conceive it as inspired by so poor a creature as Abelard.

Last year brought us Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Fenriss the Wolf." In "Jeanne d'Arc,"† this year, Mr. Mackaye has produced an excellent poetical drama eminently fitted for the stage. The visual faculty is always remarkable in Mr. Mackaye's work, and this play shows distinct advance in ease and dexterity of handling blank verse; the line has gained both in plasticity and distinction, and the exuberances of fantastic individuality are well reined in. It is a relief to exchange the average dead-level speech of the stage for Jeanne's description of the armèd soldiers:

> "And all their shining limbs were stiff with steel,
> And rank by rank they rattled as they marched."

Of the "Sappho and Phaon,"‡ one cannot speak with so wholehearted an appreciation, for here once more Mr. Mackaye's fantasticality runs riot. The play proper is a play in a play of a play. We are first introduced to excavators of Herculaneum in the near future; the American enthusiast drops asleep and dreams of Horace and Virgil, who are planning to see a tragedy

* "Abelard and Héloise." By Ridgely Torrence. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

† "Jeanne d'Arc." By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

‡ "Sappho and Phaon." By Percy Mackaye. The Macmillan Co.

by Varius enacted. After certain episodes with the actors, the play proper, "Sappho and Phaon," 600 B.C., begins; but the change of time rends the unity of the whole. Mr. Mackaye has woven into his play a number of the Sapphic fragments with ingenuity, but not always in a way to meet our preconceived ideas. To remember the gorgeous "Anactoria" of Swinburne and the fragment that inspired it, and compare it with the same fragment woven into the play, is far from soul-satisfying.

Last, but not least, we welcome another drama from Mrs. Drummond, who last year gave us "The Alcestis." Mrs. Drummond is an essentially feminine poet of fine insight and delicate sensibility. The chief gain in "The Coming of Philibert"* is in dramatic action and force. The subtle thesis of the power of nobility to awaken an echo even in the most ignoble and unwonted breasts is well carried out in this return of the King's twin brother to the court, after a youth spent in the forest in the companionship of a scholar of monastic tendencies. There are delightful lyrics in the play and charming bits of poetic description. Mrs. Drummond's is a future to which one may look forward with interest and expectation.

There is one demand that all true art makes of its votaries, self-sacrifice. No real poetry is written in the comfortable interims of a pleasant life. It will be written with sweat and blood, or it remains mere versification. The deeper meanings of life with which poetry deals can be known only to those who have ceased to cower before any experience, however blasting, and are revealed to those alone who are brave enough to beckon the larger sorrows of the world to them. Poetical feeling is but a framework into which the artist must set thoughtful passion and passionate thought.

> "Him who trembles before the flame and the flood
> And the winds that blow through the starry ways,
> Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood
> Cover over and hide, for he has no part
> With the proud, majestical multitude."

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

* "The Coming of Philibert." By Sara King Wiley. The Macmillan Co. 1907.

GOVERNMENT BY EXECUTIVE RULINGS.

BY ALBERT DEAN CURRIER.

THE recent extensive exercise of the power of Congress "to regulate commerce," etc., under the provisions of the Constitution, has revived, at this time, a close scrutiny and study of the letter and spirit of our national Constitution, not only by our statesmen, but also by all persons who are interested in good government. The rapid growth of Federal power involves not only the power of Congress, under some attempted constructions of the Constitution, to enact general laws which frequently clash with the laws of the States, but also involves the rapidly increasing practice by Congress of delegating to the executive heads of governmental departments the power to exercise functions which properly belong to the legislative and judicial branches of the Government.

The people of the United States are a very busy people, interested in the progress of their individual affairs. They are so busy that they are inclined to leave the study and enforcement of those principles which make for good government to those who make politics their business. So great has become this *laissez-faire* policy of the people, and so great has been their faith in the executive officials of the Government, that they have not fully realized the rapid growth of the executive branch of our Government, which is silently and surely usurping many of the functions of government that properly belong to the legislative and judicial branches. This growth of power in the executive branch appears to be due, principally, to the tendency of the legislative branch of the Government, as heretofore mentioned, to delegate to the executive heads of departments the power to make "Rules and Regulations" under general laws enacted by Congress, with power to interpret such laws wherein they may appear ambiguous or silent upon specific matters.

Great successes frequently induce overconfidence and a relaxation of those virtues which constitute the foundation of success. This is as true in the case of nations as in the case of individual persons. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Patriotic faith in the Government under which we live is commendable; but may not the faith of the people of the United States in "the Government" have become so great that a man who holds a commission as executive head of any department of "the Government" may be, in the eyes of the people, thereby endowed with infallibility and righteousness almost divine? Does not a trace of the old sentiment, "The king can do no wrong," still lurk in many minds?

It appears to be generally conceded, throughout the broad field of political science, that the best form of government is that which best preserves civil liberty and self-government, and which at the same time best provides for the common welfare and common defence of *all* the people within its domain.

In the various processes of the reorganization of social and political governments after the dark ages of mediæval history, during which period only the feudal system obtained supremacy and liberty was denied to all except a few, monarchical and aristocratic forms of government quickly developed into absolute despotisms and the worst form of oligarchies; while so-called republics, including even the commonwealth of England in the seventeenth century, rapidly deteriorated into disorganized and belligerent factions, which eventually became reorganized as monarchies or as aristocracies.

Gradually, through the growth of popular education and the general enlightenment of the people, constitutional forms of government began to appear and, in England, by the exercise of the proper checks and balances provided in its constitutional form of government, the power of the king was gradually lessened, and the people approached a more democratic form of government through the House of Commons. Through the growth of religious liberty, a more popular education and the influence of the printing-press during the latter part of the eighteenth century, the doctrine of true democracy and the capacity for self-government obtained a much firmer foothold, particularly in the new American colonies.

The American colonists inherited many of the English forms

of government, but during the period of the American Revolution we find that, through the rapid spread of the principles of civil liberty and self-government and the exercise of local forms of government, the people of the thirteen original States of our Union developed a great antipathy to the monarchical features of the English Government, until, at the time of adoption of the Articles of Confederation in the year 1778, we find the popular legislative bodies in nearly all the States exercising supreme power.

By the Articles of Confederation nearly all the powers of the States were apparently conferred upon a single legislative body, the Continental Congress, without the establishment of branches for the exercise of certain functions, but with the reservation to the several States of certain powers which might properly have been conferred upon the Federal Government. Like the so-called republics of ancient Greece and Rome, the popular legislative body lacked, to a certain extent, the spirit of unity, and was characterized by the absence of proper constitutional checks and balances.

After the people had obtained their national independence by the war of the American Revolution, we find the representatives of the States assembled in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 for the purpose of framing and adopting a Constitution which, in the words of the preamble thereto, was intended "to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." This Constitution which, on March 4th, 1789, had been ratified by eleven of the States, established, for the purpose of maintaining the equilibrium and stability of the new Government, three grand divisions in the following order: the Legislative, the Executive and the Judicial,—the powers of each of which were separately defined. The Government so formed was a republican form of government, but it appears to have been clearly recognized by the framers of the Constitution that a republican form of Government may, through the lack of constitutional checks and balances, vary from a pure democracy to a most exclusive oligarchy. That it was the intent of the framers of the Constitution, who represented the people of the original States, to eventually develop, through

the exercise of political rights by the people and through popular education as to the principles of civil liberty, a more democratic form of Government in which all the people should be fully and justly represented, there can be no doubt. With this intent the Constitution of 1787 was adopted. The representatives of the people of the original thirteen States had, during the struggles of the States for independence, acquired a rare experience and knowledge as to the rights of the people and the manner in which such rights might be best preserved. All of their vast experience and wisdom thus obtained was crystallized in that famous document, the Constitution of the United States. It is true that there were some matters upon which the representatives in the Constitutional Convention failed to agree, particularly as to such rights as should be reserved to the several States, but they wisely provided that the Constitution might thereafter be amended by the concurrence of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, when ratified by three-fourths of the several States. There appears to be no doubt that the framers of the Constitution realized that a Government with all its powers concentrated in any one of the three grand branches of the Government, either the Legislative, Executive or Judicial, must necessarily become an arbitrary Government; and it is manifestly the spirit and intent of the Constitution that the functions of these three grand branches of our Government should be exercised separately and independently, yet, so far as possible, in harmony with each other. By the Amendments to the Constitution the spirit of personal rights and civil liberty is emphasized.

The Constitution vests the executive power of the Government in the President of the United States, but, inasmuch as it is physically impossible for one person to perform all the executive duties and functions of the Government, Congress has prescribed by statutory laws (Secs. 158 to 161, inclusive, of the United States Statutes) that the executive functions shall be distributed among "executive departments"; and it is also prescribed (Sec. 161, United States Statutes) that "the head of each department is authorized to prescribe regulations, not inconsistent with law, for the government of his department, the conduct of its officers and clerks, the distribution and performance of its business, and the custody, use and preservation of the records, papers and property appertaining to it." The direction of the President is

to be presumed in all the instructions and rules issuing from the competent departments.*

Although the Constitution and the statutes creating such executive offices do not anticipate or legally permit the promulgation of regulations except for the purpose of enforcing such rights, duties and obligations as are clearly defined by statute, yet, in those specific matters upon which the Federal statutes are ambiguous or silent, by virtue of the discretionary power vested in the executive heads of departments by Congress and the authority delegated to such executive officers by certain acts of Congress, portions of the laws are interpreted by executive officials, and the deficiencies in such laws are supplied by executive rulings thereon. Such executive rulings are often based upon forced and strained constructions of the statutory laws.

In recent years, the extensive and rapid growth of all sorts of industries and business pursuits in the United States has imposed, both upon the State Legislatures and Congress, duties which require much expert knowledge in the framing of just laws. Congressional Committees rely greatly for recommendation and advice upon departmental officials, who are often inclined to recommend the delegation of more authority and greater discretionary power to the executive heads of departments. The public too often fails in properly advising its representatives in Congress, especially upon matters which require technical knowledge, and the experts who represent various industries before Congressional Committees are frequently regarded as being prejudiced in favor of private interests. Thus, many specific questions which should be determined by Congress and which should be adjusted by proper Congressional Acts, are, by the terms of the Acts themselves, left to the executive heads of departments to be determined and enforced by them.

The exercise of such discretionary power by the executive heads of departments involves, *first,* a legal interpretation of the laws, which is a judicial function, and, *second,* the preparation and adoption of rules and regulations thereunder, which are properly legislative functions.

Such rulings by the executive head of any department may

* See Wilcox *vs.* Jackson, 13 Pet. (U. S.) 513; Confiscation Cases, 20 Wall. (U. S.) 92; Wolsey *vs.* Chapman, 101 U. S. 769; U. S. *vs.* Fletcher, 148 U. S. 89 and other legal authorities.

have the effect of destroying one class of industries and the building up of another class.

As an example of such power, a commission of the executive branch of the Government consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, may, by virtue of the extraordinary discretionary powers vested in it under the Food and Drugs Act of 1906, in any ruling which it may see fit to promulgate, prohibit the manufacture and sale of some articles of food which it considers adulterated, but which many food experts may have decided to be wholesome and free from deleterious substances. It may prohibit the use of a label bearing the name by which such article has for many years been known to the public, if it considers such label to be false or misleading, although the majority of the people, and even the minority of the commission who have had a more extensive experience and knowledge in connection with the same, may dissent from its opinion. The same executive commission may, by virtue of its authority, under the same law, prohibit the use of labels which are duly registered trade marks, thereby destroying the use of properties which, by reason of long use, have become valuable assets of the parties which have so used them.

Under the Congressional Appropriation Act of 1907, the Secretary of Agriculture may, "whenever he has reason to believe that any articles are being imported from foreign countries which are dangerous to the health of the people of the United States," request the Secretary of the Treasury to refuse delivery of such articles to the consignee; and such request is mandatory upon the Secretary of the Treasury. It is true that these specific Acts now referred to provide that manufacturers and importers of food who may be accused of violations of such rules and regulations shall be granted hearings before the executive head of the Agricultural Department, but the decision of the question of criminal prosecution lies wholly with such executive official. On the other hand, the Secretary of Agriculture may, in his discretion, neglect or refuse to enforce the manifest purpose and intent of the laws above referred to, if he so desires.

Similar conditions prevail to a greater or less extent in nearly all executive departments of the Government, and the Federal courts cannot issue a writ of mandamus to compel an executive

head of a department to perform his duties in accordance with the manifest purpose of an Act of Congress, as to those specific matters in which discretionary power has been delegated to such executive by such Act.*

A certain condition of affairs, alleged to have arisen under the powers granted to the executive head of the Post-office Department to make "rules and regulations," is well described in a memorable speech delivered by the Hon. Edward Dean Crumpacker, a member of Congress from Indiana, before the House of Representatives on April 11th, 1906, in discussing the Post-office Appropriation Bill then before the House, from which speech, as it appears in the Congressional Record, the following extracts are quoted:

"MR. CRUMPACKER. 'I understand there is a system of penalties imposed by the regulations of the Post-office Department. The gentleman must remember that that Department has legislative, executive and judicial powers combined. It exercises all the powers of the Government over the postal business of the country. . . .

"'The criticism that I am making is of the law and not of the officers, because I assume that they are performing their duties in accordance with the postal regulations or the law. I do not know which it is; possibly it may be both. . . .

"'There is a system of postal espionage in this country that is absolutely inconsistent with the spirit of free institutions, and it is not what should be expected in a land of law and liberty.

"'Post-office inspectors may lodge complaints with the Postmaster-General that the business of an individual is fraudulent. The Postmaster-General may be satisfied from the secret reports of the inspectors that there are some irregularities in the character of the business the particular individual is conducting, and he may peremptorily enter a fraud order and withhold from that individual the privileges of the mails, absolutely ruining his business and blasting forever his business reputation. When that citizen calls upon the Postmaster-General, asking permission to see the charges that have been made against him, he is informed that they are confidential and is refused the privilege.'"

There have also been many bitter complaints from a large number of citizens as to alleged unjust rulings by the executive officials of the Department of the Interior as to the methods of the disposition of certain Government lands, concerning which Congress has given to the Secretary of the Interior discretionary powers.

* See U. S. *vs.* Blaine, 139 U. S. 306; U. S. *vs.* Guthrie, 17 How. (U. S.) 284 and other citations thereunder.

Recently a ruling issued by the Secretary of Agriculture proclaimed, in apparent contradiction to the intent and purpose of the Food and Drugs Act of 1906, that butter is exempt from certain provisions of the Act referred to, while other articles of food and drink are not favored with such exemption. This ruling is alleged to have been based upon a technical definition of the term by which the product referred to is usually known, created in a Congressional Act of a radically different nature and purpose over twenty years ago, which definition was so created by the words of that Act itself "for the purpose of this Act." Although often requested so to do, the executive head of the department referred to has refused to submit the legal phase of this question to the Department of Justice for an opinion thereon.

Congress frequently delegates to executive officials authority not only to make rules and regulations as to the conduct of the general *executive* business of their departments, but also delegates discretionary power in the promulgation of rules and regulations under certain statutory laws with reference to matters which are not specifically mentioned in such laws.

And the rules and regulations promulgated by executive heads of departments are endowed with the full force and effect of law, and are to be so regarded until the courts shall have decided that they are inconsistent with the statutory laws. Where the language in a statute is ambiguous and open to different interpretations, the construction put upon it by the executive department is regarded as decisive.*

Moreover, violations of the rules and regulations promulgated by the executive heads of departments, thus having the force and effect of law, are frequently punishable by severe penalties prescribed in general statutory Acts. Generally there is no provision for direct appeal by the accused person to the courts from such executive rulings. Persons who may believe that injustice has been done, that they have been discriminated against by such rules and regulations and that such rulings are not consistent with the statutory laws, must submit to the injustice, by compliance, or to the only alternative, which is an indictment and criminal prosecution for an alleged violation of such rules and

* See Brown *vs.* U. S., 113 U. S. 568; St. Paul, Minnesota, etc., Ry. Co. *vs.* Phelps, 137 U. S. 528, and other citations thereunder.

regulations. Again, the rules and regulations prescribed to-day by an executive official may be stricken out and a new set of rules and regulations promulgated by him to-morrow, concerning the same subject. This may be done without any alteration whatever of the statutory laws, but simply by reason of a new interpretation of the law by the executive officer to whom the power to make rules and regulations is delegated by Congress.

Thus we may have the aspect of one person being subjected to a criminal prosecution, to-day, and perhaps sentenced to years of imprisonment, for the violation of an executive ruling; while another person may, to-morrow, commit the same act with impunity under new executive rulings, under the same statutory law. What can be more repugnant to the letter and spirit of our national Constitution?

In one division of the Treasury Department, the Division of Customs, the exercise of discretionary power by executive officials formerly worked so much injustice in the appraisal of importations under the tariff schedule that Congress found it necessary, under pressure of a popular demand, to create by the act of June 10th, 1890, a Board of General Appraisers, from whose decisions the importer may, under certain conditions, apply to the Circuit Court of the United States for a review of the questions of law and fact involved. However, there appears to be no such provision for appeal to the courts from the rulings of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, when approved by the Secretary of the Treasury; and it was only after a gigantic struggle in Congressional Committees and upon the floors of both Houses of Congress that the Act of Congress for the enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, approved June 29th, 1906, was so amended as to provide an appeal to the courts, under certain conditions, from the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which Commission is practically a part of the executive branch of the Government.

In accepting delegated powers to construe Congressional acts which are general in their scope, and to make rules and regulations thereunder, the executive branch of the Government assumes great responsibilities and arbitrary power. Yet the Chief Executive of our Government is apparently requesting that Congress shall delegate still greater discretionary powers to the executive heads of Government departments.

It was, perhaps, with a sense of such responsibility that the Hon. John W. Yerkes, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, when his advice was requested by the Committee on Ways and Means in the House of Representatives on February 7th, 1906, in consideration of the House Bill relating to free alcohol in the arts and manufactures, said: "I do not want a general bill, leaving everything to be determined as to methods, modes, processes, rules and regulations by the Department." In connection with the same bill, when he appeared before the Senate Committee on Finance on May 5th, 1906, he repeated the same statement, and further said: "There was my view with regard to the bill, and it indicates clearly that I did not want the scope of power and authority that is given under the House Bill."

It may, therefore, be noted that not all the executive officials of the Government are seeking greater discretionary powers in their respective departments.

The foregoing paragraphs are probably sufficient to indicate the general tendency of the executive branch of our Government to usurp the powers and functions of the legislative and judicial branches.

It is the belief of many of our best statesmen that the true intent and spirit of the Constitution are thus being thwarted, and that the fundamental principles of our Government are thus being gradually undermined.

Congress, as a body, appears to be slow to recognize the evils which result from the delegation of its powers to the executive branch of the Government. The judiciary conservatively guards against encroachments upon the legislative and executive branches of the Government, and generally refrains from interfering with the discretionary powers delegated by Congress to the executive heads of departments.

Upon a review of these conditions, questions naturally arise as to the proper remedy for the evils which thus appear. Is Congress, burdened with its multiplying duties, able to enact all the laws demanded by the people in forms so clear and specific, as to all the new problems of our rapidly growing industries and general business interests, that rulings by executive heads of departments shall be unnecessary, except as to the conduct of the persons working under them and the purely executive business of their respective departments? Is the executive branch of our

Government exercising functions in excess of its constitutional powers? Are the citizens of our country performing their civic duties in fully and properly advising their representatives in Congress, and insisting upon proper legislation? Are the people of the various States neglecting the studies of political science and the practice of those civic virtues which make for good government? Are we to give the constitutional powers of the legislative and judicial branches of our Government, wholly or in part, into the hands of the executive?

The Hon. Elihu Root says, in his recent admirable book on "The Citizen's Part in Government":

> "More than all, our hopes must depend upon the general and active participation of the whole governing body of the American democracy in working out the problems and applying the principles of government with wisdom, with integrity, with just and kindly consideration for the rights of others—every citizen doing his full and manly duty for his country."

The sovereignty which is vested in the people may be maintained only by its proper exercise. Should we not, therefore, in the interests of personal rights and civil liberty, strive to abolish the evils of our political system as they appear, to the end "that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth"?

ALBERT DEAN CURRIER.

THE STANDARD-OIL FINE.

BY FRANK D. PAVEY.

On August 3rd a fine of $29,240,000 was imposed by the Circuit Court of the United States at Chicago upon the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The Standard Oil Company of Indiana is a corporation organized under the laws of Indiana with a capital stock of $1,000,000. This result is one which commands the attention of investors in the shares of any corporation and makes any examination or criticism of the character of the law and judicial procedure under which such an end was attained a matter of public interest.

On February 19th, 1903, Congress passed an act known as the Elkins Law to prohibit rebates, concessions or discriminations in freight rates. This act declares it to be unlawful for any person or corporation to offer, grant or give, or to solicit, accept or receive any rebate, concession or discrimination in respect to the transportation of any property in interstate or foreign commerce by any common carrier whereby such property shall be transported at a less rate than that named in the tariffs filed by the common carrier as required by the Interstate Commerce Act. Every person or corporation guilty of a violation of this law shall be punished by a fine of not less than one thousand dollars nor more than twenty thousand dollars. The person who gives and the person who receives the rebate, concession or discrimination are equally guilty.

Under the Interstate Commerce Act it is the duty of the railroads to file with the Interstate Commerce Commission schedules of their rates and charges which have been established and published in compliance with the requirements of the law.

The Standard Oil Company of Indiana was charged with the acceptance of a *concession* from the Chicago & Alton Railroad

on various shipments of oil from Whiting, Indiana, to East St. Louis, Illinois. The rate paid by the Standard Oil Company was six cents per hundred pounds. The Government charged that the legal rate was eighteen cents. There was no question of a *rebate or discrimination.* The sole question was whether the Chicago & Alton Railroad had properly filed the rate of six cents with the Interstate Commerce Commission so as to make it the lawful rate. The decision of the Court was that it had not. The Standard Oil Company was found guilty of having shipped 1,462 car-loads of oil at the unlawful rate, and each car-load was treated as a separate offence. The Court imposed the maximum penalty of $20,000 for each of the 1,462 violations of the law; making a total fine of $29,240,000.

On the trial the Standard Oil Company contended:

First, that the lawful rate was six cents; and, second, that if six cents was not the lawful rate it was the rate issued to the Standard by the Alton as the lawful rate, and that the Standard was justified in believing from the railroad company that six cents was the lawful rate.

The question whether the lawful rate was eighteen cents or six cents depended upon technical points. The Standard Oil Company contended that the eighteen-cent rate was a "class" rate and not a "commodity" rate, and that the eighteen-cent "class" rate was never applied and never intended to be applied to oil. This question was complicated by the filing of rate sheets which fixed rates in part by reference to rate sheets previously filed and in part by new classifications. These details have little interest for the general public and no principle is involved which affects the substantial rights of shippers or investors.

Two questions are presented in the conduct of the trial which are of great interest to all shippers and investors. One is the question of the means which a shipper must employ to ascertain whether a rate issued by the railroad has been properly published and filed at Washington. The other is the question to what extent the wealth of individual stockholders in a corporation shall be made the basis for the computation of fines to be imposed on the corporation.

In support of its second defence the Standard Oil Company called as a witness its traffic-manager who testified that on each

of the three occasions when he received the special billing orders naming the six-cent rate he had inquired of the rate clerk whether the rate had been filed and was informed that it had been. The Standard Oil Company further offered in evidence on the trial certain tariff schedules of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad for the purpose of showing that during the period covered by the indictment there was available to it and to the general shipping public, an open published lawful rate of six and one-fourth cents over the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Road from Whiting to East St. Louis. This rate was represented to be equal to the six-cent rate by the Alton Road by reason of certain terminal charges to which traffic by that route was subject at East St. Louis. The Court held that this fact was not admissible before the jury upon the question of guilt or innocence. In its decision the Court says:

"The real question here is whether the defendant accepted the concession knowingly, and in determining this it need not be affirmatively shown that the defendant had actual knowledge of the lawful rate. The defendant must be presumed to have known that which a diligent endeavor made by an honest man in good faith to ascertain the lawful rate would have disclosed to him."

This rule applied to the business of a great company, like the Standard Oil Company, with traffic-managers who devote their time to the study of rates and have unrestricted opportunity and unlimited resources to ascertain whether the rates which they wish to use have been properly filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington might not work much hardship when well understood. But the practical absurdity of the ruling is manifest when we reflect that it imposes upon every ordinary shipper the responsibility of knowing whether the railroad has performed its duty under the Interstate Commerce Law and properly filed all of its tariff schedules with the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington. Under this ruling the giving of a rate sheet by a rate clerk of a railroad to the shipper together with the statement that the rates have been properly filed at Washington does not protect the shipper from the commission of a crime under the Elkins Law if as a matter of fact the tariff schedules have not been properly filed. The rate clerk may be telling the truth so far as he knows it. It is not within the province or the power of every rate clerk of a railroad to

know whether all the tariff schedules of his road have been properly filed. He must depend for his information upon some other employee or officer of the road who is charged with the duty of filing the tariff schedules. But the shipper is not protected by acting in good faith upon the information given him by the rate clerk. It becomes his duty to know to a certainty that the tariff schedules fixing the rates which are offered to him have been properly filed at Washington.

When this point was urged upon the Court it was met in this way:

"The Court is not impressed by the doleful predictions of counsel for the defendant as to the hardships upon the honest shipping public to be anticipated from the enforcement of this rule. The honest man who tenders a commodity for transportation by a railway company will not be fraudulently misled by that company into allowing it to haul his own property for less than the law authorizes it to collect. For the carrier thus to deceive the shipper would be to deliberately incriminate itself, to its own pecuniary detriment, which it may safely be trusted not to do."

In these three sentences the Court dodges the logical force and effect of its own ruling. The ordinary honest shipper may trust the railroad and assume that the rates handed out by the rate clerk are lawful rates. But the Standard Oil Company of Indiana may not "assume" that the rates given out officially by the railroad with the statement that they have been properly filed are lawful rates. It must "know." The Court's theory that the railroad may be safely trusted not to deliberately incriminate itself by deceiving the shipper must have received a jar when it learned that the railroad in this case not only deceived the shipper but secured immunity for itself by turning State's evidence to convict the shipper.

Under the decision in this case the merchants and manufacturers of this country transact their business at the risk of a fine of $20,000 for each separate shipment made by them over any railroad at the rates officially furnished by the railroad as the lawful rates unless they know by personal investigation that the railroad has properly filed its tariff schedules at Washington.

The other point of interest to investors in the stock of every corporation engaged in making shipments of any character over any railroad is the method employed by the Court to determine the amount of fine which it would impose. This method was

novel and introduces a new element into the calculations of all investors. The following is the statement made by the Court of its course on this point :

"For the guidance of the Court in determining the penalty to be fixed in this case, the Court requested counsel to furnish information as to what, if any, corporation held the stock of the defendant Standard Oil Company of Indiana; what the outstanding capital stock of such holding company was; and what its net earnings and dividends were for the three years covered by the indictment."

Counsel for the Standard Oil Company refused to give this information and thereupon the Court caused subpœnas to be issued requiring the presence before it of the principal officers of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana *and of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.* The subpœnas were duly served and the following statement of the result of the examination of these witnesses is found in the decision of the Court:

"On the examination of the president and secretary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, it appeared that a very large proportion of the stock of the defendant Standard Oil Company of Indiana was held by individuals for the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey; that the outstanding capital stock of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was approximately one hundred million dollars; that the annual dividends of that company during the three years covered by the indictment were approximately forty per cent., and that the net earnings for the period mentioned were approximately two hundred million dollars."

From these facts the Court defended the amount of its fine upon the ground that while the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was the nominal defendant the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey with its capital of $100,000,000 was the real defendant and that the fine was not excessive when measured by the property and income of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. It has been the boast of English and American jurisprudence that all men, rich and poor alike, were equal before the law, and yet we find this Court justifying the imposition of an enormous fine upon the ground that the stockholders of the company which must pay the fine are rich enough to sustain the confiscation of their entire investment in the company.

Why may not the same rule be applied to the stockholders of any corporation engaged in making shipments over the railroads?

Let us suppose that any such corporation makes application to a railroad for rates upon shipments in carload lots covering a period of two years and in response to its application is given rates with the information that the tariff schedules have been properly filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington. After the expiration of two years it is found that the schedules were not properly filed at Washington and that the company has been accepting an unlawful concession and is liable for a fine of $20,000 upon each separate carload shipped at the unlawful rate. In order to ascertain whether the fine computed at that rate will be excessive the Court will institute an inquiry to ascertain who are the stockholders in the corporation and what is the amount of their property and income. If the Court finds that the stockholders of the corporation have large incomes from other business and other investments it will not consider it excessive to impose a fine equal to the total value of the assets of the corporation which has been convicted of the violation of the rate law upon the ground that they are the real parties in interest and are rich enough to bear the loss.

Investors in the stocks and bonds of all commercial and industrial companies are confronted by the fact that there exists in the statutes of the United States a law which makes it possible for a court to confiscate the entire property of a company in which they are investors as a penalty for the failure of a railroad company to properly file its tariff schedules at Washington.

FRANK D. PAVEY.

THE POSITION OF THE SECURITIES MARKETS.

BY ALLEN GREY HOYT.

In the expressive but exaggerated language of Wall Street, the condition of our securities markets is summed up in the comment that "bonds are unsalable." Without exaggeration, it may be said that the demand for investment securities is at the lowest ebb we have experienced since American finance was firmly established upon a gold basis in 1896.

The situation is reflected in the quotations governing the markets. Investment issues, practically without exception, are selling at prices from ten per cent. to fifteen per cent. lower than those which ruled two or three years ago. Finding it impossible to market their securities, one syndicate after another has been dissolved. As the bonds thus released have been thrown upon the market by tired holders who were glad to liquidate their interests even at a severe sacrifice, they have found a level eight to ten points below the prices at which it was anticipated they would be taken by investors. And many of these syndicates have been sponsored by leading bankers whose position is predicated upon their ability to presage the probable trend of the investment markets.

Some months ago, railroads and other corporations found it impossible to dispose of their long-term obligations except at extremely onerous rates, and therefore fell back upon the expedient of issuing high-interest-bearing short-time notes. Finally, the markets became gorged with this class of securities, and belated borrowers, even though railroads of high standing, if in exigent need of funds, were compelled to accept rates which would have been spurned by second-rate industrial corporations a year or two ago.

The results of the sharp depreciation in the market value of securities have a serious aspect. Banking institutions with large holdings have been compelled to write off severe losses as, from time to time, they have been obliged to appraise their resources. The depreciation in the assets of some of the large insurance companies reaches millions of dollars, and every investor who owns a bond knows that the value in exchange of his security is much less than it was two or three years ago.

The conditions now prevailing in our markets cannot be ascribed wholly to local influences. Similar conditions are to be found in every other important financial centre. To illustrate the situation in Europe it is only necessary to refer to the sharp decline in the prices of German Imperial Bonds, French Rentes and English Consols. The significant fact stands forth that there has been a world-wide rise in the price paid for the use of capital, and the downward movement in the quotations for bonds has been the necessary corollary. At the lower prices they yield the increased return which capital now demands.

The causes that have brought about the appreciation in the general interest rate are numerous, but a few of them stand out prominently. Within a decade we have had two extremely costly wars, waged under the expensive methods of modern warfare. More recently, two important cities have been practically destroyed by earthquake. The republics of South America have been withdrawing gold from active use in Europe, as a basis of bank credits, to their own confines, where its function becomes a passive one of maintaining a steady ratio for a heretofore fluctuating paper currency. We have had lavish expenditures by municipalities both in the United States and abroad, largely conducted with borrowed funds, while Colonial and Government loans, issued for various purposes, have absorbed enormous sums from the markets.

A far more important factor than any of these influences has been the industrial activity enjoyed by practically all of the leading commercial nations. The foreign trade of nine States increased last year by no less than $1,500,000,000 over 1905. After having suffered depletion on account of wars, catastrophes and other extraordinary circumstances, the markets have not been in a position to supply the enormous demand for capital for industrial purposes. Commerce throughout the world has

been advancing with rapid strides during the past few years, and, gaining momentum as it proceeded, it has now attained such proportions that it is straining almost to the breaking-point the resources of credit and capital upon which it depends.

Of the causes which have brought about this unprecedented industrial activity, the increasing output of gold is probably the most important. A large percentage of the metal raised has found its way into the money stocks of the world with a resulting rise in prices and at present the index number shows the general level to be at practically its highest point.

Rising prices, with the prospect of a steady demand, spell profits to the manufacturer and the merchant. In order to take advantage of the situation, the producer, as well as the distributor, increases his plant and enlarges his business in every way possible. His need for capital and credit increases proportionately.

In every industrial venture there are usually two classes of persons associated. One class supplies capital as partners in the enterprise. They take the risks, and, if the venture succeeds, they take the profits. The capitalist of the other class advances his funds merely as a lender or creditor. His risk is minimized, and he desires only the repayment of the amount he advanced, with interest. In a corporation, these two classes of investors, to use the term broadly, become the shareholders and the bondholders.

A period of expansion in business is accompanied by innumerable opportunities for investment by each class. As the rates paid to those who invest as creditors mount upward, so must the inducements offered with new issues of stock become by so much the more attractive, for any investor is offered a free choice as to which form of security he will select. Moreover, many stocks partake more or less of the nature of a bond; especially is this the case with certain preferred shares. Dividends of a specified rate are reasonably assured; and one buying such stocks knows that the risk of market depreciation is not appreciably greater than that incurred in buying long-term bonds. Therefore, large issues of either form of security absorb a certain amount of funds that would be available for investment in the other class.

We have seen an exemplification of the operation of these influences in the recent history of our railroad financing. As

bonds and notes have been issued at constantly increasing rates, so have stocks been put forth at lower and lower prices.

The continuous inflow of gold into the money stocks of the world, during the past five or six years, has, of course, largely augmented bank reserves, and the volume of credit supported by these reserves has been enlarged by perhaps four or five times the amount of the metal increase. But the stimulation of trade resulting from the higher prices has so largely increased the demand for credit that interest rates have risen sharply, notwithstanding the increased reserves.

The managers of our railroads, however, have had much more to contend with than the increase in the price of capital. In order to handle the great volume of traffic pressed upon them, they have had to make enormous improvements without being able to reimburse themselves by higher tariffs. Public policy has demanded better terminal facilities, additional safety appliances and other improvements which do not directly increase income. The cost of operation and of improvements, on account of increasing wages and advancing costs of materials and equipment, has risen rapidly.

While laboring under the stress of these economic difficulties, the railroads were then called upon to face political onslaughts of a serious character. With or without justification, our Federal and State Governments developed a paternalistic attitude, which threatened to interfere with profitable operation even under more favorable conditions than those with which the roads were confronted.

Wall Street jumped to the conclusion that this political movement was the entire explanation of the difficulties with which the investment markets were suffering, just as in London, the City attributed the decline in Consols to the socialistic tendencies indicated in the programme of the recently elected Liberal Party,—quite overlooking the fact that securities wholly unaffected by these influences, such as municipal issues, for instance, instead of advancing as might have been expected on account of the diversion of funds from the threatened securities, showed the same declining tendency as those directly influenced.

However, to turn to our railroads again, the anti-corporation activity on the part of our legislatures did disturb confidence to some extent and by so far adversely affected security values.

The rise in wages, instead of contributing to a proportionate increase in the savings of our wage-earners, has resulted in the development of extravagant tastes and habits; the accumulation of surplus funds available for investment has not increased correspondingly with the enlarged earning-power of the individual. Moreover, real estate, mining and other ill-conceived speculative ventures which always thrive during periods of prosperity, have resulted in the dissipation of tremendous sums.

The rapid increase in the erection of buildings and the development of suburban properties have contributed to raise the rates paid on real estate mortgage loans, and thus to attract funds that would otherwise be invested in securities. All of these tendencies have contributed to the extraordinary rise in the wages of capital and have left the markets practically bare of investment funds.

The situation finds many of the railroads in a serious dilemma. Some of them have great improvements but half completed, and they need funds with which to go on with the work. The condition of the investment markets makes it impossible to obtain these funds except at extremely high rates. On the other hand, to discontinue their undertakings will also entail enormous expense on account of the rapid deterioration of materials and tools, as well as of the incomplete work, itself, if abandoned in its present condition. Moreover, the improvements will not become productive until finished, and meanwhile the roads can expect no return upon the amount already invested in them. In view of the fact that many of these betterments are absolutely necessary to enable the railways to handle the traffic, the managers who have in charge the financing of the roads naturally feel that any political agitation which augments the difficulties with which they have had to contend is dangerous; that it may bring disaster to the railway corporations, and, if to them, inevitably to the country in general. In fact, it is difficult to imagine conditions under which the potential danger of restrictive legislation would be greater than at present.

What, then, does the future hold in store? Evidently, the same influences which are causing the disaffection of the markets will work their cure. The process may or may not be accompanied by complete prostration. High money rates directly affect the profits of every form of industry. High wages and

high costs for raw material also are making inroads on net earnings. The general expansion of credit is beginning to make collections slow. All indications at present point to a recession in business.

Those railroads which are in a position to retrench are beginning to do so. Other corporations are undertaking few improvements or extensions unless they can be financed out of earnings. Many weaker corporations, finding it increasingly difficult to secure the necessary credit to carry on their business, are facing the possibility of bankruptcy. That there will be a general slowing down sufficient to relieve the strain on capital, there can be little doubt. Whether or not the retrograde movement will go further and result in complete stagnation is, of course, an open question. Undoubtedly, if at this critical juncture we were to experience a serious crop failure, if our corporations were to be handicapped by unwise legislation, or if we were to face any crisis, even though one which under ordinary circumstances we could safely weather, the effect would be extremely serious.

The wavering attitude of our stock-markets shows that the speculator is finding it exceedingly difficult to come to any conclusion as to the future. Presumably on account of the probable decline in the interest rate for capital, stocks will sell at prices which will show a smaller return upon the investment than that yielded at current quotations, but the same influences which will cause the lowering of interest rates may go so far as to bring about a reduction in dividends, and thus the outlook for stocks is much confused.

The interest on well-secured railroad bonds, however, notwithstanding the possible enactment of paternalistic or restrictive laws, will continue to be paid. Even in the event of a period of industrial depression, on account of the economic necessity of transportation, the danger of default is slight. Therefore, there seems little reason to doubt that a decline in the price of capital will have the effect of raising quotations for conservative railroad issues well above those now prevailing.

ALLEN GREY HOYT.

THE GAME OF THE FUTURE.

BY EMANUEL LASKER.

CHESS, the game of dreamers, comes from Asia, the home of all exquisite dreams of mankind. There originated philosophy and religion. Asia, indeed, is the mother of all our civilization; she discovered the reality and the power of justice and wisdom. Her misfortune is that her people have grown indolent and of dimmed perception. The modern nations believe in labor and accuracy of observation, hence their progress. Asia believes and has always believed in mind and spirit; she has created astronomy, mathematics, physics, a philosophy of art and life, and she has brought forth such men as Hammurabi, Buddha, Zoroaster and Confucius; but finally her strength became her weakness, by exaggeration. Had Bacon lived in Asia and taught his great lesson of the value of observation and experiment to the peoples beyond the Ural and the Behring Straits, the map of the world would probably be very different now. Yet, notwithstanding her failure to comprehend the power of discovering and correcting the errors of imagination and theory exerted by events as they actually occur, Asia is a vital factor in the world. The ideas of her ancient great men grow stronger as the years roll by. And of her fine dreams, Asia has had none subtler than the infinitely misunderstood, lightly esteemed, but ever-progressing and developing game of chess.

Some strategist, now long forgotten, invented the game to demonstrate concretely the power of the intellect in directing the movements of antagonizing forces. Whether he divined all that his thought implied, or not, he set himself a monument forever, though he forgot to carve his name on it. In the pleasing form of a game, he has given to the world the clay in which to mould strategic ideas.

The rules of chess are known to many, though only superficially. The game is played by two opponents, on a square board divided into eight-by-eight compartments, with pieces of various shapes that are moved on the sixty-four squares according to certain rules. The players alternate in moving the pieces. As the game proceeds, they capture opposing pieces and remove them from the board. The object of the game is to capture the piece called the "king." Whoever achieves it wins. The rules are meant to imitate the mobility and the capacity for fighting possessed by soldiers of the antique type; but the particularities of the construction of the rules do not really matter, since they have no bearing on the intellectual content of the game and the intention of its unknown inventor to make it a game of combat and strategy.

Chess is the most ancient game known; it has survived until our time and its popularity is rapidly progressing among all civilized nations; its vitality bespeaks its competency to be the game of the future. Other facts add to the probability of its attaining this goal. The combative spirit finds in it innocent expression. It teaches strategy by experiments, as it were. And that its lessons are based on reason and true to nature may be shown by a rigid analysis which will here be attempted.

The events of a contest, though they impress first by the changes in power, wealth and happiness produced by them, have their most permanent influence in the moral they convey. Thus the incidents of the struggle for tolerance waged by the Christian Church against the Roman Empire have been forgotten, but the lesson of its outcome, that the welfare of society is based rather on love and charity than on power, has been an active force in the life of the world ever since. Again, though Galileo died in enforced retirement and was held as the vanquished in the opinion of his contemporaries, his last words, "*E pur si muove,*" forever acclaim the liberty of the search for truth from the interference of dogma. And again, though the political changes of the French Revolution have been effaced, that event has left a lasting inheritance in the principle that opportunity must be equal for all.

However struggles might vary in their outward circumstances, there is a near relationship, amounting to almost an identity, in the moral lessons which they teach. From that aspect, war,

competition, the search for beauty or truth, are akin to the game of chess. This is because the world is constructed on a principle of simplicity, economy and harmony. Though convictions as to the nature of the cosmic makeup cannot be deduced by logic, since they are basic and therefore unable to rest on other and simpler convictions, what here is assumed is in accord with often-repeated experience and with the profoundest thought of our best men who seek for unity and law, and for simplicity in that law, in physics, chemistry, biology and art. Hence we are at liberty to suppose the essential identity of the interpretation to be put on the successive and related events of struggles.

This liberty does not, of course, imply the license to extend any possible reading of the moral of the happenings of a contest to other contests. The principle asserts only that there is a way of interpreting a struggle so that the interpretation refers to all possible struggles—that, in other words, the story of every combat is an allegory, if the idea it conveys be rightly comprehended.

This view of the world is made compelling for him who passes through the evolution of a chess-player, and it is elaborated in detail by the modern theory and art of chess-play.

A beginner in chess moves without a purpose; he is guided by chance only. After many trials, he learns that it is profitable to capture opposing men and detrimental to lose his own, since the men represent so many resources for effecting the checkmate. Thus an appreciation of the first strategic law, that superiority of force is an advantage, is slowly evolved in him, but, at the outset, in a very imperfect state. Yet, such as he knows it, it serves the very useful purpose of surprising him by its failures to apply. He is thus led to think; and he finally comprehends that it is not the number of men that decides the issue, but the activity which they display in the fighting. He sees that greater activity usually goes with the greater number, but that it depends on other factors also. He tries to detect these other factors. The mystery incites his imagination; each game for him is a search for the truth that he dimly perceives, but which ever seems to evade capture.

When the mind is in this state of wonder, chess exerts a great charm on it; the impression of truth or natural law at its first half-unconscious inception is ecstasy—in fact, all ecstasy comes from incipient mental movements. The sentiment gains in

strength when blind chance is eliminated. Since all factors that determine the outcome of a game of chess are subject to analysis and reason, the practise of chess is rich with the delight that comes from the hunting for evasive truths.

If the chess-player, arrived at this stage, has talent, experienced players say of him that he can see "combinations" and that he is full of surprises, but that he lacks "strength." His moves are individually fine, but they have no coherence; he is imaginative, but gives no evidence of being logical. As a chess-player, he is in the state of a savage whose senses are perfectly developed and whose mind is waking up to the perception of philosophic truth. When, by earnest and honest effort, he advances further, he is struck by the logic of events on the chess-board; he shapes himself a philosophy of chess, and thus, unconsciously, lays the foundation for a "style" of his own. From a tactician he becomes a strategist; instead of merely knowing how to profit skilfully from opportunities, he learns how to prepare them.

This evolution requires will-power and honesty, for there is constant temptation to slide into the easy path of opportunism. The acquired imaginative tactical skill is sufficient to win many games by setting "traps" or concocting surprising devices; and many players are therefore arrested from further development at this stage. Only he who is not content to win, but desires to win "by force"—that is, against any possible defence — ever overcomes the obstacles that vanity of applauded achievement, a desire to shirk irksome labor and other opposing factors pile in his way.

If the growing chessmaster, in this struggle against himself, is victorious, his brain gathers, from his experiences over the board and in analysis, a store of well-defined and true chess impressions; if vanity and uncritical subjectiveness overcome him, the impressions that he stores bear the stamp of these faults. Thus his "position judgment" is formed, and, if correct, it enables him, at a glance, to decide which side in a given position has an advantage; and his memory is stocked with a series of manœuvres and procedures adapted to certain types of positions and calculated to drive certain advantages home. Thus he learns how to methodically win an isolated pawn, or to exchange pieces when the end game is favorable, or to mass his pieces for an at-

tack against the King, or to advance a chain of pawns on one of the wings, with his officers placed securely but effectively behind them, etc. For the execution of these operations he needs the imaginative faculty developed in the early stage of his evolution, and, in addition, the ability to form a plan and to follow it systematically to its logical end. In his final stage, he studies the merits and shortcomings of such plans, and he discovers that, to be successful, they must be founded on a quality akin to justice. He observes that no attack, however brilliantly executed or ingeniously conceived, can succeed by force unless it is based on a superiority of the aggressor, or on a weakness of the opponent's position.

Thus the master learns to abstain from attacks that lure the weaker players, but he acquires that economy of effort which makes the attacks that he undertakes direct and vehement and hard to repulse.

If "chess" were replaced in the foregoing discussion by struggle of another name and the technical details of the one substituted for the other, the description would still remain true. Acquisition of skill or knowledge or moral ideas follows essentially the same pathways independent of the subject or environment. The phases of evolution comprise always a technical or tactical part; a process of deepening imagination so that it becomes fit to discover a logical plan, or programme, of operations; a comparative study of such plans; and, lastly, the acquisition of the greatest economy in their execution.

And the forces which oppose progress are essentially the same as in chess; the subjective view, prejudice, temptation to obtain cheap successes, striving for applause rather than for sterling achievement, a desire to shirk labor that is unrewarded except in furthering self-evolution.

The theory of chess teaches the principle of measuring the values of the pieces by their capacity for achievement, and that a player of infinite skill would obtain from his pieces a degree of useful activity in exact proportion to these capacities. It asserts the extreme importance of economy of effort in defence, of justice in offense and of economy of time, or rather of "*tempo*," in development. It thus reads like a philosophy or a code of morality.

Hence, chess is a mirror of life; it shows how existence would

be if chance were entirely eliminated, and opportunity even. To this extent it pictures the various phases of life true in every detail. The whole drama of temptation, sin and punishment, of conflict, effort and victory of justice, is there depicted in miniature.

Such a game can never die; and, as the world advances, and mind and intellect attain progressively higher values, the practice of chess, with its facility for easy entertainment, and with the variety of its deeply human and yet logical parts, is bound to become the universal pastime.

EMANUEL LASKER.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ, CHRISTIAN GAUSS, AND JULIUS CHAMBERS.

HOWELLS'S "THROUGH THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE." *

THIS book, which is good to read for its own sake, is also provocative of reflection on its many predecessors and on the qualities which give a kind of unity to all of Mr. Howells's works. Since it is a romance the critic must be on his guard against taking it as the author's profession of faith; yet in fiction, as in every form of literature, a man is bound, sooner or later, to be held responsible for a certain body of ideas, and on this occasion the temptation is strong to touch upon Mr. Howells's general way of thinking and feeling. We all know the ideal disclosed in his first books. He sought to give a truthful report of what he saw. This comes out in his early fiction, and in his early essays or notes of travel. Even in "Venetian Life," that delightful volume of impressions, in the writing of which he might have been pardoned for letting the recording of facts wait upon the imaginative handling of picturesqueness, he made no sacrifice of nature to art; and in the best of all his earlier novels, "A Modern Instance," it was first and last his fidelity to life that counted. His solicitude for the truth amounted to a passion, and what he has practised he has been at pains to preach. His enthusiastic advocacy of realism, when the revival of the "cloak and sword" school set all the critics by the ears, is well remembered. He is to-day the same seeker after truth—with a somewhat different point of view.

It is not that he has abated one jot of his convictions, but that the long years have subtly altered the perspective in which life presents itself to him; the light is softer, mellower, and the emo-

* "Through the Eye of the Needle. A Romance. With an Introduction." By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers.

tions roused in the artist are somehow more tenderly sympathetic. "A Modern Instance" was the work of one who saw his fellow man clearly and understood him. "Through the Eye of the Needle" shows as clear a vision and as thorough an understanding, but something has been added—something which you call humanitarian until you perceive, in the first place, that that is too portentous a word, and, secondly, that the secret really lies in just the ripening of the author's charm. He was always whimsical and gentle, but now these traits are a little more in the foreground. He is lovable where he was wont to be merely interesting. He was always patient with the foibles of his people, but now there is a twinkle in his eye as he satirizes them, and a demure good nature about his exposure of this or that defect in the social scheme. He has lost nothing of his earnestness. "Through the Eye of the Needle" is profoundly sincere. But he has so developed the golden gift of persuasion which he has possessed from the beginning that he uses it to-day with a delicacy of touch extraordinarily winning.

Never has he wedded substance and style more skilfully than in his latest work. Largely this must be due to nothing more nor less than plain human sympathy, the reaction of matter upon manner. Partly also it must come from his incessant activity as an essayist. Those monthly pages of his in the back of "Harper's Magazine," pages treating of innumerable questions along lines constantly varied but never violent or bitter, have meant, after all, so much experience, and, having written them, he cannot shake off their prevailing tone. His readers must be only the more grateful, especially the readers of this book. In it he indicts the modern world as that world is represented by New York, and paints a picture of better things. The disordered, incongruous and utterly unnatural city is shown side by side with the perfect one. The latter, of course, is an invention, a vision—one more of those impossible fabrics with which men have beguiled themselves for centuries. But it has two merits which are commonly absent from dreams of the sort. It is not marked by that excessive particularity, as regards administrative and mechanical detail, which is so apt to betray the speculative romancer; it exhibits the virtues rather of a state of mind than of a physical system. Moreover, in all that relates to either the ugliness of our world or the beauty of his "Altruria," the author writes with

tact and even with sweetness. The counts in his indictment of New York are not angrily set forth in high relief; they crop out, half humorously, by the way. His portraits are drawn with many little touches, some of them—and these often the most effective—seeming merely casual and quite unpremeditated. Take, for example, the sketch of the woman who initiates Mr. Aristides Homos, the traveller from Altruria, into the mysteries of one of our latter-day domestic interiors, the home (?) of a New-Yorker and his wife in a typical apartment-house. Says the supposititious narrator:

"She is that Mrs. Makely whom I met last summer in the mountains, and whom you thought so strange a type from the account of her I gave you, but who is not altogether uncommon here. I confess that, with all her faults, I like her, and I like to go to her house. She is, in fact, a very good woman, perfectly selfish by tradition, as the American women must be, and wildly generous by nature, as they nearly always are; and infinitely superior to her husband in cultivation, as is commonly the case with them. As he knows nothing but business, he thinks it is the only thing worth knowing, and he looks down on the tastes and interests of her more intellectual life with amiable contempt, as something almost comic. She respects business, too, and so she does not despise his ignorance as you would suppose; it is at least the ignorance of a business man, who must have something in him beyond her ken, or else he would not be able to make money as he does.

"With your greater sense of humor, I think you would be amused if you could see his smile of placid self-satisfaction as he listens to our discussion of questions and problems which no more enter his daily life than they enter the daily life of an Eskimo; but I do not find it altogether amusing myself, and I could not well forgive it, if I did not know that he was at heart so simple and good, in spite of his commerciality. But he *is* sweet and kind, as the American men so often are, and he thinks his wife is the delightfulest creature in the world, as the American husband nearly always does. They have several times asked me to dine with them *en famille;* and, as a matter of form, he keeps me a little while with him after dinner, when she has left the table, and smokes his cigar, after wondering why we do not smoke in Altruria; but I can see that he is impatient to get to her in the drawing-room, where we find her reading a book in the crimson light of the canopied lamp, and where he presently falls silent, perfectly happy to be near her.

"Of course her dog must be there; and one evening after her husband fell asleep in the armchair near her, the dog fell asleep on the fleece at her feet, and we heard them softly breathing in unison.

"She made a pretty little mocking mouth when the sound first became audible, and said that she ought really to have sent Mr. Makely out with the dog, for the dog ought to have the air every day, and she had been

kept indoors; but sometimes Mr. Makely came home from business so tired that she hated to send him out, even for the dog's sake, though he was so apt to become dyspeptic. 'They won't let you have dogs in some of the apartment-houses, but I tore up the first lease that had that clause in it, and I told Mr. Makely that I would rather live in a house all my days than any flat where my dog wasn't as welcome as I was. Of course they're rather troublesome.'"

How revealing this is, and how genial; how free from the patronage of sharpness, or the hint of caricature, which novelists with a grievance against their own era so often give us! Mr. Howells writes, indeed, not as a reformer with a grievance, but simply as a lover of his kind, perturbed over current errors but too wise to let them warp his judgment. As in his accurate study of the present, so in his hopeful thoughts of the future he is entirely sane and plausible. His Altruria is of goodness and common sense all compact; it is not fantastic. He has touched these things before, but this time with the more feeling and the finer art. The note he struck so many years ago and to which he has ever since been loyal, the note of kindly truth, is sounded in this romance in even greater fulness and richness. It is a sterling book for a veteran author to give to the world, a book gathering up the hope and courage that fire the heart of youth.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

"LAST WORDS ON EVOLUTION." *

ERNST HAECKEL has now reached the biblical years of threescore and ten, and tells us that his age will prevent him from again appearing in public. The pronouncement has its pathos, for the veteran professor has for nearly half a century carried on in Germany the battle for Darwin and Evolution. He has been perhaps its ablest champion; he has certainly been its boldest. Since the beginning of that great intellectual combat in Germany, he has made himself the target for the shafts of its opponents. They have attacked his science, and with the peculiar bitterness engendered by that conflict, they have attacked his personality. Unlike the gentle Darwin, he could not allow such attacks to pass unanswered and he has replied occasionally in no measured terms. It may be said in his praise, however, that he

* "Last Words on Evolution: A Popular Retrospect and Summary." By Ernst Haeckel. New York: Peter Eckler.

has never descended to invective and abuse. He has fought fairly, with unwavering conviction, with undaunted courage. He had a genius for titles, "The History of Creation," "The Riddle of the Universe." Age has not robbed him of this talent, and the present volume is sent out into the fray under the ringing caption, "Last Words on Evolution." After reading his book one may find oneself in accord with much that is told or retold therein; with the *justesse* of the title, however, neither scientist nor philosopher will agree. Haeckel's last words, if you will, but the last words on evolution they certainly are not. Some years ago many thought that the Synthetic Philosopher had already pronounced those last words; to-day you could count his adherents among philosophers of note on the fingers of one hand. If, by his title, the author intended to convey the idea that his book has in it anything really approaching finality, he doubtless believed it to lie in that philosophy of monism which is so highly lauded by his translator. But of this more anon.

His book is interesting for many reasons. Not the least of these will be its excellent presentation by a scientist of the first rank of a question that is in itself somewhat abstruse. It has been made more so by incompetent and unscrupulous popularizers who here, as elsewhere, have taken advantage of the modern fret for information of whatever sort. Professor Haeckel avoids phraseology that smells of the laboratory, yet his meaning is everywhere clear. In his own words, the work of his life has been "the advancement of knowledge by the spread of the idea of evolution." Occasionally he has done more than this. He has spread the idea of evolution in advance of present knowledge. Thus he has, with great pains, with much acumen, and no little conjecture (which is not knowledge) built the genealogical tree of the human race, going forward unabashed through those barrens in which data are lacking, and down the troubled paths where the evidences of geology and biology do not as yet entirely correspond and occasionally even contradict. He traces our descent from the acrania, a skull-less form somewhat similar to the living lancelet, through the cyclostoma, to fishes, dipneusts, amphibia, reptiles, mammals. Among the last our immediate ancestor is the pithecanthropus, or ape-man. All this is done with much circumstantiation, and in its completeness his tree reminds us somewhat of the similar tree of a certain Austrian

house which carries us all the way back to the Flood. The family has in addition a portrait which shows us Noah taking off his hat to the founder of their line. One wonders what the illustrious ancestor did when Noah turned on his heel and entered the Ark. Occasionally similar doubts perplex us here. Though we all of us go back as far as Noah, it takes much patient research and a strong sense of family pride to establish beyond cavil such a genealogy. Certain advocates of the dignity of our genus have protested against some of these bars sinister in our past, and Haeckel's tree has proved a fruitful subject of controversy among biologists and palaontologists. If his tree is still very largely a matter of conjecture, for his main thesis, the mutability of species, Haeckel has adduced practically irrefutable evidence through his researches on radiolaria, and this is no mean service to the cause of evolution.

Haeckel will doubtless be remembered as one of the greatest scientists of his time. He has helped to do for Germany what Darwin did for England, and this in the face of an opposition which, if not more virulent, has at least been more lasting. As his scientific theory approached completeness he began to see in it the solution of all great fundamental problems. He began to substitute a system of science for a philosopher's theory of the universe, and from being a very excellent scientist he has become a very mediocre philosopher. Under his clairvoyant gaze, the original nebulous mist which the earth was, or was not, resolves itself into a world of perfectly developed species, even as the Milky Way under the telescope resolves itself into stars. The idea of evolution has become a sort of conjuror's hat out of which, with a little sleight-of-hand, Haeckel and his followers extract answers to any kind of question, if they do not, as sometimes happens, cavalierly deny the existence of any problem at all. Thus we are told that memory is a function of certain compounds of carbon; free will is not only an illusion, it is a delusion. We are made to feel that we have it when in reality we do not. He has sometimes been called an atheist, but denies the allegation; yet if there is a god in Haeckel's world he adheres so rigorously to his policy of non-intervention that it is impossible to be aware of his presence, and we cannot see how he comes into it unless it be *ex machina,* an hypothesis which Haeckel's scientific attitude forbids him to admit. He is a mere haggard

abstraction, and the logical principle of economy would exclude him. He is nothing more than La Place's useless hypothesis.

All this is part of the much-vaunted philosophy of Monism, usually spelled with a capital. What these monists have to say on free will we had already learned from the determinists; their contribution lies almost entirely in the magic word, process. This is the solvent which erodes and swallows up all old-fashioned difficulties. An objector might suggest that it makes of them only a saturated solution. Haeckel's main thesis is "the mechanical character of all physical and psychic activity, the unity of organic and inorganic life." This once established, we can disregard all distressing questions of metaphysic, all pettifogging epistemology, and all chimerical teleology. Previous philosophers had merely been battling with the mists. We have had philosophies based on numbers, like that of Pythagoras, or on history, like that of Hegel, but the monism based on the evolutionary process possesses the cardinal advantage of being immensely more simple. There are but two main categories, time and quantity. There can be no differences except of quantity. His intelligence man shares with the beasts, and in the end, as Goldwin Smith has said, "he lies down and dies like the dog."

How rapid the evolution of ideas occasionally is, we can see when we remember that Novalis, who has been dead little more than a century, could say that Philosophy bakes us no bread, but gives us God, freedom, and immortality. The three boons which the master science once conferred have been taken away. In Novalis's definition they have allowed her to retain only her inability to bake us bread.

One must distinguish carefully between Haeckel's monism and the monism of such other thinkers as Professor Royce, for example. As a system of philosophy the idea is not new, though the word may be. There is, too, the older monism of Spinoza, if we but choose to call it so, for his doctrine of substance is every whit as monistic and much more philosophical than this later creed. There is, too, a very nice problem, which, in spite of his monism, Spinoza thought it worth while to consider Standing off, and looking at a heated plate of metal, we perceive it as white. As a matter of fact, it is hot, and its prepotent and important attribute is not its whiteness, but its heat. Before setting up a philosophy, might it not, therefore, be well to in-

vestigate the relation and correspondence, or lack of correspondence, between our world of ideas and the external world of reality? To say that psychic activities are merely functions of compounds of carbon would, in this case, explain nothing. We still have no guarantee that the thing we remember is the record of anything that actually happened.

It would likewise be wrong to imply that there is any close similarity between Spinoza and Haeckel. The real congeners of Haeckel's philosophy are to be found largely in the Eighteenth Century. To us there is no fundamental difference between the present philosophy and Holbach's "System of Nature" and Helvetius's "*De l'Esprit.*" Where Haeckel says process, Helvetius and Holbach said chance or necessity, and where there is no aim to the process we do not see that there is any particular difference. Perhaps we are old-fashioned, but it does seem as if Haeckel's philosophy were inadequate in its conclusions, and what is more serious, restricted in its outlook upon life. For him, reality, at its best, can be measured with a yardstick; at its worst, with the micrometer calipers. It considers, after all, but a single set of phenomena, but one aspect of the truth. He has carefully circumscribed a system of facts, leavened them with a conjecture to make them a unit, and then explained them with an "Eureka." This is as easy as setting up a man of straw and knocking him down again. We will not say that it is as unprofitable, for on Haeckel's part it has been an earnest endeavor to solve problems that deeply concern us all. His training as a scientist has stood in his light as a philosopher. That part of his work which deals with science shows him an investigator who will stand with the foremost of his century. He has the rare distinction of having contributed materially to the sum of human knowledge. But all this science has here become only the stair to his philosopher's tower of ivory. To us this tower is a mere castle in Spain, and the last words on evolution are still unuttered.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

NEW MEMORIES OF BEACONSFIELD.*

THE most bizarre figure that has attained preëminence in English politics since Charles James Fox is that of Benjamin

* "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories." By T. E. Kebbel. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1907.

Disraeli. He pretended to have opened his heart to his countrymen in his early novels, and in his latest years the reviewers asserted that "Lothair" and "Endymion" were only continuations of his autobiography. But the real man was always masked behind a semi-Oriental nature. His contemporaries in public life seldom fathomed the subtleties of his indirection in dealing with affairs of state. His policy never was to grapple with grave issues in the open; and, after Disraeli loomed large above the political horizon, Gladstone, his inevitable antagonist, adopted many Disraelian tricks of debate,—circumlocutionary methods for attaining desired ends.

Preëminently, Disraeli would not have suffered from a Boswell, and the best features of Mr. Kebbel's volume are those that have the Boswellian flavor. Before the days of stenography, Johnson's reports of Edmund Burke's speeches made the orator immortal: doubtless there was much more of Johnson in them than Burke: but Boswell did for Johnson what nobody yet has done for Disraeli. Lord Rowton, who, as Montagu Corry, served as his long-while secretary, produced a starched biography of the statesman that fell far short of disclosing the man's personality. Rowton gave to a lay figure the birth certificate and the chief characteristics of a masterly career.

The real Disraeli has remained an enigma. Beginning as a Radical, scoring a dead failure in his first address in the Commons, this man swerved into Toryism at the Tattenham Corner of his first race for precedence, developed a speed with which his associates had not credited him and finished a career at the Congress of Berlin in imperial glory.

How did it come about? For the first time, we are afforded an insight into the life of this promulgator of Imperial Britain,—not its creator, as Lord Rowton would have us to believe, for that honor must be accorded to Clive, Wolfe and others. Mr. T. E. Kebbel, a veteran Tory journalist of London, has supplied much new information about Disraeli, and yet he has stopped short of what one would suppose he might have furnished. The position of invited guest at Hughenden gave to him a handicap that any man of strict sensibilities might feel; but his book is an important acquisition to the recent political chronicles of England. We learn therein how a young Jewish coxcomb, who started as a *flâneur*, was enabled to steady himself by marrying a fortune,

and to develop himself into the second personality among English statesmen of the Nineteenth Century. The first place is accorded to Wellington, only because of his transcendent opportunities and the glamour that attaches to a supremacy attained by the sword rather than by statecraft alone. During his Premiership, however, the hero of Waterloo never executed any *coup* of such everlasting benefit to commercial Britain as was Disraeli's offhand acquisition of the Suez Canal.

Some of Mr. Kebbel's comment upon people met at Hughenden is delightfully candid. There he first saw Mrs. Disraeli, "and you do not see every day in the week such a couple as they made. The contrast was striking. There wasn't anything of the fine lady about her. I dare say, she frequently *astonished* those who had much of her society." We may only guess at the meaning of some words in this paragraph; but when we remember that the lady who later became Countess of Beaconsfield had been the widow of a city merchant, it isn't unlikely that eccentricity in the use of the Queen's English was one of her characteristics.

Hughenden, when Mr. Kebbel began to visit there in 1864, was famous for its sandwiches, although guests never were able to tell with what meat or fowl they were larded. They were served with a glass of sherry upon the slightest excuse. A bevy of peacocks, brought from Lebanon, were the pets of the place during Beaconsfield's life, and the memorialist tells a pathetic incident regarding the adoption of the beautiful Birds of Paradise by Queen Victoria, at the death of their owner. Many trees about the big house came from the East. Disraeli wasn't a sportsman in any sense; he never had a gamekeeper, and only kept a pair of carriage-horses at his Buckinghamshire home. These "Memories" are most interesting when they approach the Boswell standard. In a few instances, they attain high-water mark, as, for example, in a dainty Hughenden incident when the statesman says to his devoted spouse, who didn't live to see him Premier, "You know I married you for your money, my dear." "That's true," she answered, "but if it were to be done over to-day you'd marry me for love?" "Indeed I would," adds Disraeli, closing the scene with a kiss. Could anything be sweeter or prettier?

Based upon the authoritative statement of the lady herself, Mr. Kebbel announces that down to a year before her death,

Madam Disraeli had expended from her own fortune one hundred thousand pounds—half a million dollars—toward the "promotion" of her husband. Here, for the first time, do we have an approximation of the cost of exploiting an ambitious young Briton!

An attempt is made to remove the general impression that Disraeli was always cynical. Mr. Kebbel asked a favor for a friend that brought this characteristic reply: "My acquaintance with Mr. —— was slight: he borrowed of me a not inconsiderable sum, but I never heard from him again. I do not overappreciate gratitude, nor am I inclined to be exacting in such matters."

This volume covers the field of British Toryism for the past fifty years. Mr. Kebbel's anecdotes of the Tory Clubs, Tory Journalism and Tory Sportsmen are like cloves in a choice Westphalia ham. Every prominent character of the Disraelian era figures in some incident. The cleverest words Thackeray uttered about great men were arranged thus: "They may be as mean on many points as you or I, but they carry their great air. They speak of common life more largely and generously than do common men. They regard the world with a manlier countenance and see its real features more fairly than do timid shufflers who only dare to look at life through blinkers." Such, we judge, is the view-point from which Mr. Kebbel, essayist and leader-writer, chose to study his political idol and patron. Long before he met the leader of the "Young England" coterie, Mr. Kebbel had placed upon a pedestal the author of "Vivian Gray" and "Coningsby." In his Liberal period, Disraeli hadn't much respect for the Established Church; but when he turned Tory he developed a powerful reverence therefor. Toryism had, as it still has, for corner-stone the indissolubility of the relations between Church and State. Thus it happens that when "Sybil" appeared, its author was seen to have swung into line with Anglicanism. Gladstone always had been an adherent of the Church founded by Henry VIII,—a monarch for whose morals and those of his Stuart successors Disraeli often expressed disgust. A feature of Disraeli's career that Lord Rowton overlooks is brought out by Kebbel. For more than a hundred years, Disraeli claimed, the Government had been secretly or openly directed by a few great families, some of whose members had contrived to effect lodgment in whatever Ministry was in power. Dis-

raeli frankly preferred a real monarchy to a sham one, like that existent during the reigns of the first and second Georges, at which period, he declared, the Sovereign was nothing more than a Doge! Such views were the guide of his life from the hour in which he became a Tory until he created his Sovereign "Empress of India."

The domestic incidents of this wonderful man's life will chiefly interest the American reader. At his home, Disraeli would stand for hours, with his back to a log fire, talking or in deep thought. His hands were generally placed upon his hips, an attitude that recalls the late Governor Tilden as seen in the executive-room of the old brown-stone Capitol at Albany. A warm personal friendship, we are assured, always existed between Disraeli and Gladstone. However caustic these men's tongues might be in referring to each other on the floor of the House of Commons, Disraeli in private always spoke with admiration of his great rival. Lady Beaconsfield told Mr. Kebbel that after a particularly acrimonious passage at arms in the House, Gladstone would always call at Grosvenor Gate "just to show that he bore no malice."

Disraeli was an admirer of men of the Lord John Russell type,—"men with pluck enough for twenty." To indulge his humor, says Kebbel, Disraeli in all stages of his career was "fond of talking about great men and great times, without express references to his contemporaries. I have heard him speak highly of Atterbury and his offer to proclaim James III in his lawn sleeves. This was the kind of daring,—the nothing-venture-nothing-have principle,—that appealed to him." And then Kebbel adds a fine touch: "I dare say he may have repeated to himself on one or two occasions Atterbury's exclamation, 'Here's the finest cause in Europe lost for want of spirit!'" Thus we behold, outlined as in black and white, the character of Beaconsfield! There are scores of such side-lights in this volume. In his earlier career, for example, Disraeli had been a writer for the newspapers, and to the day of his death he clung to the belief that he would have made a great editor. He was constantly threatening to found "an organ of deep thought." Several American exploiters of the "long-felt want" could have enlightened my Lord of Beaconsfield.

JULIUS CHAMBERS.

WORLD-POLITICS.

PARIS: WASHINGTON.

PARIS, *August, 1907.*

FOR three blissful months, there will be no sitting of the Chamber, few Cabinet meetings, no political case in the courts, nothing loud, nothing feverish in a country that is nearly always under high pressure. The only thing to remind us that we live in a republican land, whose citizens have a right to interfere in public affairs, will be a few after-dinner speeches, and they will be so dignified, so moderate, so much in the tone of the Peace Conference that they will seem unreal and leave us at liberty to dream that ours is a country in which it is always afternoon. Let us, then, let politics alone, as they let us, and take a quiet survey of the literary commonwealth.

Is it a mistake to imagine that we are nearly always less drawn to the classics of a modern literature than to the exponents of its latest and too often tawdry development? Certainly, there is more talk in Paris about Oscar Wilde than about Shakespeare, —though "Julius Cæsar" narrowly missed being the play of the year,—and somehow I am under an impression that so much attention was accorded in English-speaking countries to the realism of Zola and the decadentism of Verlaine and Mallarmé that for a time, in England and America, French Literature was identified with their names. It is, I am afraid, a common error of all who wish to delve under the surface to mistake at first singularity for rarity, and the admiration of a clique for the promise of fame. Others than foreigners are taken in by appearances. It takes an exceptionally good head or long experience to detect charlatanism, crudeness or obviousness under a pompous or abstruse theory of art. How was one to suspect, until his note-books were published, that such a prolific and, in

some respects, powerful writer as Zola had worked out his theory of the naturalistic novel from the cheapest text-books? Could any one who came near such a fascinating talker as Mallarmé imagine that his symbolism was moonshine, and that less than ten years after his death his sealed book would no longer be a source of wonderment, but one of endless merriment? A novelist who only aims at telling stories and a poet who is content with writing verse are easily classed: but when they talk Darwinian or Wagnerian profundities over their songs or puppets, one is only too apt to credit them with an overawing philosophy.

The fact is that, excepting some three or four hundred lines of Verlaine's, which forcibly recall about as many of Villon's, and which will live by very much the same charm, the rest of the decadent production was admired exclusively by impostors who called themselves initiated, and has totally and forever disappeared from our literature.

As to Zola, even in his lifetime, he had been given up, with unnecessary publicity, by the brothers Margueritte and many more of his disciples, who felt that there was enough in them to make their writings literature and not literary documents.

The Parnassian School has also become practically a thing of the past. Who has not read with pleasure some highly wrought jewel—like a Sonnet of Heredia's,—or admired the cunning with which Le Comte de Lisle succeeded in making words act on the mind like sculpture? But who has not also promptly felt a surfeit of those effects, when, page after page, he met with the same glittering or embossed epithets, and never a tone of human tenderness? And who ever tried his hand at an imitation of those polished pieces but did not find at once that their apparent finish was easier than Musset's carelessness?

The transformation in French poetry during the past fifteen years is certainly in the right direction. When you ask a coming man what school he belongs to, he may tell you that, until he was twenty, he theorized with M. Ernest Lajeunesse or M. St.-Georges Bouhélier; but the smile on his lips leaves you no doubt that these youthful predilections appear to him at present like the blind efforts of a chrysalis to escape from its coccoon. The fact is he belongs to no school, and M. St.-Georges Bouhélier himself, the moment he ceased to talk about the works he was to produce, and did produce some work, lost not only his disciples

and schools, but his very principles, and he is at present humbly and honestly trying to rise from the theatres on the "Boulevard Extérieur" to those which he used to revile when he was young and *nil* and famous. There is no chance to-day for a literary theory founded on a more abstruse principle than that man takes most interest in man.

I was reading, the other day, in the "*Mercure de France*"—which is still one of the best French literary magazines and the most open to all sorts of sincere efforts—an article by Tancrède de Vizan, in which were set forth the ideals of what is called "the new symbolism." What is the good of giving such a name to such a simple thing? The new symbolist's creed consists in avoiding the systematic appearance of both Parnassians and Decadents in talking no jargon, and seeking to express all the soul's attitudes, including specially the most evanescent.

One may regret that the stress should be laid on the expression of rare and elusive mental states, as if Othello were coarse compared with Hamlet. The pleasure of catching glimpses of "soul landscapes" by infinitely quick flashes is not quite wholesome yet, and the result is that a great deal of these young men's poetry looks like Loti done into verse. Still, perfect sincerity and the broadest outlook are what they recommend, and this ideal entails industry, honesty and intelligence, and must some day result in the production of really human works. What draws the public to the poems of, for instance, the Countess of Noailles? Certainly the boldness of her defiant paganism, but, above all, a few sparks of sincere emotion springing, in a few passages, from under her awkward or pretentious expression. The same ought to be said of Henri de Régnier, and of his numerous disciples. The public taste is rapidly ceasing to be in favor of all over-refinement, of the elaborately obscene, the quaintly graceful reminding one of a minuet, the would-be profound, and is reverting unconsciously to the manly realism of the classics and the Greeks.

I have no doubt that one most powerful poet, a man with a wonderful range of emotion and a unique culture, appreciated so far by only the few best judges, Auguste Angellier, will soon force his plain and strong ideal on the rising generation.

This simplification is especially remarkable in the prose of the last twenty years. It is in vain that the average French writer

aims or pretends to aim at depth, vast erudition or even extensive experience. His native qualities are the common sense and lucidity of expression which are the universally acknowledged groundwork of the best French literature. When he tries to put on German philosophy or Anglo-Saxon imagery, he soon looks obscure, turgid and affected.

It is this revenge of the classic spirit on romantic affectation that we are witnessing. Renan, whose object was always to impress his reader with an idea that he only thought of the matter of his books, and never of their form, felt that his best chance of being original was to return to a quiet, direct style of writing, and to seek the picturesque effect which the modern man requires everywhere by the skilful use of a very few adjectives. His unparalleled success was a lesson eagerly learned by such men as Jules Lemaître and Anatole France, the latter, especially, who has made for himself a language of Greek simplicity, but composed, like the metal of Corinth, of the best in our classical periods, and of admirable flexibility.

This pupil of many masters has won numberless disciples, and the lovers of French literature ought to thank him for the almost universal return to honesty and charity which gives at present an antediluvian appearance to what is left of decadent sophistication. It is a fact that more than one writer who had squandered his talents in trying to give them the appearance of genius has had the sense to forswear grandiloquence and to adopt the honest expression under which pretentiousness cannot be hidden, but strength appears more manly. There is no more notable instance than Maurice Barrès: it will always be pointed out as a most unfortunate mistake that a man who might have been the Châteaubriand of his age should have waited until he was famous to condescend to be intelligible.

There seems to be every reason to suppose that French literature is on the way to complete recovery from the disease of affectation, systems and formulas, or in one word, which is convenient if properly understood, of romanticism. Sincerity, submission to nature, the large realism of the classics, in short, have a charm of their own—far superior to mere literature,—too great to be easily forgotten. Men will think of living before writing, and also while writing; they will become more and more aware of the unnaturalness of being "literary animals"; they will try to be,

above all, men in the full sense of the word, making literature subserve higher interest than itself.

But is it possible to do more than anticipate this revival? Are there any signs that it is already beginning? In short, is it possible to name the great men of to-morrow? This question must unfortunately be answered in the negative. Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Musset, Michelet and Quinet had risen above the horizon before they were thirty years of age, and had given proofs of the versatility and facility which are among the characteristics of genius. Many of their elders named the direction they were following, but nobody said they were not taking giant's strides. There is no undoubted talent of this order in the rising literary generation. Every now and then one is arrested by a work of considerable value from an unknown pen, but nearly always the youthful talent proves to be less promise of further and higher achievements than precocious cleverness and skilful management. The writer ages without seeming to become older; I mean riper and richer. This was the case with M. Marcel Prévost, with M. Rod, with the poet Depont, with many others. It was especially the case with Léon Daudet, the son of the famous novelist, who startled the world with three or four works of powerful satire before he was thirty years old, and at nearly forty still looks physically and mentally the buoyant, promising lad who was to take his father's place. All these men reach the second rank on their first flight, but never rise higher. Their initial success is possibly the reason of their final failure: untimely popularity dazzles them, society pets them, and they promptly lose the notion of effort in the dim consciousness that cleverness is a good substitute for intrinsic merit.

Meanwhile, as I was saying, most—or I should say, nearly all—of the works worth the attention of a few months bear names which one is frightened to think will soon be those of veterans: Bourget, Loti, Barrès, France, Rod, Prévost. And year after year those works undergo an influence conspicuous, above all, on the stage, and more moral than literary. The success of Ibsen's plays tends to convert novelist as well as playwright into a director of conscience and a preacher or a politician with an infallible nostrum. Even such men as M. Lavedan and M. Donnay, who used to think of nothing except amusement, have gradually been compelled to follow M. Brieux and M.

Hervieu, and go into psychological cases with most edifying gravity and—it should be added—with as much talent as when their ideal was no higher than the "*Vie Parisienne.*"

So M. Bourget is anti-Dreyfusist and writes on behalf of the royalist claims; M. France is Dreyfusist and lends the charm of his style to the Socialist dreams; M. Bazin is provincial and Catholic; M. Barrès sticks to his poetical nationalism, while M. Rod and M. Prévost take hold of every question of interest and dramatize it with undoubted skill.

Everything considered, it is not impossible that Loti, France—the France of the sceptical early studies,—and, above all others, Rostand, the most genuine artist of them all, should appear, in the judgment of posterity, as the only representatives of this age, which, however, is full of promise; and in any event we ought to hail with gratitude a movement substituting the honesty, wit and large human kindness of a J. Lemaître for the abracadabra of a Mallarmé.

WASHINGTON, *August, 1907.*

IN the absence of the President and most of the heads of Departments, August is apt to be a dull month at the Federal capital; but this year there is no dearth of interesting topics for discussion. For instance, the conspicuous and useful part played by the American delegation at The Hague is viewed with lively satisfaction. We have formerly pointed out the wisdom of selecting such experienced diplomatists as ex-Ambassador Choate and ex-Ambassador Porter for a difficult and delicate task. It will be no fault of theirs if the second Peace Conference—which really was called by our Government, though, out of deference to the Tsar, the convoker of its predecessor, he was requested to issue the invitations in his name—shall prove entirely abortive. It has already been shown conclusively that the primary object for which both assemblages were supposed to meet—that, namely, of lessening the burdens imposed upon European taxpayers by enormous military and naval armaments—has even less chance of being attained in 1907 than it had in 1899. That the question is far from being ripe is evident from the fact that no definite proposal to the end in view has even been propounded. Sir Edward Fry of the British delegation, who had the matter in charge, and who came with high hopes to The Hague, has

become convinced of the impossibility of effecting any real progress towards retrenchment, and, in his discouragement, has fallen back on a resolution carefully restricted to the expression of a wish that the Conference would not openly abjure the desire for an adjustment of outlay on preparations for warfare to the respective resources and requirements of the nations concerned, but continue to proclaim it at least an abstract ideal, to be compassed perhaps hereafter under more propitious circumstances. As none of the Powers was committed to anything by such an empty declaration, it was approved with edifying unanimity, and Sir Edward Fry was left to explain to outside philanthropists the disconcerting miscarriage of his exemplary design. While, moreover, the spokesmen of the British Government will have no positive achievement to their credit, they will have to account to the humanitarian section of their countrymen for their too successful opposition to Mr. Choate's proposal to mitigate the losses and sufferings from war, by providing that hereafter the private property of belligerents, no less than of neutrals, should, unless contraband, be exempt from seizure at sea. The British alternative, to wit, the abolition of contraband, was naturally inadmissible, because such an innovation would enable a neutral to carry arms and ammunition, as well as coal and food supplies, to any belligerent port which did not happen to be blockaded. As for Germany, Austria, Italy, France, Russia and Japan, each of these great Powers refrained from asking for any important change in the existing law of nations. Amid such apathy, the second Peace Conference would doubtless have adjourned some time ago, but for the grim determination of ex-Ambassadors Choate and Porter to pluck at least some measure of success out of the jaws of what, apparently, was destined to prove derisory defeat. General Porter, for his part, has persisted in trying to secure the unanimous sanction required for the insertion in international law of the Drago Doctrine in a modified form, a doctrine, that is to say, permitting the employment of force for the collection of contractual obligations, but only after a debtor-State has refused to conform to the decision of arbitrators. The general acceptance of this principle would obviously lessen to a considerable extent the recourse to warfare as a method of compelling the payment of an unadjudicated claim asserted by a strong State against a weak one. Had such a principle been

a part of the Law of Nations two decades ago, Egypt could not have been seized and its revenues sequestrated for the benefit of European creditors until the exact amount of the sums advanced should have been ascertained by an international and disinterested board of arbitration. Neither would Great Britain, Germany and Italy have been permitted, in 1902, to bombard Venezuelan seaports and confiscate a third of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, except for the specific purpose of satisfying claims pronounced valid by an impartial tribunal. It is also obvious that the peace of the world would be materially promoted, if Mr. Choate should succeed in obtaining unanimous assent to the establishment of a permanent and distinguished court of arbitration at The Hague, to which no Power could refuse to submit a controversy (not involving its vital interest or its honor) lest it should seem to defy enlightened and humane public opinion. According to the latest telegrams, Mr. Choate's prospect of attaining his end is decisively brighter than it looked a fortnight, or even a week, ago.

The notion, apparently held by President Roosevelt and his Attorney-General, that the amazing drop in the prices of the standard securities quoted on the New York Stock Exchange, which has recently occurred, could take place without producing any effect on the industrial situation, or on the prestige of the existing Administration, will not bear close examination. Let us mark, for example, the inevitable influence of such a phenomenal decline in the value of securities on American railways, considered as consumers of iron and steel. It should be patent that, at the current quotations for stocks and bonds held normally in the highest repute, no railway would deem it expedient to issue new securities, or borrow on notes large sums of money for the purpose of extending its trackage or replenishing its rolling stock. It would wait for better times, or, in other words, for a season when its promises to pay, embodied in new issues of bonds or stocks, would regain the confidence of investors. The demand of railways for iron and steel products being thus reduced to a minimum, the output of the iron and steel producers would necessarily be contracted. What is true of this industry is true of every kind of manufacture. Even to agriculture the constriction would be communicated in the end, because the means of transportation, which even last year proved inadequate, would

this year be even more deplorably unequal to the demand of cultivators. So intricate, indeed, and inextricable, are the relations of the applications of capital and labor to the state of the money-market, whereof a stock exchange is the barometer, that it is impossible for a grave unsettlement of values not to cause, if prolonged, a more or less serious approach to a paralysis of a nation's industries. When such a paralysis occurs, and, with a fair show of justice or probability, can be traced to Federal interference with the normally automatic functions of finance and business—as it could be traced in 1837, and again in 1893—it is impossible that the credit and prestige of the Administration, really or ostensibly responsible for the disturbance, should not be sensibly impaired. There is reason to believe that, had Andrew Jackson, the real author of the crisis of 1837, been nominated, instead of Van Buren, for the Presidency in 1840, he would have been beaten, though, perhaps, not so disastrously as was his lieutenant in the Hard Cider campaign. It will also be recalled that Grover Cleveland, who swept the country in 1892, could scarcely find a single delegate to do him reverence in the Democratic National Convention four years later. In the light of these precedents, we seem justified in predicting that, if a financial and industrial convulsion should occur between the present hour and November, 1908, not only Mr. Roosevelt, but Rooseveltism, would meet with a popular rebuke so peremptory and decisive that recovery would be impossible. In the eyes, therefore, of the President's critics, it is rapidly becoming a question of deep moment whether Rooseveltism will be found out in time.

For some years after 1898, when the sympathetic attitude of the British Government during our war with Spain presented a refreshing contrast to the ill-disguised unfriendliness of most of the Continental Powers, we strove to forget, and may almost be said to have succeeded in forgetting, the distrust of British motives and feelings planted in us by disclosure of them in the War of our Revolution, the War of 1812 and the War between the States. Americans on both sides of the Atlantic proceeded to celebrate with gushing fervor what they somewhat prematurely assumed to be an indissoluble union of hearts and indestructible reconsolidation of the English-speaking world. From this dream of recemented fraternity, never again to be

ruptured, we were awakened somewhat rudely by the Anglo-Japanese treaty, concluded on August 15th, 1905, wherein our British brethren seemed utterly to have overlooked the possible occurrence of a war between Japan and the United States in the Pacific. We say overlooked, because the British negotiators of that compact did not exclude the United States from the list of Powers against which they agreed to guarantee the territorial integrity of the Mikado's dominions. That is to say, while our Republic is by that treaty left to defend for itself the Philippines and Hawaii against Japanese aggression, we should be debarred by the British navy from retaliating in kind, should we happen to beat our enemy at sea, upon the Japanese archipelago. We could not but compare this curious lack of foresight or precaution on Britain's part, where our interests were concerned, with the unwavering court paid to us by the Berlin Government, and with the significant fact that, although France and Russia have followed England's example in interchanging guarantees with Japan, the German Empire has held itself aloof, and thus kept itself at liberty to offer us cooperation, should our interests in the Pacific be assailed by a Power astutely safeguarded against reprisal. The more that long-headed Americans reflect upon the possible consequences of Britain's close association with Japan, on the one hand, and of Germany's studious avoidance of any such intimate relation on the other, the more they feel constrained to ask themselves whether they were justified, three years ago, in treating Britain with absolute confidence, and the German Empire with coldness and indifference. It is perfectly certain that, unless the British people, which is improbable, should compel its Government to repudiate on our behalf the treaty of August 15th, 1905, with Japan, we might find ourselves, in an easily conceivable contingency, without a friend in the Pacific, except the German nation, and hampered in an effort adequately to punish Japan for a sudden seizure of an American dependency, because Great Britain would bar the way. Americans, in a word, can hardly be blamed if they have been driven by events to the conclusion that a European Power which really wishes to be looked upon as our best friend ought, before assuming the obligations of a treaty with one of our possible enemies, to consider with exceeding wariness its bearing on our national interests.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

Announcement.

ONE year ago we began the experiment of publishing THE REVIEW twice a month. In some respects the results have been satisfactory; in others not. A larger audience has been won, but the additional revenue derived from increased circulation has not equalled the greatly enhanced cost of production. Moreover, our busy American people seem not only to be satisfied with, but to prefer, a Monthly to a Fortnightly REVIEW. The progress of the past year we attribute less to frequency of publication than to excellencies attained by increased expenditure of energy and money. Few, if any, of our readers, we are convinced, will be displeased to learn that, from this date forward, THE REVIEW will appear monthly in enlarged and improved form, as indicated by this initial number. Substantially the same amount of material will be furnished, new and attractive features will be added, and the price will be reduced to four dollars a year, and thirty-five cents a copy.

The Greed of Women.

WHILE admitting, as we must if honest in our minds, that women possess the greater portion of the goodness of the world, we cannot deny and should not overlook the patent truth that they are responsible also for nearly, if not quite, all of the evil practices prevalent among men. It is certainly trite and perhaps idle to hark back to the original example in the garden, but there is surely an unmistakable symptom in the unbroken continuance of a tendency which cannot rightfully be ignored. Montaigne noted it in the case of the woman who grossly purloined from her husband, that, as she told her confessor, she might distribute more liberal alms—"as if," the philosopher

adds, disdainfully, "anybody would believe a word of this religious dispensation."

The fact, however, remains to this day that the dominance in the feminine mind of intuition over reason produces like paradoxes in morals, and is largely responsible for the trials and tribulations now being experienced in this curiously and somewhat causelessly unhappy land. Envy, it is true, lies at the root of our trouble; but, oddly enough, envy not of the rich who hold, but of the rich who give. Men continue to amass great fortunes and keep them to themselves or bequeath them to their own, and die uncensured by their fellows, to pass to their just rewards or punishments elsewhere; it is upon those who are suspected of purloining from the people in order that they may distribute more liberal alms, that the wrath of the populace is now visited. Undoubtedly instinctive resentment of the double gratification thus obtained—of first acquiring and then bestowing—constitutes the chief cause of this quite general disapproval; but it is clearly the fault, as we have indicated, of intuition inherited from woman rather than of the reasoning faculty granted by the Maker, for some purpose known only to Himself, to man.

Greed lies at the bottom—woman's greed, transmitted to her unfortunate sons. We cast no aspersions nor would we contemplate for a moment indulgence in complacent crimination; we merely state the truth as it seems to the dispassionate observer. Indeed, to us the exceptional greed of woman, painful but necessary to record, has ever seemed one of the most attractive qualities of a being so complex that only divinity itself would have had the hardihood to fetch it into existence. It corresponds in no sense to the gluttony of man in respect to food or drink or the avarice of man as to worldly goods. We have never known a woman who could not, for appearance' sake, curb her appetite for fattening condiments with comparative ease; she, too, is a notable exception who fails to reduce mere money more closely than a man could possibly do to its proper place in relationship with other desirable possessions. Not that the woman is by nature the more generous; far from it; as to small things she is stingy; but in large ways her intuition is broader, wiser and inductive of finer sacrifice of self than the more reflective trait of the average man.

A woman of Ardea, according to Machiavelli, refused to con-

sent to the marriage of her rich daughter with a plebeian whose suit was favored by the young woman's guardians, and thereby stirred up strife between the classes to such a point that the lowly born appealed to the Volscians, and the nobility to the Romans, for aid. Savage warfare ensued, and when finally the Romans triumphed all the chiefs of what they were pleased to regard as the sedition were put to death. Whereupon the philosopher sadly reflects that: "first, we see that women have been the cause of great dissensions and much ruin to states, and have caused great damage to those who govern them." What became of the girl and her dowry he fails to record, and at this late day, though regretfully, we may perhaps admit the unprofitableness of searching inquiry.

The real point lies in the fact that the sagacious adviser of princes was disposed to reprehend the mother for insisting upon wedding her daughter to a noble. We behold similar examples to this day and smile occasionally at exhibitions of overweening social ambition; but, after all, only the motive deserves consideration. Then, as often happens now, the mother realized that she was subjecting herself to ridicule, but she was quite ready and willing to assume that burden for the sake of her child. Despite the disastrous results, therefore, her act, considered by itself, was noble.

So it is with the greed of woman generally. It is more inordinate than that of man, but it is never sordid and has its root almost invariably in devotion to one more beloved by her than herself. The only hunger, speaking broadly, she feels for self is for affection, and such greed, no less than that for the best that can be had for one's own, is, we maintain, not material, but truly spiritual and therefore worthy of God's lesser creatures.

Touch Not, Taste Not, Handle Not!

THE unusual prominence for the moment accorded by the public mind to the use of spirituous liquors as a topic of discussion is directly attributable to two widely divergent causes, the first being the surprising wave of prohibitory legislation that is sweeping over our Southern States, and the second, unfortunately, the individual action of a conspicuous candidate for the position of Chief Magistrate in offering to his guests a mixture

chiefly of gin and bitters vulgarly and unjustifiably designated as a cocktail. The prohibitory laws being enacted in the South are brought into being to avert the inevitable effect of strong drink upon the weak intellects of negroes, and are warranted, undoubtedly, as involving a practical precaution against the arousing of animal passions and the consequent commission of brutal crimes. The wide-spread criticism of the reported act of the eminent and exemplary citizen referred to, however, is based less upon practical than upon moral considerations, censure being expressed freely by fellow brethren in the church for the violation of what has come to be regarded by many, especially of the Methodist persuasion, as a tenet of the faith.

Many minds confound the laws of man with the laws of God, and this fact is responsible for wrong assumptions without number, but none probably so common as this, that the drinking of spirituous liquors is forbidden by Biblical authority. Excessive indulgence, indeed, is denounced in many passages as unwise, but hardly, except by inference, as sinful, and the practical Lemuel went so far as to distinguish in recommendation between wine as best for those that be "of heavy hearts," and "strong drink" for him that is "ready to perish," counselling even that such should "drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." In the days of the great temperance crusade in New England the ribald were wont to taunt the reformers with the statement that the Saviour turned water into wine, but the answer promptly given was to the effect that the water became only unfermented grape-juice, and then invariably came the stern admonition: "Touch not, taste not, handle not!" No single text in the Bible probably has been pressed into service more frequently than this; and surely the meaning of none has been so generally and completely perverted. The interesting fact is that, instead of making the prohibition as commonly interpreted, the Apostle distinctly forbade the Gentiles of Colossæ to observe the injunction uttered by another—probably the gnostic philosopher, whose teachings had so distressed the good Epaphras. A noted divine of Brooklyn, having been taken severely to task for hinting as much, makes no response, evidently fearing to impair his usefulness as a religious teacher by overturning a cherished tradition. Being ourselves, fortunately, unembarrassed by such apprehension, we are enabled, without prejudice or fear of con-

sequences, at least in this world, to make a presentation of the case, which should be as convincing as it will be brief and simple.

Despite the doubts expressed by Professors Oort and Kuenen respecting the authenticity of the Epistle to the Colossians, and their insistence that it must have been prepared by a disciple subsequent to the death of Paul, we may reasonably assume that it was written, as is generally supposed, by the Apostle himself while in prison in Rome, in response to an earnest appeal from Epaphras, who had sat under his teachings at Ephesus and, returning to Colossæ with Philemon and Archippus, had founded the true church. Success crowned their efforts, and for a time all was well; but presently specious teachers of false doctrines appeared and, being unable to cope with them, Epaphras hurried to Rome and induced Paul to write to the people directly, confirming and expanding the simple gospel which he and his companions had promulgated. The most adroit disturber, according to Conybeare and Howson, was an Alexandrian Jew, who abounded in precepts that seemed admirable and therefore likely to induce the subordination of religion to morals. It was this tendency which Paul undertook to counteract in the very fine epistle borne back to Colossæ by Tychicus. His purpose was to dissipate the clouds of philosophy or gnosis which depreciated dependence upon the Christ and, by warning the people against observance of Jewish ceremonials, to win them back to the simple faith. To accomplish his intent, it was necessary to make a sharp distinction between spiritual and material excellencies, exalting the one and, for the sake of contrast, deprecating the other. Hence the much-quoted phrase, as presented in the Authorized Version (Chapter II), thus:

20. Wherefore, if ye be dead with Christ from the rudiments of the world, why, as though living in the world, are ye subject to ordinances,
21. (Touch not; taste not; handle not;
22. Which all are to perish with the using;) after the commandments and doctrines of men?

Or, according to the Revised Version:

20. If ye died with Christ from the rudiments of the world, why, as though living in the world, do ye subject yourselves to ordinances,
21. Handle not, nor taste, nor touch
22. (all which things are to perish in the using), after the precepts and doctrines of men?

In each of these versions, in conformity with custom, the phrase appears in a separate verse, and has been freely quoted as if in fact a segregated injunction. The free translation by Conybeare and Howson puts it more connectedly, thus:

> **If, then, when you died with Christ, you put away the childish lessons of outward things, why, as though you still lived in outward things, do you submit yourselves to decrees ("hold not, taste not, touch not—forbidding the use of things which are all made to be consumed in the using) founded in the precepts and doctrines of men?**

In other words, if they were indeed true Christians and dead with Christ (*i. e.*, dead to the world), they needed pay no heed to specious moral precepts because necessarily their living would be righteous, and the giving of undue attention to things "consumed in the using," such as meat and drink, would serve only to confuse and distract the mind from consideration of inward grace and spiritual life. That a doctrine so true and pure and exalted should be distorted into a specific prohibition of the use of spirituous liquors is surely no more creditable to modern intelligence than the frequent attempts to find warrant for their use in the Apostle's admonition to take "a little wine for thy stomach's sake," when as a matter of fact no general application was intended—nothing, in fact, beyond a wise and sympathetic suggestion to his friend Timothy, who was dyspeptic, to avoid the use of water and substitute a fluid more readily digested.

We shall pursue this phase of the subject at this time no further than to add that persons incapable of reading with understanding should carefully refrain from drawing from the Bible misleading quotations, whose possible detection cannot fail to create in open minds serious misgivings respecting the teachings of the entire Book.

The Folly of Worry, and Its Cure.

BEING human, happily or unhappily, we cannot deny the comfort to be found in the reflection that misery never lacks the company it loves. We all have our troubles, and some of us derive much satisfaction from the contemplation of them. Indeed, there are those who are happy only when wretched; but these we believe to be as few in number as they are disagreeable in association; the vast majority of humans are normal, and

disposed, therefore, in conformity with natural law, to smile when the skies are clear and to grieve under the portent of clouds. Hence the ease with which worry takes possession of the mind, colors the disposition and makes a cripple of effort. That causes abound we know and must admit, as we do almost unconsciously the certainty of death; but too little cognizance is taken of the fact that the effect of mere apprehension, which is all that worry really is, may be subjected to simple mental treatment and be overcome.

We would undertake, first, to demonstrate the folly of worry. This may seem supererogatory, but it is wise always to place well the foundation of the simplest proposition and yet more important to make plain the substantial advantages to be gained from heeding a suggestion. As a force, then, worry is purely negative and therefore destructive; it never incites; it always discourages, because back of it is fear—fear, not of something in view, but of the terrifying unseen. It is the nightmare of day, cruelly absorptive of mental and physical energies and, of all diseases, the most nerve-lacerating. Such a force obviously cannot help, but must necessarily hinder, the removal of obstacles, since itself has already sapped the very qualities essential to success and broken the power of resolution.

Moreover, constant brooding often brings to pass the very thing dreaded, which otherwise would not have happened. We all have noted instances of the making up of a story from nothing, and its telling and retelling so many times that ultimately the author himself honestly believes it to be true. So with worry, beginning with doubt and mere imaginings, proceeding by steady stages through more definite apprehension to settled expectation, and finally culminating in actual realization. Even though this conclusion be not reached, it often happens that a mere fancy feeds and feeds and grows and grows, until the continuous thought becomes so dominant that the effect of the dread becomes as harmful as that of the unfulfilled reality would have been.

Yet more serious is the deprivation of aid from others brought about by the transference of impression. In these days of co-operation, none except possibly our Chief Magistrate is capable of really great accomplishment single-handed; each is dependent consciously or unconsciously upon his fellows. It is essential, therefore, to maintain the effectiveness of the helpful forces

which must be drawn upon from that source. Instead of doing this, as some suppose, by creating sympathy, worry exercises a directly contrary influence by self-communication to other minds.

"It is now a thoroughly established scientific fact," says Doctor Leander Edmund Whipple, "that an Image clearly formed in mind may be transferred to other minds by direct reflection. Through this action the other mind receives the impression and begins to think the same idea."

Therefore, the learned metaphysicist concludes: one who permits the imaging faculty to picture a dread in thought form immediately arouses the mental activity of his associates, and "puts into operation the most powerful forces of earthly life for the speedy destruction of his own hopes and desires. So worry," he logically concludes, and we may now agree, "is always ill-advised."

But can it be avoided or overcome? Is the disease curable without divine interposition? Undoubtedly, if the theory of thought-transference be accepted as indeed an established scientific fact, because surely an Image tending upward can be communicated as freely—if not, in fact, with greater readiness, because of the larger receptivity for that which is pleasing—as an Image tending downward. Thus, clearly, there may be brought into action for success those very forces which worry excites for ruin—forces which may or may not be irresistible, but certainly are, as the wise doctor observes, the most potent of earthly life and, consequently, all that we poor humans can summon to our aid, unless we adopt the effeminate practice of those silly persons who constantly annoy the Almighty by beseeching Him to tide them over their petty difficulties. Not that their troubles seem slight to them; far from it; invariably they are more serious than any others' can possibly be; but the mere certainty that, if God should stamp them out personally, instead of leaving such work, as He does and ought, to nature, other trials of no less consequence would promptly arise, shows clearly enough that, in reality, all individual tribulation is trifling.

Occasional reflection upon this great truth will do much to drive away the bad fairy and open the way out of despondency; but better yet is constant realization that one can do for either himself or others only that which lies within him to perform, and, having satisfied himself on that score, he possesses an in-

alienable right to disregard all possible consequences, and need give them no more consideration than a sagacious person accords idle speculation as to whether, when he awakes, he will find himself in heaven or in hell. Supplement knowledge of the recognized folly of regret with appreciation of the fact that worry is never over actual, but always over imaginary, ills, and is therefore as unnecessary as it is unwise and inefficient, and a long step will be taken towards the definite elimination of the chief bane of mankind.

For ourselves, too, in these nerve-racking days of turmoil and strife, we find distinct advantage in occasionally emulating the example of a great Peacham philosopher, who, when asked how he maintained his exceptional composure, slowly and sagely replied: "Sometimes I set and think, and sometimes I just set."

Love, Fiction and Learned Ladies.

WHEN learned ladies discourse upon love we invariably pay strict attention and find much advantage in so doing,—less, we confess, on account of the instruction thus acquired than from the opportunity to study the subtlety with which barbs are forged for sisters not so fully endowed with knowledge. It was with no little zest, therefore, that we opened a contemporary periodical bearing on its title-page the name of such an one as the author of an essay headed interrogatively, "Is Cupid a Convention?" Assuming that the name of the god was utilized chiefly to attract notice and that the discourse would be upon the thing itself, some disappointment met the discovery that the sole purpose of the learned lady was to make protest against comparative dominance of the tender passion in modern fiction. Briefly, as we make her out, if the writer had the construction of our novels, she would eliminate love as a motive, or even as an incidental feature, upon the ground that it has ceased to be a substantial influence and, in fact, no longer holds, except for the adolescent, any appreciable interest.

Womanlike, and for no particular purpose that we can discover, other, perhaps, than to justify a striking title, the author opens her rugged essay with an attack upon the god himself that seems to us little short of scurrilous. "Are we not obsessed," she cries impatiently in the very first paragraph, "by

an exaggerated worship? This fat child with a ribbon on—wingleted, and sometimes infelicitously crowned with a silk hat—is he not largely a convention, poetic and pictorial?" Now, quite aside from this reprehensible flippancy in treating of even a pagan deity, the serious misrepresentation conveyed by such a description merits stern rebuke. The true Eros symbolized much more than mere sickly sentimentality, as hinted by the learned lady; to the Spartans and Cretans he was the god of patriotism or love of country, and as such was accorded sacrifices previous to the commencement of a battle. Moreover, so far from being a chubby boy ridiculously and, to our nicer modern vision, inappropriately clad, he was represented as lithe of limb and graceful of form, a model of ripening youth—unquestionably the most attractive figure in the Attic school of sculpture. As the god of the love that operates in nature, he had participated in the creation of the world out of Chaos, and consequently occupied a position higher than that of his fellow deities, because it was he who swayed their passions no less than those of men. To depict him, then, as a little buffoon, as he appears in our comic papers, or as a mere trickster of human hearts, as he is found upon silly valentines, is unworthy of even a learned lady apparently prejudiced in favor of her own sex.

But this only in passing; we hold no brief for the "shirtless darling," Cupid; nor need we, nor any one; the very armor of his recognized attributes constitutes an impregnable defence against attacks from whatever source.

The chief complaint is of those who write and print the love-stories of to-day. Our censor continues:

"The simpler love-stories of earlier days now appeal only to children or to those whose novels are few and far between. Those who read many are inevitably wearied of a single monotonous theme, and demand other entertainment. The entertainer unfortunately knows no other theme, and finding his confection appeal but dully to the jaded palate, he forthwith adds to the strength of the concoction, makes it richer, hotter, more highly seasoned. For a while this held us, only to produce the same weariness by its ceaseless repetition. Then the distracted confectioner, knowing no dish but this, finding it no longer popular, either weak or strong, proceeds to let it grow sour and stale—ferment to beady foam or horrible decay. If we no longer want the love-story simple and easy, they give us the love-story complex and difficult. If we weary of it pleasant and satisfying, it becomes unpleasant and disappointing. If we tire of the natural and healthy, the virtuous and

normal, then appear the unnatural and diseased, the vicious and abnormal of every degree."

Herein lies truth undoubtedly, but by no means the whole truth. Mark Twain, Kipling, Stevenson and Stockton are but a few of those who have responded successfully to what the learned lady terms the call of progress. Indeed, she herself notes with satisfaction and as proof of her contention the favor won by "David Harum" and "Mrs. Wiggs," in cheery disregard of the fact that she is indicating, not novels, but pictures. The truth, of course, is that literature, like religion, science and life itself, is evolutionary. In the beginning, as Professor Brander Matthews concisely points out, fiction dealt with the Impossible —with wonders and mysteries as of the "Arabian Nights," with tales of chivalry like "Amadis of Gaul" and weird romances. Then came the Improbable, full of adventurous deeds, such as chain the imagination but never are performed. Followed the Probable of Balzac, Thackeray and Dickens, accompanied by the Inevitable as represented by the "Scarlet Letter," "Romola," "Smoke" and "Anna Karénina." Precisely where we stand today it would be difficult to determine; certain it is that the recent recrudescence of unduly chivalric tales has run its course and more substantial diet is demanded. May it not be possible that the reading public has become so large that there is no longer one, in the sense of having a common taste, and that desires, likes and dislikes are more diversified than ever before? If so, would it be the part of wisdom to discourage the building of fiction around the motive which still possesses the greatest power of attraction?

True, as the learned lady observes, ambition is now a mighty force and merits the attention of our skilled story-makers. But that is no recent development. Ambition has always been a potent influence—more potent invariably than love in the cases of those who have been most conspicuous in the world's history. There is nothing strange, for example, in the fact that one always thinks of the former and never of the latter in connection with our present President. The like was true of Alexander and of Pompey; and any schoolboy can tell which way Napoleon turned when forced to choose between the two. In Julius Cæsar love and ambition seemed to jostle each other with equal force. A beautiful person in himself, of a fair complexion, tall and spright-

ly, full-faced, with quick hazel eyes, according to Suetonius, all the great ladies, from the queens Cleopatra and Eunoe and the consorts of Pompey and Gabinius and Cassius, to the little sister of Cato, even his own four wives, we are told, loved him devotedly; but never for a minute of an hour did he step aside from an occasion that might conduce in any way to his advancement; and tales in plenty were written by himself and others of his conquests, but of armed men, not of susceptible hearts.

Again true, as our learned lady says, the scientific spirit is lifting us forward and religion is broadening and enlightening, but is it a fact that "Education does more to advance humanity in a century than does Master Cupid in a thousand years"? It is a harsh and uncompromising view, making of us all mere hewers of wood, reducing the most divine of our attributes to an utterly negligible quantity, disputing the ennobling influence of spirituality, and leaving to life itself naught else than the desolation of materialism as interpreted by science. Such is not advancement except in the minds of those unblessed with the finest of God's gifts to men and women—the love that makes the world go 'round and may ever, we trust, constitute the basis of our story-telling, though in no wise, of course, being barred as a topic of intellectual discourse among learned ladies who know less or more of that whereof they speak.

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

MARK TWAIN

For information concerning this distinguished contributor, the reader is referred to the body of the REVIEW.

DANIEL H. CHAMBERLAIN

An account of the life and an estimate of the character of the late ex-Governor Chamberlain will be found in a biographical sketch which precedes his article in this number.

GOLDWIN SMITH,

the venerable scholar, historian, critic and publicist, has enriched the pages of the REVIEW, at intervals, for many years, by contributions embodying his views and reflections upon subjects of public interest. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and he acted for some time as tutor in University College, of which he was elected a Fellow in 1847. In 1858 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and his tenure of that chair, which terminated in 1866, was distinguished by the delivery of a large number of lectures of extraordinary brilliancy which attracted the widest attention. On the opening of Cornell University, in 1868, having accepted the invitation tendered to him, he settled in the United States as Professor of English and Constitutional History in that institution. In 1871 he exchanged his post for that of a non-resident professorship. Among his works are "Irish History and Irish Character," "Lectures on Modern History," "Three English Statesmen —Cromwell, Pitt and Pym," and "A Short History of England down to the Reformation."

CHARLES E. WOODRUFF,

a native of Philadelphia, was educated at the High School in that city, at the Naval Academy and at Jefferson Medical College. After serving for a year or so in the navy as medical officer, he entered the army in 1887, and devoted himself to the practical study of military sanitation and all matters bearing upon the well-being of the soldier. His writings have appeared mostly in medical periodicals, and he has pub-

lished a scholarly book on "The Effects of Tropical Light on White Men"—an anthropological investigation of the reason why white soldiers break down in the tropics.

JOSEPH JASTROW,

professor of psychology in the University of Wisconsin, is a native of Poland. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1882, and was Fellow in psychology in Johns Hopkins University in 1885-6. In 1893 he was in charge of the psychological section of the World's Columbian Exposition, and in 1900 he was president of the American Psychological Association. Among his writings are "Time-Relations of Mental Phenomena" and "Fact and Fable in Psychology."

J. L. BASHFORD,

a graduate of Cambridge University, has devoted much attention to German conditions generally, and especially to the study of German naval policy. He wrote a chapter on "The German Navy" for "Brassey's Naval Annual" in 1905, and he has published a number of articles on the same subject. For eighteen years he was the Berlin correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph." He translated "The Hatzfeldt Letters" from the French originals, and he is the author of "Life and Labour in Germany" (reports of a deputation of six British workmen, whom he conducted through the chief industrial districts of Germany).

WILLIAM T. ELLIS

was educated in a printing-office, and has been engaged in journalism for many years. Having filled an editorial position on the Philadelphia "North American," he entered religious journalism, and for a few years edited the international Christian Endeavor organ, after which he had editorial charge, for some time, of a Presbyterian juvenile weekly entitled "Forward." Five years ago, returning to daily journalism, he joined the staff of the Philadelphia "Press." Mr. Ellis has written extensively for newspaper syndicates; for one of which he recently undertook an around-the-world journey, during which he spent eight months investigating conditions in Japan, Korea and China.

JULIA MAGRUDER,

whose lamented death occurred a few months ago, was a

native of Charlottesville in the Old Dominion. Her name has long been familiar to readers of the best modern American fiction. Among her most popular works are "Across the Chasm," "A Magnificent Plebeian," "The Princess Sonia," "The Child Amy," "Labor of Love," "The Violet," "Dead Selves," "Miss Ayr of Virginia," "A Realized Ideal," "A Heaven-Kissing Hill" and "Struan."

ELIZABETH BISLAND

(Mrs. Wetmore) is a Southerner by birth, and her earliest literary work was done for the New Orleans "Times Democrat." For some time she was on the editorial staff of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," and she has contributed frequently to the REVIEW. She is the author of "A Flying Trip around the World" and "A Candle of Understanding."

STEPHEN BONSAL

is a native of Virginia. He was educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and at Göttingen and Heidelberg in Germany. He served as special correspondent for the New York "Herald" in the Bulgarian-Servian war, also in Macedonia, in Morocco, in Cuba, and in the Far East.

AGNES LEE

was educated in Switzerland, though she was born in Chicago. She has translated the poems of Theophile Gautier into English verse and published poems from her own pen, one of the most striking of which, suggested by a tragic incident which occurred in Honolulu, appeared in the REVIEW.

MARQUIS LOUIS DE BEAUFRONT

is President and Founder of the "*Société française pour la propagation de l'Espéranto.*" No one in the Esperanto world is better known or speaks with more weight, except it be Dr. Zamenhof himself. Among Esperantists the Marquis is looked upon as the godfather of Esperanto, both on account of his works—which codify the language, so to speak—and because it is acknowledged that without him the new language could not have overcome the obstacles which at the outset barred the way. In articles or pamphlets he has met all the arguments in opposition to the idea of an international language in general and of Esperanto in particular; his magazine, "*L'Espérantiste*," is said to be in this respect a veritable mine of triumphant refutations. Nineteen years

of labor and of constant strife for Esperanto; thirty-two years consecrated to the idea of an international language; the abandonment of his own special system, "L'Adjuvanto" (L'Auxiliaire); and his other sacrifices on behalf of Esperanto,—all these have made the Marquis the object of a sort of veneration in the eyes of Esperantists. He has consented to be, with Dr. Zamenhof, Honorary President of the Esperanto Society founded by the REVIEW.

HENRY JAMES FORMAN

was graduated from Harvard, and then engaged in journalism in New York City. For some time he served on the staff of the New York "Sun," and also as political editor on "The Literary Digest." From October, 1905, to October, 1906, he was literary editor of "Appleton's Magazine," and he has contributed to the "Critic," "Bookman," "Collier's," etc. At present he is connected with the staff of the REVIEW.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

in one of the best known of living American authors. He was born in New Orleans in 1852, and studied at Columbia College, where he graduated in 1871. He was admitted to the New York bar, but he turned from law to literature, to which, for many years, he has devoted an indefatigable and versatile pen. In 1892, he was appointed Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University.

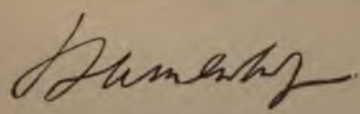
LAWRENCE GILMAN,

who was born in Flushing, New York, has been a frequent contributor to the REVIEW upon musical and literary subjects. He has been music critic of "Harper's Weekly" since 1901. Among his books are "Phases of Modern Music," "Edward MacDowell" (in the "Living Masters of Music" series), "The Music of To-morrow," "Stories of Symphonic Music" and analytical guides to Richard Strauss's opera "Salome" and Claude Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande."

JOSEPH H. COATES

was born in Philadelphia, in or near which city he has resided all his life with the exception of a year spent on the Western plains in early manhood. He is an alumnus of the University of Pennsylvania. He has written a number of essays and critiques, chiefly on historical and economic subjects.

Photo by Stearn.



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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY-XXIII*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the present year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated March 9, 1906.*] . . . I am talking of a time sixty years ago, and upwards. I remember the names of some of those schoolmates, and, by fitful glimpses, even their faces rise dimly before me for a moment—only just long enough to be recognized; then they vanish. I catch glimpses of George Robards, the Latin pupil—slender, pale, studious, bending over his book and absorbed in it, his long straight black hair hanging down below his jaws like a pair of curtains on the sides of his face. I can see him give his head a toss and flirt one of the curtains back around his head—to get it out of his way, apparently; really to show off. In that day it was a great thing among the boys to have hair of so flexible a sort that it could be flung back in that way, with a flirt of the head. George Robards was the envy of us all. For there was no hair among

(1845.)

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us that was so competent for this exhibition as his—except, perhaps, the yellow locks of Will Bowen and John Robards. My hair was a dense ruck of short curls, and so was my brother Henry's. We tried all kinds of devices to get these crooks straightened out so that they would flirt, but we never succeeded. Sometimes, by soaking our heads and then combing and brushing our hair down tight and flat to our skulls, we could get it straight, temporarily, and this gave us a comforting moment of joy; but the first time we gave it a flirt it all shrivelled into curls again and our happiness was gone.

John Robards was the little brother of George; he was a wee chap with silky golden curtains to his face which dangled to his shoulders and below, and could be flung back ravishingly. When he was twelve years old he crossed the plains with his father amidst the rush of the gold-seekers of '49; and I remember the departure of the cavalcade when it spurred westward. We were all there to see and to envy. And I can still see that proud little chap sailing by on a great horse, with his long locks streaming out behind. We were all on hand to gaze and envy when he returned, two years later, in unimaginable glory—*for he had travelled!* None of us had ever been forty miles from home. But he had crossed the Continent. He had been in the gold-mines, that fairyland of our imagination. And he had done a still more wonderful thing. He had been in ships—in ships on the actual ocean; in ships on three actual oceans. For he had sailed down the Pacific and around the Horn among icebergs and through snow-storms and wild wintry gales, and had sailed on and turned the corner and flown northward in the trades and up through the blistering equatorial waters—and there in his brown face were the proofs of what he had been through. We would have sold our souls to Satan for the privilege of trading places with him.

I saw him when I was out on that Missouri trip four years ago. He was old then—though not quite so old as I—and the burden of life was upon him. He said his granddaughter, twelve years old, had read my books and would like to see me. It was a pathetic time, for she was a prisoner in her room and marked for death. And John knew that she was passing swiftly away. Twelve years old—just her grandfather's age when he rode away on that great journey with his yellow hair flapping behind him.

In her I seemed to see that boy again. It was as if he had come back out of that remote past and was present before me in his golden youth. Her malady was heart disease, and her brief life came to a close a few days later.

Another of those schoolboys was John Garth. He became a prosperous banker and a prominent and valued citizen; and a few years ago he died, rich and honored. *He died.* It is what I have to say about so many of those boys and girls. The widow still lives, and there are grandchildren. In her pantalette days and my barefoot days she was a schoolmate of mine. I saw John's tomb when I made that Missouri visit.

Her father, Mr. Kercheval, had an apprentice in the early days when I was nine years old, and he had also a slave woman who had many merits. But I can't feel very kindly or forgivingly toward either that good apprentice boy or that good slave woman, for they saved my life. One day when I was playing on a loose log which I supposed was attached to a raft—but it wasn't—it tilted me into Bear Creek. And when I had been under water twice and was coming up to make the third and fatal descent my fingers appeared above the water and that slave woman seized them and pulled me out. Within a week I was in again, and that apprentice had to come along just at the wrong time, and he plunged in and dived, pawed around on the bottom and found me, and dragged me out and emptied the water out of me, and I was saved again. I was drowned seven times after that before I learned to swim—once in Bear Creek and six times in the Mississippi. I do not now know who the people were who interfered with the intentions of a Providence wiser than themselves, but I hold a grudge against them yet. When I told the tale of these remarkable happenings to Rev. Dr. Burton of Hartford, he said he did not believe it. *He slipped on the ice the very next year and sprained his ankle.*

Will Bowen was another schoolmate, and so was his brother, Sam, who was his junior by a couple of years. Before the Civil War broke out, both became St. Louis and New Orleans pilots. Both are dead, long ago.

[*Dictated March 16, 1906.*] We will return to those schoolchildren of sixty years ago. I recall Mary Miller. She was not my first sweetheart, but I think she was the first one that furnished me a broken heart. I fell in love with her

(1845.)

when she was eighteen and I was nine, but she scorned me, and I recognized that this was a cold world. I had not noticed that temperature before. I believe I was as miserable as even a grown man could be. But I think that this sorrow did not remain with me long. As I remember it, I soon transferred my worship to Artimisia Briggs, who was a year older than Mary Miller. When I revealed my passion to her she did not scoff at it. She did not make fun of it. She was very kind and gentle about it. But she was also firm, and said she did not want to be pestered by children.

And there was Mary Lacy. She was a schoolmate. But she also was out of my class because of her advanced age. She was pretty wild and determined and independent. But she married, and at once settled down and became in all ways a model matron and was as highly respected as any matron in the town. Four years ago she was still living, and had been married fifty years.

Jimmie McDaniel was another schoolmate. His age and mine about tallied. His father kept the candy-shop and he was the most envied little chap in the town—after Tom Blankenship ("Huck Finn")—for although we never saw him eating candy, we supposed that it was, nevertheless, his ordinary diet. He pretended that he never ate it, and didn't care for it because there was nothing forbidden about it—there was plenty of it and he could have as much of it as he wanted. He was the first human being to whom I ever told a humorous story, so far as I can remember. This was about Jim Wolfe and the cats; and I gave him that tale the morning after that memorable episode. I thought he would laugh his teeth out. I had never been so proud and happy before, and have seldom been so proud and happy since. I saw him four years ago when I was out there. He wore a beard, gray and venerable, that came half-way down to his knees, and yet it was not difficult for me to recognize him. He had been married fifty-four years. He had many children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and also even posterity, they all said—thousands—yet the boy to whom I had told the cat story when we were callow juveniles was still present in that cheerful little old man.

Artimisia Briggs got married not long after refusing me. She married Richmond, the stone mason, who was my Methodist Sunday-school teacher in the earliest days, and he had one dis-

tinction which I envied him: at some time or other he had hit his thumb with his hammer and the result was a thumb nail which remained permanently twisted and distorted and curved and pointed, like a parrot's beak. I should not consider it an ornament now, I suppose, but it had a fascination for me then, and a vast value, because it was the only one in the town. He was a very kindly and considerate Sunday-school teacher, and patient and compassionate, so he was the favorite teacher with us little chaps. In that school they had slender oblong pasteboard blue tickets, each with a verse from the Testament printed on it, and you could get a blue ticket by reciting two verses. By reciting five verses you could get three blue tickets, and you could trade these at the bookcase and borrow a book for a week. I was under Mr. Richmond's spiritual care every now and then for two or three years, and he was never hard upon me. I always recited the same five verses every Sunday. He was always satisfied with the performance. He never seemed to notice that these were the same five foolish virgins that he had been hearing about every Sunday for months. I always got my tickets and exchanged them for a book. They were pretty dreary books, for there was not a bad boy in the entire bookcase. They were *all* good boys and good girls and drearily uninteresting, but they were better society than none, and I was glad to have their company and disapprove of it.

Twenty years ago Mr. Richmond had become possessed of Tom Sawyer's cave in the hills three miles from town, and had made a tourist-resort of it. In 1849 when the gold-seekers were streaming through our little town of Hannibal, many of our grown men got the gold fever, and I think that all the boys had it. On the Saturday holidays in summer-time we used to borrow skiffs whose owners were not present and go down the river three miles to the cave hollow (Missourian for "valley"), and there we staked out claims and pretended to dig gold, panning out half a dollar a day at first; two or three times as much, later, and by and by whole fortunes, as our imaginations became inured to the work. Stupid and unprophetic lads! We were doing this in play and never suspecting. Why, that cave hollow and all the adjacent hills were made of gold! But we did not know it. We took it for dirt. We left its rich secret in its own peaceful possession and grew up in poverty and went wandering

(1849.)

about the world struggling for bread—and this because we had not the gift of prophecy. That region was all dirt and rocks to us, yet all it needed was to be ground up and scientifically handled and it was gold. That is to say, the whole region was a cement-mine—and they make the finest kind of Portland cement there now, five thousand barrels a day, with a plant that cost $2,000,000.

For a little while Reuel Gridley attended that school of ours. He was an elderly pupil; he was perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three years old. Then came the Mexican War and he volunteered. A company of infantry was raised in our town and Mr. Hickman, a tall, straight, handsome athlete of twenty-five, was made captain of it and had a sword by his side and a broad yellow stripe down the leg of his gray pants. And when that company marched back and forth through the streets in its smart uniform —which it did several times a day for drill—its evolutions were attended by all the boys whenever the school hours permitted. I can see that marching company yet, and I can almost feel again the consuming desire that I had to join it. But they had no use for boys of twelve and thirteen, and before I had a chance in another war the desire to kill people to whom I had not been introduced had passed away.

I saw the splendid Hickman in his old age. He seemed about the oldest man I had ever seen—an amazing and melancholy contrast with the showy young captain I had seen preparing his warriors for carnage so many, many years before. Hickman is dead—it is the old story. As Susy said, "What is it all for?"

Reuel Gridley went away to the wars and we heard of him no more for fifteen or sixteen years. Then one day in Carson City while I was having a difficulty with an editor on the sidewalk —an editor better built for war than I was—I heard a voice say, "Give him the best you've got, Sam, I'm at your back." It was Reuel Gridley. He said he had not recognized me by my face but by my drawling style of speech.

He went down to the Reese River mines about that time and presently he lost an election bet in his mining camp, and by the terms of it he was obliged to buy a fifty-pound sack of self-raising flour and carry it through the town, preceded by music, and deliver it to the winner of the bet. Of course the whole camp was present and full of fluid and enthusiasm. The winner

of the bet put up the sack at auction for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Fund, and sold it. The excitement grew and grew. The sack was sold over and over again for the benefit of the Fund. The news of it came to Virginia City by telegraph. It produced great enthusiasm, and Reuel Gridley was begged by telegraph to bring the sack and have an auction in Virginia City. He brought it. An open barouche was provided, also a brass band. The sack was sold over and over again at Gold Hill, then was brought up to Virginia City toward night and sold—and sold again, and again, and still again, netting twenty or thirty thousand dollars for the Sanitary Fund. Gridley carried it across California and sold it at various towns. He sold it for large sums in Sacramento and in San Francisco. He brought it East, sold it in New York and in various other cities, then carried it out to a great Fair at St. Louis, and went on selling it; and finally made it up into small cakes and sold those at a dollar apiece. First and last, the sack of flour which had originally cost ten dollars, perhaps, netted more than two hundred thousand dollars for the Sanitary Fund. Reuel Gridley has been dead these many, many years—it is the old story.

In that school were the first Jews I had ever seen. It took me a good while to get over the awe of it. To my fancy they were clothed invisibly in the damp and cobwebby mould of antiquity. They carried me back to Egypt, and in imagination I moved among the Pharaohs and all the shadowy celebrities of that remote age. The name of the boys was Levin. We had a collective name for them which was the only really large and handsome witticism that was ever born in that Congressional district. We called them "Twenty-two"—and even when the joke was old and had been worn threadbare we always followed it with the explanation, to make sure that it would be understood, "Twice Levin—twenty-two."

There were other boys whose names remain with me. Irving Ayres—but no matter, he is dead. Then there was George Butler, whom I remember as a child of seven wearing a blue leather belt with a brass buckle, and hated and envied by all the boys on account of it. He was a nephew of General Ben Butler and fought gallantly at Ball's Bluff and in several other actions of the Civil War. He is dead, long and long ago.

Will Bowen (dead long ago), Ed Stevens (dead long ago)

and John Briggs were special mates of mine. John is still living.

In 1845, when I was ten years old, there was an epidemic of measles in the town and it made a most alarming slaughter among the little people. There was a funeral almost daily, and the mothers of the town were nearly demented with fright. My mother was greatly troubled. She worried over Pamela and Henry and me, and took constant and extraordinary pains to keep us from coming into contact with the contagion. But upon reflection I believed that her judgment was at fault. It seemed to me that I could improve upon it if left to my own devices. I cannot remember now whether I was frightened about the measles or not, but I clearly remember that I grew very tired of the suspense I suffered on account of being continually under the threat of death. I remember that I got so weary of it and so anxious to have the matter settled one way or the other, and promptly, that this anxiety spoiled my days and my nights. I had no pleasure in them. I made up my mind to end this suspense and be done with it. Will Bowen was dangerously ill with the measles and I thought I would go down there and catch them. I entered the house by the front way and slipped along through rooms and halls, keeping sharp watch against discovery, and at last I reached Will's bed-chamber in the rear of the house on the second floor and got into it uncaptured. But that was as far as my victory reached. His mother caught me there a moment later and snatched me out of the house and gave me a most competent scolding and drove me away. She was so scared that she could hardly get her words out, and her face was white. I saw that I must manage better next time, and I did. I hung about the lane at the rear of the house and watched through cracks in the fence until I was convinced that the conditions were favorable; then I slipped through the back yard and up the back way and got into the room and into the bed with Will Bowen without being observed. I don't know how long I was in the bed. I only remember that Will Bowen, as society, had no value for me, for he was too sick to even notice that I was there. When I heard his mother coming I covered up my head, but that device was a failure. It was dead summer-time—the cover was nothing more than a limp blanket or sheet, and anybody could see that there were two of us

(1845.)

under it. It didn't remain two very long. Mrs. Bowen snatched me out of the bed and conducted me home herself, with a grip on my collar which she never loosened until she delivered me into my mother's hands along with her opinion of that kind of a boy.

It was a good case of measles that resulted. It brought me within a shade of death's door. It brought me to where I no longer took any interest in anything, but, on the contrary, felt a total absence of interest—which was most placid and enchanting. I have never enjoyed anything in my life any more than I enjoyed dying that time. I *was,* in effect, dying. The word had been passed and the family notified to assemble around the bed and see me off. I knew them all. There was no doubtfulness in my vision. They were all crying, but that did not affect me. I took but the vaguest interest in it, and that merely because I was the centre of all this emotional attention and was gratified by it and vain of it.

When Dr. Cunningham had made up his mind that nothing more could be done for me he put bags of hot ashes all over me. He put them on my breast, on my wrists, on my ankles; and so, very much to his astonishment—and doubtless to my regret—he dragged me back into this world and set me going again.

[*Dictated July 26, 1907.*] In an article entitled "England's Ovation to Mark Twain," Sydney Brooks—but never mind that, now.

I was in Oxford by seven o'clock that evening (June 25, 1907), and trying on the scarlet gown which the tailor had been constructing, and found it right—right and surpassingly becoming. At half past ten the next morning we assembled at All Souls College and marched thence, gowned, mortar-boarded and in double file, down a long street to the Sheldonian Theatre, between solid walls of the populace, very much hurrah'd and limitlessly kodak'd. We made a procession of considerable length and distinction and picturesqueness, with the Chancellor, Lord Curzon, late Viceroy of India, in his rich robe of black and gold, in the lead, followed by a pair of trim little boy train-bearers, and the train-bearers followed by the young Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was to be made a D.C.L. The detachment of D.C.L.'s were followed by the Doctors of Science, and these by the Doctors of

Literature, and these in turn by the Doctors of Music. Sidney Colvin marched in front of me; I was coupled with Sidney Lee, and Kipling followed us; General Booth, of the Salvation Army, was in the squadron of D.C.L.'s.

Our journey ended, we were halted in a fine old hall whence we could see, through a corridor of some length, the massed audience in the theatre. Here for a little time we moved about and chatted and made acquaintanceships; then the D.C.L.'s were summoned, and they marched through that corridor and the shouting began in the theatre. It would be some time before the Doctors of Literature and of Science would be called for, because each of those D.C.L.'s had to have a couple of Latin speeches made over him before his promotion would be complete —one by the Regius Professor of Civil Law, the other by the Chancellor. After a while I asked Sir William Ramsay if a person might smoke here and not get shot. He said, "Yes," but that whoever did it and got caught would be fined a guinea, and perhaps hanged later. He said he knew of a place where we could accomplish at least as much as half of a smoke before any informers would be likely to chance upon us, and he was ready to show the way to any who might be willing to risk the guinea and the hanging. By request he led the way, and Kipling, Sir Norman Lockyer and I followed. We crossed an unpopulated quadrangle and stood under one of its exits—an archway of massive masonry—and there we lit up and began to take comfort. The photographers soon arrived, but they were courteous and friendly and gave us no trouble, and we gave them none. They grouped us in all sorts of ways and photographed us at their diligent leisure, while we smoked and talked. We were there more than an hour; then we returned to headquarters, happy, content, and greatly refreshed. Presently we filed into the theatre, under a very satisfactory hurrah, and waited in a crimson column, dividing the crowded pit through the middle, until each of us in his turn should be called to stand before the Chancellor and hear our merits set forth in sonorous Latin. Meantime, Kipling and I wrote autographs until some good kind soul interfered in our behalf and procured for us a rest.

I will now save what is left of my modesty by quoting a paragraph from Sydney Brooks's "Ovation."

* * * * * *

Let those stars take the place of it for the present. Sydney Brooks has done it well. It makes me proud to read it; as proud as I was in that old day, sixty-two years ago, when I lay dying, the centre of attraction, with one eye piously closed upon the fleeting vanities of this life—an excellent effect—and the other open a crack to observe the tears, the sorrow, the admiration—all for me—all for me!

Ah, that was the proudest moment of my long life—until Oxford!

* * * * * *

Most Americans have been to Oxford and will remember what a dream of the Middle Ages it is, with its crooked lanes, its gray and stately piles of ancient architecture and its meditation-breeding air of repose and dignity and unkinship with the noise and fret and hurry and bustle of these modern days. As a dream of the Middle Ages Oxford was not perfect until Pageant day arrived and furnished certain details which had been for generations lacking. These details began to appear at mid-afternoon on the 27th. At that time singles, couples, groups and squadrons of the three thousand five hundred costumed characters who were to take part in the Pageant began to ooze and drip and stream through house doors, all over the old town, and wend toward the meadows outside the walls. Soon the lanes were thronged with costumes which Oxford had from time to time seen and been familiar with in bygone centuries—fashions of dress which marked off centuries as by dates, and mile-stoned them back, and back, and back, until history faded into legend and tradition, when Arthur was a fact and the Round Table a reality. In this rich commingling of quaint and strange and brilliantly colored fashions in dress the dress-changes of Oxford for twelve centuries stood livid and realized to the eye; Oxford as a dream of the Middle Ages was complete now as it had never, in our day, before been complete; at last there was no discord; the mouldering old buildings, and the picturesque throngs drifting past them, were in harmony; soon—astonishingly soon!—the only persons that seemed out of place, and grotesquely and offensively and criminally out of place were such persons as came intruding along clothed in the ugly and odious fashions of the twentieth century; they were a bitterness to the feelings, an insult to the eye.

The make-ups of illustrious historic personages seemed perfect,

both as to portraiture and costume; one had no trouble in recognizing them. Also, I was apparently quite easily recognizable myself. The first corner I turned brought me suddenly face to face with Henry VIII, a person whom I had been implacably disliking for sixty years; but when he put out his hand with royal courtliness and grace and said, "Welcome, well-beloved stranger, to my century and to the hospitalities of my realm," my old prejudices vanished away and I forgave him. I think now that Henry the Eighth has been over-abused, and that most of us, if we had been situated as he was, domestically, would not have been able to get along with as limited a graveyard as he forced himself to put up with. I feel now that he was one of the nicest men in history. Personal contact with a king is more effective in removing baleful prejudices than is any amount of argument drawn from tales and histories. If I had a child I would name it Henry the Eighth, regardless of sex.

Do you remember Charles the First?—and his broad slouch with the plume in it? and his slender, tall figure? and his body clothed in velvet doublet with lace sleeves, and his legs in leather, with long rapier at his side and his spurs on his heels? I encountered him at the next corner, and knew him in a moment—knew him as perfectly and as vividly as I should know the Grand Chain in the Mississippi if I should see it from the pilot-house after all these years. He bent his body and gave his hat a sweep that fetched its plume within an inch of the ground, and gave me a welcome that went to my heart. This king has been much maligned; I shall understand him better hereafter, and shall regret him more than I have been in the habit of doing these fifty or sixty years. He did some things in his time, which might better have been left undone, and which cast a shadow upon his name—we all know that, we all concede it—but our error has been in regarding them as crimes and in calling them by that name, whereas I perceive now that they were only indiscretions. At every few steps I met persons of deathless name whom I had never encountered before outside of pictures and statuary and history, and these were most thrilling and charming encounters. I had hand-shakes with Henry the Second, who had not been seen in the Oxford streets for nearly eight hundred years; and with the Fair Rosamond, whom I now believe to have been chaste and blameless, although I had thought differently about it before; and with

Shakespeare, one of the pleasantest foreigners I have ever gotten acquainted with; and with Roger Bacon; and with Queen Elizabeth, who talked five minutes and never swore once—a fact which gave me a new and good opinion of her and moved me to forgive her for beheading the Scottish Mary, if she really did it, which I now doubt; and with the quaintly and anciently clad young King Harold Harefoot, of near nine hundred years ago, who came flying by on a bicycle and smoking a pipe, but at once checked up and got off to shake with me; and also I met a bishop who had lost his way because this was the first time he had been inside the walls of Oxford for as much as twelve hundred years or thereabouts. By this time I had grown so used to the obliterated ages and their best-known people that if I had met Adam I should not have been either surprised or embarrassed; and if he had come in a racing automobile and a cloud of dust, with nothing on but his fig-leaf, it would have seemed to me all right and harmonious.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

SOME CONCLUSIONS OF A FREE-THINKER.

BY THE LATE D. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

It is deemed well that a document so personal as is the following should have a brief prefatory sketch of the main events of its author's career and the more salient features of his character, that "the persons who read what he has written may know upon what large experience of life his conclusions are based." Such is the task here essayed.

Of simple, upright, God-fearing New England stock, Daniel Henry Chamberlain was born at West Brookfield, Mass., on June 23rd, 1835, the ninth child of Captain Eli and Achsah (Forbes) Chamberlain. Until fourteen years of age he worked on his father's farm, intermittently attending the common schools of the town. At the age of fifteen he began to study Latin and Greek during the few months he spent at Amherst College in 1850. Thence he passed for a short time to the Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., teaching school, to defray his expenses, when the opportunity offered. When twenty-one years of age he entered the Worcester, Mass., High School, and there, under the tutelage of such rare teachers as Homer B. Sprague and Wolcott Calkins, he progressed rapidly, showing, as one who knew him at the time has recently said, "an extraordinary maturity and power of study."

Through many struggles he passed to Yale College, which he entered in the fall of 1858. Marked throughout by unusual thoroughness and industry, and even brilliancy, his course in college culminated in his graduation in 1862, with the award of highest honors in oratory and English composition and the fourth place in a class of one hundred and ten members. That he did not fail to leave the impress of his ability on his teachers and classmates is well shown by the remark of one of his professors, who, when asked who among Yale students had made upon him the strongest impression of intellectual ability, replied, "John C. Calhoun and Daniel H. Chamberlain," while President Woolsey characterized him as "a born leader of men." Such was his record in a class containing Franklin MacVeagh, W. H. H. ("Adirondack") Murray, Judge Frederic Adams, S. B. Eaton, Henry Holt, Buchanan Winthrop and Melville C. Day.

From Yale he went to the Harvard Law School. Here his career was short, but the time spent there sufficed to secure him the enviable reputation of being, in the words of Charles S. Fairchild, ex-Secretary of

the Treasury, "on the whole the ablest man in the Harvard Law School," and this when its register enrolled the names of Frederic Adams, William C. Whitney, George Gray, Anthony Higgins, Henry James, John Fiske, William Everett, James Green, and Charles S. Fairchild. "Chamberlain," said one of his fellow students, "was in the front rank. In the union of legal scholarship, debating power, and personal attractiveness which go to make up a great lawyer, he was second to none in this promising group."

But the vital issues of the Civil War loomed large at this time, and in November of 1863 he wrote to a friend: "I am going to the war within the next two months. . . . I have no plans beyond that; . . . but go I must. I ought to have gone in '61, but the real reason I didn't was that I was then, as I am now, in debt for my college expenses to those who cannot possibly afford to lose what I have borrowed from them. . . . But years hence I shall be ashamed to have it known that, for *any* reason, I did not have a hand in this life-or-death struggle for the Union and for Freedom. I find that I can insure my life for enough to cover the $2,000 I owe, and nothing shall hinder me longer than is necessary to get the money to do this." Through his friend, the late Emory Washburn, he secured from Governor Andrew a lieutenant's commission in the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, afterwards commanded by Colonel Charles Francis Adams. His work in the army was done, as elsewhere, thoroughly and faithfully, and in December, 1865, he was mustered out of service at Boston.

In January, 1866, going to Charleston, S. C., to settle the affairs of a deceased classmate, and, perhaps, "impelled southward by the magnetism of his own destiny," Chamberlain cast in his lot with the proudest State of the South. Two years he spent in a pecuniarily unsuccessful effort at cotton-planting, in the hope of paying his college debts. In the fall of 1867 this lawyer, "whose legal studies had been prematurely broken off, and who had never had a day's practice in the courts," was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention. In the reorganization of the State government the office of Attorney-General fell naturally to his lot. Here he at once found himself pitted against some of the most brilliant members of an ever able and distinguished bar, who soon learned that they had to reckon with one in whom no flaw of legal armor was to be found which indefatigable labor and the most conscientious thinking could remedy.

He soon became the candidate of the Republican party for Governor, and, elected in 1874, he held office until April 11th, 1877. Those interested in the events of that stormy career may find the story told in graphic terms in the admirable work by Walter Allen, entitled "Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina."

Constantly at war with the baser elements of his own party as well as of the opposition, he fought with remarkable vigor and pertinacity a straight-out battle for civic virtue and public morality. That he suffered then and later from unavoidable association with corrupt characters was inevitable, but the facts, impartially viewed, give evidence of

naught but the most resolute perseverance in the course which he believed to be for the greatest good of the people. Walter Allen's excellent narrative bears ample testimony to his loftiness of purpose and the purity of his aim of these years. Its historical accuracy and fidelity to demonstrable facts cannot be impugned. Upon its publication in 1888, the "Boston Herald" said: "The work . . . is carefully written, and, while enthusiastic in its admiration of the Governor and his work, is yet fortified by an amount of proof that justifies all the praise that is awarded in its pages." Said the "Cincinnati Commercial Gazette": "No man can read this book, made up largely, as it is, of messages, addresses, interviews, letters, and various other forms of personal expression, and not feel that he is in the presence not simply of a great man, but a man filled full of the instinct and passion and ambition of a reformer—a man who would have gone to the stake two hundred years ago for his opinions, a man who valued intellectual honesty above all price."

But the most powerful mentality and physique could not well stand the terrible strain. To see his purposes thwarted at every step, his hopes blasted, his ambition frustrated, was an experience that undermined his vitality. In the cause of honest government, he sacrificed the health of thirty years to come. In the closing words of Allen's book, it was the "story of a brave attempt, a good fight, and a baffling, cruel defeat. . . . From first to last it was a battle, waged with dauntless energy and fortitude, for two great causes which he represented with an ardor and fidelity equal towards each—the cause of *equal rights* and the cause of *honest government*. From beginning to end it illustrates the candor of his avowal of his ambition and hope . . . and not less the sincerity of his declaration: 'Public duty is my only master.'" The story of the closing days of his administration has become history. How in the election of 1876 honest men were divided in opinion as to the result, how he and Hampton were invited to Washington to confer with President Hayes, how the Federal troops were finally withdrawn and his continuance in office made impossible, these things the world knows.

Shortly after he gave up the keys of office he removed to New York City, where for thirty years he practised in the State and Federal courts. In 1882, broken in health, he sought in Europe a renewal of strength. On his return to this country in 1883, he became non-resident professor of Constitutional Law in Cornell University. In 1897, finding the exactions of his legal duties undermining his health, and having laid aside a considerable competence, he retired from his profession, and, purchasing the old Chamberlain homestead at West Brookfield, Mass., he remodelled it completely, intending there to end his days among his books and the associations of his youth.

But in 1902 he suffered a terrible blow in the death of his youngest son, which rendered longer residence at the scene of bereavement intolerable to him. His health again failed him and he sold his estate and sought the curative effects of less rigorous climes. The winter of 1902-03

he spent in South Carolina. In 1903, accompanied by his son, he sailed for England. Returning in the fall, he again went to South Carolina, but, continuing to fail in health, he once more set sail, this time for Egypt. Twenty months spent in Egypt, where he became acquainted with Lord Cromer, on the Riviera, and in London, seemed in a measure to revive some of his old-time vigor. But the end was not far off. He landed in New York for the last time on June 23rd, 1906.

He went at once to Charlottesville, Va., never to leave it except to be carried to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore and back again. The dread cancer which carried him off had begun to manifest itself, and from now on its inroads were rapid. He saw the end approach, but was undismayed.

His mental powers were wholly unimpaired, even to the last hour. His power of sustained thought, his patriotism, his interests, were as strong as ever. Almost entirely confined to his bed, he had little or no strength, yet his purpose to serve his country never flagged. Very near the end he wrote one of his most powerful invectives against one whom he thought a "Traitor to Public Duty." Of the well-nigh superhuman exertion it required, he said in a letter to a friend: "I did not let you know what I was doing, for I felt you would think me foolhardy, and I could not blame you if you did. But I simply couldn't give up my purpose. I little cared whether or not it killed me, and I was actually so weak that when I had partially raised myself on my pillow and had my pencil in my hand, I could write only a dozen or twenty words, and then give up exhausted and panting. I thus wrote during five long days, and then from my notes, undecipherable to any one but myself, I dictated it to a stenographer. What I did now seems almost incredible even to myself. Considering the circumstances, I must consider it the greatest feat of my life. I reckon it shows how the spirit can triumph over the flesh."

Such was the spirit and temper of the man as he watched the end approach.

In the care of friends and relatives his life slowly ebbed away, until, after a day of more than usual animation, in the midst of a hemorrhage, he passed away on the morning of the 13th of April, 1907.

Of the many estimates of his career and character which appeared in the public press, space will permit of but two quotations. Said the "Springfield Republican": "In the public spirit, breadth and sanity of his contributions to current issues of national moment, the late ex-Governor Daniel H. Chamberlain rendered faithful and conscientious service to the people and the country. His spirit and temper and ability were to be ranked with the good work done by George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, and James Russell Lowell, whose capacity for clear and high thinking made them leaders and mentors for a host of young and honest voters possessed of less grasp, knowledge and background. . . . He handled a subject to illumine and adorn it with that touch of a strong personality which is powerful to enlighten and impress. . . . He faced declining health with bravery, and his brain and pen were

kept busy after his personal activity came to be circumscribed by the inroads of disease. There was no flickering in the steady flame of his thought, and the purpose to serve his day and generation remained to the end." Said the "News and Courier" of Charleston, S. C.: "Mr. Chamberlain was a very remarkable man. He was a scholar of the truest temper, a lover of his country of the broadest views." The same paper, three years before, on the occasion of the publication of his now famous Open Letter to Mr. Bryce on the Negro Problem, had said: "In sheer intellectual ability and mastery of the English language few excel him."

One more public appreciation deserves notice. On May 9th, 1907, Charles Francis Adams, as its President, rose in a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society and paid the Governor eloquent tribute. In it he quoted from a remarkable letter from Colonel A. C. Haskell of South Carolina, one time the bitterest enemy of Mr. Chamberlain, latterly his devoted friend. Colonel Haskell closes with these words: "He was endowed with high traits; he was a patriot, he was a searcher after truth, and, when he believed it found, he was brave enough to declare it, without regard to danger or its inconsistency with his past. He loved his country, and was to the end loyal to the State of his adoption, and he came to love the men who had crushed his highest hope in the zenith of his public life. He was a student, a worker, and a thinker. . . . He was pure of heart and of a pure mind; and in time he rose above the clouds. I remember him with love and respect."

In politics he was a free-trader, an anti-imperialist, and an Independent. Some years ago he publicly said: "I am not a Democrat more than a Republican. I am an Independent, *i. e.*, one who tries to look at political matters with his eyes and not with his prejudices, one always on the lookout merely for the best men and the best measures, one who, as a rule, seeks only what is the best thing practicable." In religious matters his views are fully and fearlessly set forth in the following document, found after his death, sealed and addressed to the present writer. P. C. C.

If I were asked why I write these lines I might not be able to give a very satisfactory answer. My motives are probably quite mixed. One thing is certain: I do not write primarily for publication now or hereafter. Perhaps no more than two or three persons will ever see what I now write.

Still less do I write in a proselyting spirit. I wish to change or influence no man's opinions or beliefs. All my life I have respected the views of others, many times forbearing to even express my own from deference to those of others. In matters of outward conduct or form, I should describe myself a conformist. I do not love singularity in any of its forms. When-

ever honor or truth or public weal have seemed to be at stake, I trust I have been able to act fearlessly and independently; but, whenever duty has not seemed to call for divergence from others in action or opinion, I have been glad to acquiesce in feelings and opinions with those with whom my life has been thrown. Least of all, have I sought or wished to influence or unsettle the religious beliefs of others. These I have regarded as sacred precincts, within which no uninvited steps might intrude. More than this, when invited or challenged to put forth my views on religious topics, I have ordinarily declined. Lifelong I have been a constant attendant at the religious services of the standard churches of the communities where I have resided or been temporarily located.

Still, near the close of a long life, I have found myself wishing to record in terms the views which I have most maturely and deeply pondered and adopted on the most important themes. This record I purpose to place where it will be certain to be used only, if used at all, for purposes consistent with my lifelong attitude towards my fellow men, as just stated.

I may properly make another introductory remark. My education, environment, associations, all those pressures which ordinarily influence, and often determine, one's religious views, have been of the strictly orthodox Protestant sort. I will not quite say of the Calvinistic sort, though I might call them of a modified or modern Calvinism. Through Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, church-going at the pace of four services a Sunday, including the Sunday-school, all forms of Christian nurture and training, so called, such as New England Protestant communities are apt to provide, I have come from my earlier years.

Some thirty years ago, after a careful reading of Newman's "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*" and "A Grammar of Assent," I was led to review with some care my own thoughts and customary beliefs—hardly beliefs, more nearly habitudes of thought—on topics which concern the realms which lie outside or beyond our visual world, or world of material experience.

During the period since I began this special study, I have read and studied widely and deeply, though constantly following assiduously my profession as a lawyer, and never neglecting entirely the cultivation of literature generally, and especially of

the classical writers of Greece and Rome. For all these subordinate purposes, I have rarely been able to reserve on an average more than an hour a day; but even so short a time, when utilized with diligence for a quarter of a century and more, will cover a very large measure of reading and study.

I shall not undertake to give the authorities which I have examined and studied in my long search. The list would be too long to repeat here. I will, however, remark that by far the larger part of these have been the works of writers who have accepted and defended the Christian religion and the sources of support on which that religion relies. I should say that only four books of an opposite tendency have had much to do with my conclusions—Strauss's "*Leben Jesu,*" Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," Renan's "*Vie de Jésus,*" and Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe," though I have read nearly all the German works that are germane to the subject. Leslie Stephens's brief writings on the same themes have interested me very greatly.

I cannot help remarking the rather peculiar fact that, as Newman was telling us how, step by step, he was making his way to Rome, where reason is dethroned as a final umpire, I was shaking off, under the influence of Newman's two subtlest and most persuasive works, and not a little under the influence of his thoughts and arguments, the last shackles of former Christian beliefs and creeds, and going forth into the freedom and clear sunlight of unfettered thought and unbiassed judgment. The "*Apologia,*" I suppose, I might have read ten times or more, each time for a different, special purpose, but always in part for its unequalled literary style and merits; but I have never yet succeeded, much as I have tried, in putting myself, even for the moment and by the strongest effort of imagination, into Newman's attitude towards religious matters, and especially towards dogmas and the Church. I mean his attitude towards these long before he openly and nominally seceded to Rome. His religious proclivities came from sources and were directed by forces that made for dogma and sacerdotalism. Rome lay plainly at the end of the road he was travelling when he was the cynosure and pride of so many young and ardent Anglicans at Oxford. His direction was fixed from the start. What remained was only to answer the query, How soon?

Still I confess I hold Newman in reverence such as I give to

hardly any other great religious character, especially a Churchman. Besides his almost unrivalled literary gifts, making him, as another has said, "the Fénelon of our day," there was that about him which, combined with his golden voice, put to shame his enemies; while, as Mr. Gosse has well said, "he performed the inestimable service of preserving the tradition of sound, unemphatic English."

After my marriage in 1869, I associated myself with my wife's church, the Unitarian, and there I found, as I still find, much that commands my approval and enlists my sympathy as respects both doctrines and spirit. At all times I have been a great reader of printed sermons, as well as a listener to the most eminent preachers. There are but few volumes of sermons in English, whether modern or of the last two or three centuries, which I have not read; and I have seldom missed hearing Christian preachers of note who were accessible to me during the last sixty years—preachers so unlike in all respects as Dr. Bellows, Mr. Beecher, Dr. Bushnell, Dr. Patton of Princeton, Bishop Brooks, Moody, and Ingersoll, if the last may be, as I think he may, classed among preachers. As a passing remark of possible interest, I will say that the most powerful pulpit orator I have ever heard was by long odds Henry Ward Beecher, while, to me, the most pungent and affecting was President Woolsey of Yale College. His sermon entitled, I think, in the published volume of his sermons, "The Self-propagating Power of Sin," I heard in the old Yale College chapel, and it sticks in my memory now as the most moving and transpiercing sermon I have ever heard. I still often read it to refresh the sensations it gave me when I heard it delivered.

From all my studies and reflections of so many years, my first clear resulting postulate was that my own reason, reasoning faculty, was the final guide and master which I must follow and obey in my search for truth and in fixing my opinion on all subjects. By this I do not mean my unaided reason, but reason as fully informed and as largely aided as is possible; but that my own reason when so informed and aided must finally pass upon and decide all questions whatever. Of the validity of this position I have no shadow of doubt.

This is not a narrow view. It excludes nothing. It does not forbid belief in what is called the supernatural, or imagined, or

miraculous. It only demands that the reason shall be satisfied, on whatever grounds, of the truth or reasonableness of what one accepts and believes. Through all the intervening years, this postulate has guided me. What my reason has not approved, I have not accepted as truth. What my reason has approved, that I have accepted.

A second leading, guiding thought has been the fact of the limited area of our knowledge and the vastness of the world of the unknown and unknowable. A recent writer has said, "Our whole knowledge or science is but a tenuous film floating over the vast ocean of our nescience." The boundaries of the unknowable have grown greater for me as the years have gone on. Many things which I once may have dogmatized on, and which most men still profess to know, I now put within the barriers of the unknowable—unknowable, at least, by any means now available to human effort.

A third great leading thought has been the stupendous evolutionary theory of the world. I say "theory of the world"; for, in my view, it covers the world and all it contains—the universe, so far as our knowledge of it goes. The mental and moral world, like the physical, is the result, at every stage, of the working of the laws of evolution. In creation, the making of something out of nothing, the best we can know teaches that there is no ground for belief. As I shall hereafter point out, what lies back of evolution, what force, power or influence first put its laws into operation, I regard as an insoluble mystery, a matter lying wholly within the bounds of the unknowable. What we do know and see is the actual working and results of these laws.

These three fundamental concepts,—(1) reason, human reason, one's own reason, the final arbiter or touchstone of truth, not for other men, but for each one's self, for every individual person; (2) the vast realm of the unknowable, a realm infinite in comparison with our knowledge and science; and (3) the all-embracing law of evolution, sweeping over the whole world and ruling all things within our ken,—these three are the instruments, guides and measures by means of which I have tried to fix my beliefs and mould my moral and intellectual life.

I need hardly say that, working by these rules, the great task has been to cast off, put aside, root out, preconceptions fixed in my mind by my previous course of life and thought, by all the

associations of the past years,—beliefs once dear and undoubted, conclusions long cherished and interwoven in the very fibre of being. That this has not been at all times a pleasant task I need not aver, but through it all the clear light of truth, the comfort of deep conviction, have been solaces and compensations which have for the most part made the way not only plain, but pleasant.

The most comprehensive, perhaps the most important, result of the application of the three great rules or guides of thought which I have enumerated, has been the entire rejection of what we commonly call the Providential and the Miraculous. The prime tenet of evolution is cosmic law ruling all things. From this it follows that suspensions, interruptions, modifications of the laws of evolution, are simply impossible. Providence, so called, miracles, however defined, are excluded from all part or lot in the progress or development or course of events.

I have already said that what gave to evolution its initial force is past finding out, but the steady, inflexible, unvarying working and progress of its laws I hold to be one of the conclusions of human science which may be accepted as proved and true. It is a gigantic step which this conclusion compels,—that no power exists anywhere which can or does for a moment interfere to any degree with the course of events as determined by the laws of evolution.

The elimination of accident, Providence, so called, and miracles, works momentous changes in many directions, but especially in religious or theological matters. For example, as I have already observed, while it does not exclude the idea or belief or posit of a First Cause or Power, it does, to my mind, exclude the idea of a presiding or controlling Deity, to use the common locution, who continually watches over the universe, exercising the function either of keeping the machinery of the universe in working-order or putting it in order on occasions. Especially does it exclude, once for all and peremptorily, the idea of an anthropomorphic God or Deity, a person or individual who rules all things, animal and human, visible or invisible, earthly and spiritual. Such a God, the God now conceived of, believed in, and worshipped by the vast majority of human beings, evolution forbids. Equally certain, the central ideas of the Christian religion become impossible of rational belief when tested by the

essential principles of evolution. I mean such ideas as sin, redemption, conversion, salvation, atonement, the person, office and work of Jesus Christ, the Trinity; in a word, the whole circle and array of dogmas and beliefs which make up the Christian religion, as well as a large part of the carefully developed other great religious systems of the world.

In this general result my reason has forced me to concur and believe. This has, of course, involved the abandonment of many specific beliefs which are fundamental in the scheme of Christianity and other wide-spread religious systems. For example, the Christian religion, it is claimed, is authenticated by a book called the Bible. This book is held by Christians generally to be a true and inspired supernatural revelation of a God who rules all things according to his sovereign personal will and pleasure, who is omnipotent over all things, omniscient, everywhere active, on whom our lives, all life, momentarily depend, who sends or withholds the gifts and operations of nature—the rain, the fruits of the soil, seed-times and harvests—and without whose personal permission and aid nothing exists or is or can be done. Many Christians, probably a majority now, certainly until very recently a great majority, believe the Bible to be plenarily inspired, that is, that the men who composed it were miraculously guided to write nothing but the absolute truth. Evolution cuts up all such notions by the roots; the Bible becomes, like other books, valuable so far as by the test of human reason it records truth or teaches morality or influences to good living. The Bible still towers in the world of literature above nearly all other books. There are passages in its so-called historical books which portray, as are portrayed almost nowhere else, the characters of great and just men. There are touching idyllic stories, as of Esther; lofty psalms like many of David's; the magnificent poem of Job; uplifting and moving chapters, as in the major prophets, Isaiah and Ezekiel; these all will justly keep the Bible, the Old Testament at least, one of the priceless literary documents of the world.

Not so much can be said for the New Testament. Discarding its claims to supernatural inspiration and infallibility, it becomes only the record and exposition of an impossible supernatural religion. The personality and influence of Jesus Christ, alleged God and man, son of a Judean peasant, yet son of God;

put to death on the cross, yet one of the Trinity in Heaven—this grotesque conception, with all its concomitants, goes to the limbo of impossible beliefs. Aside from its fate when brought to the test of evolutionary truths, there was never offered to the human mind, as I think, a scheme of thought, or a conception called religious, so unreasonable and preposterous in all its main features as the so-called plan of salvation set forth and expounded in the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament. It is the marvel of marvels that it has won credence, still more, wide credence, among the most intelligent and cultivated nations of the modern world. For what is the plan? It presupposes that Sin, so called, has been permitted by God to come into the world, thereby fatally tainting the whole, every member, of the human race; that God Himself, though infinite in power, could not pardon or forgive sinners until atonement had been made; that man was absolutely unable to make atonement; that, in this dilemma, Jesus Christ, Son of God, coequal member of the Godhead, or Trinity, volunteered to come into this world and to take upon himself the sins, or the effects and penalties of the sins, of the whole race of men, past, present and future; that he came to Palestine on this errand in the guise of a child, miraculously begotten of the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Trinity, and a virgin peasant of Judea, lived in obscurity and silence for thirty years, then announced his mission and preached his message for three years, then gave up his life upon the cross, returned to life in three days, and shortly after visibly ascended to Heaven and resumed his seat as a member of the Trinity; that he sits there forever, exercising the functions and powers of God; that this atonement for man's sin was accepted by God, the Father, First Person of the Trinity, as adequate; that henceforth all who put faith in Jesus Christ, that is, all who believe in him and what has now been stated of him, will be saved from all consequences of their personal sins, and after death be admitted to Heaven, to be happy forever; and that even those who lived before Christ and never heard of him will likewise be saved by virtue of his death; and that thus, and thus only, has a way been opened by which the human race can be saved from the consequences of their own voluntary sins.

I do not see how any intelligent person can, unbiassed, consider this "plan" and not reject it as utterly impossible and as the

height of unreason; and yet millions to one accept it, pin to it their hopes and faith, and live and die in unwavering belief in it.

If asked on what their confidence rests, such Christians will say, "Upon the New Testament, its Gospels and other records, and its Epistles." But, looking into these alleged evidences and proofs with the eye of ordinary human reason, we find that the records of the New Testament are throughout of the most doubtful authenticity. Not one of the Gospels, nor the book called "The Acts of the Apostles," is verifiable. Intrinsically, they are entirely incredible. They are a tissue of myths, traditions and what may be called "old wives' tales." Take the life and teachings of Jesus Christ and separate from them all that is mythical, miraculous or otherwise incredible, and what is left? Much that is good and valuable, but little that is superlatively good, or great, or original. The best ethical sayings of Jesus Christ are easily paralleled from the doctrines and precepts of the other great religions or systems of religious thought of the Eastern world. "The Sermon on the Mount," so called, generally considered the high-water mark of his teachings, sets up no higher or purer standard of living or of aspiration than are found in authoritative Brahmanical writings or in those of Confucianism. The same is measurably true of a comparison of Christianity and Mohammedanism in respect to their ethical principles. The Golden Rule, so called, was laid down in these great religious schemes long before the advent of Jesus Christ. What has helped to support the excessive claims made for the Christian religion has been the fact that it was almost infinitely superior, ethically, to the barbarous Jewish or Mosaic religion or scheme of religious polity. This is, indeed, its chief distinction—that it cut up Judaism by the roots, so that its growth may be said to have been suspended since the Christian era. The modern Jewish faith and practice, if they may be identified with the Mosaic, have scarcely held their own even among the Hebrew or Jewish race.

But if not superior to other religions in its theoretical standards, has the Christian religion, as set forth by Jesus Christ himself, proved itself superior as a practical force in human development since the dawn of its era? Here Christian apologists generally affect to challenge all comers. They say, "Look at the result of Christianity as seen in its influence on the nations

or communities which have embraced it; observe the higher morality, the greater social advancement, of those nations, especially Protestant nations, which have been trained in the Christian faith." But if we take this test and first look backward, I do not think the Christian claim can be made good. Since the advent of Jesus Christ and the considerable prevalence of the Christian religion, its abuses, crimes against humanity, atrocities and cruelties are absolutely greater, far greater, than can be charged against any other system of religion whatever. This is a broad assertion, but modern history fully sustains it. There is no parallel elsewhere to the extent and fiendishness of the great persecutions, by Christian potentates and zealots, of those who rejected the claims of Christianity or disregarded the edicts of those who represented the Church, which Christianity held to be the only true Church.

"But look," say the same apologists, "at the contrast of today between Christian and other nations and peoples." Here we find, undoubtedly, some, perhaps much, confirmation of the Christian claims. But it is to be considered whether the contrast so favorable on its face to Christianity has really come from Christianity or from other causes. My study and reflection lead me to deny the claim that the greater advancement and higher civilization of the nations called Christian are due alone or chiefly to the prevalence of the Christian religion. The cause is more largely racial than religious. Since Christianity won the Roman Empire, it has held sway over those nations most closely allied in polity, in laws and in institutions, to the Roman system of government and the Roman national cast of temperament and character. These are especially the nations of Continental, and most particularly of Western, Europe. Christianity with these nations has been more an inheritance than a choice. These nations, speaking generally, are by blood, by nature, by long habitudes, by inherited ideas and influences the virile, strong, aggressive, progressive, enterprising nations of the world. By these qualities it has come about that they have taken the lead and kept it for at least the last ten centuries of human advancement. I am speaking now of the so-called Christian nations. This includes Roman Catholic nations, as well as the Protestant. Christianity must answer for the former, as much as for the latter.

I am not, in what I am now writing, seeking to present argu-

ments, so much as conclusions reached by me by my own studies and reflections; and on this point I am convinced that the cause of the superiority in general polity and in what we call, quite too complacently, Christian progress and civilization, is far more racial than religious. I do not see sufficient grounds for belief that, if the facts had been reversed and Christianity had moved East instead of West, the condition of the East would be better than it is to-day, or that of the West worse than it is to-day. Nor do I believe—and I may as well say this here as later—that to-day the condition of the East, the countries where Brahmanism and Mohammedanism and Confucianism prevail, would be improved if what Christians so flippantly and self-complacently call "the conversion of the world" were now to take place. We, Western peoples, are filled with self-conceit and vaunt our asserted vast superiority over the East in all ways, religious, moral and economic. I confess I have much respect for many of the characteristics of the Eastern or Oriental mind, spirit and civilization. (We even deny to these nations the name of civilization.) The Eastern mind is essentially meditative, introspective, tending to mysticism, but highly religious. Economically the East is, in our estimate, stationary, backward and incapable of much progress. I could wish, however, that we of the West could have a large infusion of the Eastern spirit in place, or in modification, of our restless, aggressive, strenuous, noisy and turbulent mode of life and effort. Certainly, the fret and fury of our life cannot be favorable to the best and deepest religious development and attainment.

It is of the despised and slandered East that Matthew Arnold truly says: "That wonderful East, from which, whatever airs of superiority Europe generally gives itself, all our religion has come, and where religion, of some sort or other, has still an empire over men's feelings such as it has nowhere else."

So a very able recent writer has said: "We must never forget that not only were the founders of all the great religions of Asiatic origin, but that religion is now a more vital force in Asia than on any other continent. The deep, dreamy, spiritual insight, the brooding intellectual habit, the strength of antecedents, that belong to the East, put religion there in a position as lofty as it is unique.*

* S. E. Baldwin, "American Historical Review." Vol. XII, 239.

A word further deserves to be said as to the New Testament as the support of the Christian religion. Many, or some, champions of Christianity, especially of its theological or dogmatic claims,—its creeds and rubrics of belief—rely largely upon the Epistles of the New Testament as proofs of its divine or supernatural origin, authority and power. But when evolution has swept away the foundation of the supernatural, the Epistles are reduced to mere human documents, to be looked at and passed upon as one would do in the case of confessedly secular documents, such as the classical writings and texts of Greece and Rome. So considered they seem to me, especially the Epistles of Paul, a mere tissue or congeries of assumptions and claims, manifestly untenable. I never could see the validity of Paul's dogmatic statements, on which the Church has depended almost as much as on the recorded words of Jesus Christ himself. Paul was a conscious or unconscious metaphysician, who sought to develop a theology, supposedly logical, under which to bind the Church of Jesus Christ. He deserves little respect for his efforts to pour the whole of Christian truth,—the simplicity, the natural, undogmatic ideas and teachings of Jesus Christ,—into the shallow moulds of his dogmatic statements.

I think I have studied and read in the last forty years nearly, if not quite, all the Commentaries of the Christian theologians, casuists, and apologists of the Protestant faith, on Paul and his Epistles. Many of these are works of massive learning, of profound research, and of undoubted piety. I have studied them with deep respect, but from them all I have taken no light or leading towards reasonable religious beliefs. One and all, they start with assumptions which cannot be admitted, and reach conclusions which are without validity, except on the theory that Paul and the other writers of the Epistles were, as the hackneyed phrase is, "divinely inspired."

So, too, in the case of all the preachers of our Protestant churches; one and all, without exception, they adopt premises which are unproved and cannot be proved to the satisfaction of any but convinced Christians. They appeal to Bible texts, not noticing the fundamental necessity of establishing the authority, validity and truth of such texts. I aver, with confidence, that, in all the so-called logical discourses to which I have listened from Christian pulpits, there has not been one that did not as-

sume the very things which a non-Christian denies and demands proof of. I do not demand that such a preacher shall establish his premises whenever he opens his mouth in the pulpit; but, when he professes to undertake a logical exposition or defence of his belief or creed, I think it is due from him to proceed logically by making good his premises. Emerson, many years ago, well called the Christian pulpit "the coward's fort."

There is another topic closely connected in the minds of most with religious beliefs, though it is more properly a scientific subject,—the immortality of the soul, or simply immortality. The subject is one of never-slackening interest. It is a Christian doctrine, but it is also a belief developed and matured long before Christianity. It is not taught, if it is assumed or implied, in the Old Testament, but it was a favorite belief or theme of speculation with the Greek philosophers before Plato, but especially with Plato himself, and the men of his day and later. As upon other themes, Plato is easily the most persuasive advocate of the belief or doctrine. I am apt to pick up my Jowett's "Plato" whenever my mind is turned to this subject and re-read, for perhaps the hundredth time, the "Phædo." It richly repays the reading, whether one accepts its conclusions or not, for its wonderful beauty, even in Jowett's translation; but no one can really know its artistic and æsthetic charm except by an easy and familiar acquaintance with it in its original tongue. Its argument, too, is, for me, as good and strong as any I know.

If Plato touched the summit of reasoning and speculation on this theme in the ancient world, Wordsworth has done the same in his "Ode" for the modern world. But, like Plato's speculations, Wordsworth's "Ode" is too slight an argument to become the foundation of a reasonable belief. Of course, the "Ode" is, first of all, poetry, not prose; fancy and feeling, not argument or logic. A poet, however, sees far more deeply than a logician; and I always read the great "Ode" with profound respect, as well as profound admiration. Commonly called, shortly, the "Ode on Immortality," its very title reveals at once its limitations in the mind of its author,—"Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." The title fully expresses its scope. It professes only to draw "intimations," not a belief in immortality, and from but one source,—recollections of early childhood. Very few, I venture to think, have ever had

the visions or recollections which are the staple of this remarkable poem. For this reason, it can never become, I think, a really prevailing argument with the general, nor even a strong support of any kind for the doctrine of immortality.

The really strongest argument for immortality is, to my mind, the wide-spread, almost universal, longing and hope of mankind that it may be true. If we could accept Paul's dictum,—faith is "the evidence of things not seen,"—we might at once pronounce the doctrine of immortality to be proved, but plainly Paul's dictum is of little or no validity or force.

Looking for proofs or evidence on this topic, we see that evolution has nothing to tell us. It is, as it must ever be, matter of pure speculation, with no data or facts as a basis or starting-point.

There are one or two considerations which have always deeply impressed me in my reflections on the subject. One is the broad fact that, in all the experience of mankind, no authentic voice has ever come back to us from beyond the grave. All the yearnings, the hopes, the agonized prayers of all the world of humanity have drawn no response. If behind a thin veil the spirits of the departed are, and have always been, living and watching sublunary scenes, is it not well past belief that no sign or sound has pierced that veil? I, of course, put aside, with a degree of contempt which I seldom bestow on beliefs of others, the claims made of spiritual manifestations from a world beyond this world. I have never examined one such claim that did not appear unfounded and absurd, if even it were not palpably fraudulent.

Another important consideration has impressed me,—the overwhelming improbability that the whole human race should have been or should be preserved forever. Statisticians tell us that probably no less than two hundred and eighty billions of human beings have passed across the stage of human life, since man was developed as we now see him. The process goes on, and no end can be predicted. Is it probable, even possible, as matter of reason, that such a stupendous, well-nigh inconceivable, mass of human beings, good, bad and indifferent, should be endlessly preserved? One is forced to cry out, "*Cui bono?*" and no answer can be given which does not posit an anthropomorphic God. As Emerson once said of almsgiving, "The worst of charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving."

But of all arguments against this doctrine, the strongest is the physical one. The human soul, the spirit of man, whatever the name we give it, is manifested, becomes known, acts and exercises its observed functions, so far as we can see, only through the human physical brain. This, I suppose, is universally conceded, or is properly undeniable. In the death of the human body, the brain perishes like the rest of the parts. The soul or spirit, therefore, which, we commonly say, "tenanted the brain" in life, must perish. If the soul or spirit lives on, it must be in a new habitat and must be another soul or spirit than the one that inhabited the body here. I have read attempts to get over this difficulty in accepting the doctrine of immortality. All I can say of them is that, if they might be called ingenious speculations, they are tenuous, misty and quite inconclusive, and not even valuable as arguments.

My conclusion is, therefore, on all grounds, that "Death ends all." If this conclusion cuts up some fond hopes and anticipations, as it undoubtedly does in the case of nearly every one, to me, like other inevitable conclusions, it has its reliefs and compensations; for one thing, it summarily puts a quietus on the painful and gloomy thought of a system of future rewards and punishments which has so long harassed the world.

For me, another pleasant result is secured; namely, that this life, if well lived, must be lived unselfishly and without hope of reward, except in the good one may do in this life.

I have now set down, lying on a sick-bed, prostrated by what the best physicians pronounce a mortal and incurable malady, what I have wished to leave on record of the conclusions which I have reached at the end, or probably near the end, of a life extended beyond what is called the normal period of man's life.

I here repeat, what I have said at the beginning, that I seek and wish to change no man's convictions on the themes discussed. I say "convictions," not beliefs traditionally received or held or lightly considered. I could wish that all might so deeply study and reflect that their beliefs might fairly be called convictions. Farther than that, I feel no concern for others in these matters. Integrity of mind, heart and life is all I seek, either for myself or for others.

I cannot help thinking that one who should read these lines

might ask me questions. One might well be this: You have put aside ordinary beliefs and constraints,—how do you maintain what you, in common with others, would, I suppose, call "morals," "moral standards," "rules of good conduct," conduct which Matthew Arnold calls "three-fourths of life and duty"?

The question deserves answer. Man's moral sense is the result primarily of evolution. "The moral sense," in the view of evolutionary philosophy, "is not ultimate, but derivative, having been built up out of slowly organized and duly transmitted ancestral experiences of pleasure and pain." Here is the rock on which I rest and risk all,—a slowly developed sense which is intended, if one may use the word in this connection, and fitted, to lead men to good conduct, as well as a test and touchstone when doubts arise of what is good conduct. What can be safer? It is not the shifting sands of men's opinions, "apparitions of a day," or the precepts of a book, or the rubrics and decrees of a church, but the granite rock of experience, running continually through all the ages and periods of the existence of this frame of things. "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise."

Another possible question might be: How do you feel that your present conclusions have affected your moral character and your happiness?

It is certainly difficult for one to pass judgment on one's character, but here I answer, frankly and confidently, that I feel that my moral sense and nature have been uplifted, purified and strengthened by my present conclusions as I have now stated them. I feel it. I think I know it. Moreover, I do not believe any one who knows me has suspected or marked any falling off in my later years.

As to happiness, I can speak more safely. I know that my present views have added to my happiness. I cannot say, as Newman said, after he had reached the haven of the Romish Church,—"I have since had no trace of doubt, but only the most perfect certitude"; but I can at least say that I know of no earthly inducement which could lead me to go back to what now seems to me the darkness and unrest of former days and beliefs.

I have had no little difficulty in fixing upon a truly descriptive title for these lines. "Atheist," "infidel," "unbeliever," "agnostic," all are objectionable as hackneyed, cant words. "Athe-

ist" is too narrow. I am much more than a mere atheist, for I reject the whole Christian religion. "Infidel" and "unbeliever" are indefinite, almost meaningless; neither etymologically nor according to usage do they describe me. "Agnostic" is also too indefinite. I think we know many things, though ignorant of many. If the word meant only that we did not know all, or comparatively much, I might adopt it as others have done. At last it has seemed to me that "free-thinker" was the truly descriptive phrase. It means and implies no more nor less than appears on its face.

I am as well aware, in concluding this review of one phase of my history and stating some of the conclusions in which I now rest, as any possible critic who might read these lines could be, that I am but one against millions, far less than "the voice of one crying in the wilderness"; but when one believes one has found the right way, what is there for one but to fare forward in the never-ending quest of truth, right living and good conduct?

My only strong wish and aim throughout my career in the respects with which these lines are concerned have been to be entirely fearless in investigation and clear-sighted in finding a way to the truth. I think these lines from Omar Khayyam have some application to me:

> "If I myself upon a looser creed
> Have loosely strung the jewel of good deed,
> Let this one thing for my atonement plead,
> That one for two I never did misread."

D. H. Chamberlain.

EVOLUTION, IMMORTALITY AND THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION: A REPLY.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S paper, "Some Conclusions of a Free-Thinker," derives weight and interest from the character as well as from the ability of the writer. It will be gratefully received by all who believe that the only way out of our religious difficulties is free inquiry, and that honest doubt is the dawn of truth. For my own part, I advance no theory, but only plead for perfect freedom of inquiry, unfettered by ecclesiastical tests, and, at the same time, for the recognition of the whole nature of man, including that part of it which has hitherto been deemed spiritual, as well as the bodily part, which Darwinian Evolution explains.

Among all the changes of this changeful age, the most momentout is the withdrawal, by literary criticism and physical science, of the foundations of revealed religion. If the Bible is not authentic and inspired, we are left without supernatural assurance of the will, the nature, the unity, the existence of God. Of the divine will and purpose we have now no assurance more direct than that which we may gather from our own nature, and from the indications of a universe in which good is mysteriously mated with evil, love wrestles with hatred, beauty and melody contend with deformity and discord, and order, apparently providential, holds divided empire with disorder and wreck. The geocentric idea, making this earth of ours the grand scene, with the sacred tradition that depended on it, passes away. The earth, our dwelling-place, is an atom in a boundless universe. The revolution has been sudden, and owes its suddenness, and in a measure its danger, to the suspension of free inquiry by church creeds and tests. Less than half a century ago, I heard a great geologist desperately struggling to reconcile his science with the

narrative of Genesis, which his audience, an academical audience, still believed to be inspired. Social disturbance follows. Religion, even if not active or fervent, has helped to reconcile the less fortunate of mankind to their lot by their general belief that the social frame was a divine ordinance, and that there would be a better world for them hereafter.

In place of creation and the religious view, Mr. Chamberlain would embrace "the stupendous evolutionary theory" of the world, though what lies behind Evolution, what power or influence first put its laws into operation, he regards as an insoluble mystery. The change is obviously vital. Creation presents itself as the work of an intelligence. Religion accounts for the existence of evil as probationary, resistance to the evil being a training of humanity to good. Evolution, so far as we see, or can divine, is blind; the evil in it apparently is purposeless. But how terribly large is the proportion of evil! Comparing the number of those who are or have been happy, with the number of those who are or have been unhappy, can we say that the great pessimist was very far wrong in calling this the worst possible—he did not say the worst conceivable—world? Mr. Chamberlain seems to regard Evolution as certainly proved. When science has pronounced judgment in her own domain, I dare not breathe a doubt. But has any case of Evolution really occurred within human ken or record? Artificial changes have been made by men or by special influence in the animal and vegetable world. But has there been any natural change such as the evolution of the ape into man? Rudimentary similarity, such as that of the ape to man, does not seem conclusive proof of Evolution. We are in the full tide of a grand discovery, to settle the exact limits of which time may be required. In the mean time, Evolution, while it displaces, apparently does nothing to replace, the theistic doctrine of creation or the moral corollaries of that belief. It gives no clue to origin or agency. It is simply a record of observed succession.

Together with Evolution, Mr. Chamberlain apparently embraces Necessarianism, which indeed seems involved in Evolution. He probably accepts the belief that motive is the sole antecedent of action, in which case certainly Necessarianism would be true. I have ventured elsewhere to submit that there are really two antecedents, motive and volition, the second of which

becomes perceptible as often as we hesitate in action. Has any Necessarian ever been found to act on his own doctrine?

A special, and perhaps the most striking, feature of Mr. Chamberlain's essay is his denial of the immortality of the soul. That belief he holds to be not only unproved and incapable of proof, but less acceptable than the opposite doctrine which, he says, puts a quietus on the painful and gloomy thought of a system of future rewards and punishments which has so long harassed the world, besides making life more unselfish as being lived without hope of reward. His own life, we may be pretty sure, has been happy as well as good; but what is to be said about the myriads whose lives, through no fault of their own, have been misery ending in pain? There is no use in trying to disguise annihilation as "eternal rest." In rest we still live, and from it we at length awake. Annihilation is surely a sad word, were it only that it means final separation from those we love. If death ends all, it levels not only the most virtuous with the most depraved, but the greatest benefactors with the greatest scourges of mankind. In Mr. Chamberlain's case, the renunciation of all interest beyond the grave might be unselfishness; but in most cases it surely would be rather greed of immediate enjoyment.

The question is, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced by the use of the words "immortality" and "soul." Of immortality, as of eternity, we can form no conception. To "soul" has become attached the idea of an entity distinct from the bodily frame, pent up in it, and released from it when the body is dissolved by death. "Indiscerptible," Butler calls the soul, building an argument for its immortality on that quality. This we give up, as we do all ghosts and spiritual apparitions. Actual proof, from the nature of the case, we can have none; but, assuming that the Supreme Power is just, we have a strong presentiment of justice, not done here, to be done hereafter. We can hardly, with Mr. Chamberlain, treat Wordsworth's poem on "Intimations of Immortality" as philosophy, but it embodies a sentiment almost universal and deeply rooted in our nature.

We have apparently no absolute reason for setting a boundary at the line at which physical science so far stops; for excluding from view that which has been hitherto recognized as the spiritual, and recognizing only the bodily part of our nature. Even as concerns what we must regard as belonging to the bodily part,

memory and dreams, physical science has still realms to conquer.

Mr. Chamberlain, as he tells us, to the end of his life attended places of Christian worship, and, as he certainly did it not for show, he must have been drawn by the moral attraction. Yet he not only disrates Christianity, but disparages it, seeming inclined to put it even below the religion of Brahmanism, caste, suttee and Juggernaut. The miraculous part of the Christian creed rationalists will resign; but it is the halo with which the simple imagination surrounds the head of the founder, prophet or apostle, and does not necessarily affect the truth or purity of the moral code. Pliny sends Trajan a description, furnished him by the Christians, of the proceedings at their meetings. According to this account their custom was to come together on a stated day before dawn, sing a hymn to Christ, as God, and bind themselves, sacramentally, not to anything criminal, but never to commit thefts, robberies or adulteries, never to break faith or repudiate a trust. Here the belief in the divinity of Christ does not lower, but raises, the standard of morality. Jesus Christ was ideal morality; not so was Baal, Woden or Mahomet. The Paradise of Mahomet is sensual.

Christianity in the centuries following its foundation was attacked by a number of evil influences from which, sadly as it was affected by them, its essence may be clearly distinguished; by dogmatism, the offspring of Alexandrian philosophy, which begins to show itself in the Fourth Gospel; by sacerdotalism and prelatism, increasing as the clergy rose in social rank; by Oriental asceticism, culminating in Simeon Stylites; and by court influence, commencing from the time when the conversion of Constantine made the Emperor lay head of the Church, and the martyr gave place to the sycophant and the intriguer. Persecution, while it called forth the heroism, must, at the same time, have stirred the fanaticism and embittered the temper of the persecuted sect.

But a worse thing than all happened when the suzerainty of Christendom was usurped by the Popes. Catholicism, it is most important to remember, is not Papacy. Augustine, Ambrose, Irenæus, Athanasius, were Catholics, but they were not Papists; nor were Lacordaire, Acton and their circle of liberal Catholics in our own day. Gregory the Great was not a Papist; he recognized the ecclesiastical parity of Constantinople and Antioch

to his own See, and though circumstances, especially the downfall of the Empire and the withdrawal of Imperial government and protection, led to his exercise of temporal power at Rome, he never pretended to suzerainty. There is nothing of it in his unfortunate Epistle of Congratulation to the usurper Phocas. He does not pretend to confirm the title of Phocas.

The personal and essentially anti-Christian, though fanatical, ambition of the monk Hildebrand, Gregory VII, imposed on Western Christendom the Papal suzerainty, laying its foundations in an alliance with Norman conquest, and in the strict enforcement on the clergy of celibacy, which, severing them from society, made them a sacerdotal caste and a militia devoted to the Pope. The wild Normans, invited to Rome, opened the temporal reign of the Papacy with massacre. They conquered England under Hildebrand's banner; they afterwards invaded Ireland, made over to them by Gregory's successor as a Papal fief. Civil war was stirred up in Germany for Papal objects. There followed the extermination of the Albigenses, the Inquisition, Alva's butcheries in The Netherlands, the Saint Bartholomew massacre, the extirpation of the Huguenots, and, what perhaps was worst of all, Jesuitism, which still vexes the world with its intrigues. Science was banned as infidel and persecuted in the person of Roger Bacon; while sacerdotal dogmas, such as Transubstantiation, Purgatory and the worship of Saints and relics, were pressed to an extreme.

But for the acts of the Papacy, Christianity, Catholic or Protestant, has not to answer. Genuine Christianity meantime was not without witnesses, such as Anselm, Grosseteste, Wycliffe, Thomas à Kempis and in the secular sphere St. Louis and Edward I. The Reformation and the Churches and characters which Protestant Christianity has produced, together with its missions, are surely strong proofs, not only of the vitality, but of the ethical value, of the religion. We see that they have had force to keep a hold to the last on the sentiment of such a man as Mr. Chamberlain, able and highly educated as well as good, on whom the hold of dogma had been utterly lost.

The age is big with discoveries, psychical as well as physical. Old men cannot look for certainty; they can only hope to die in hearty allegiance to truth.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE FAILURE OF AMERICANS AS ATHLETES.

BY CHAS. E. WOODRUFF.

THE wonderful victories of the American team in the 1906 Olympic Games, at Athens, have given a false idea as to the effect of this climate upon the athletic ability of the people, and it is important that the true conditions be known. As a matter of fact, the team, though it might be called a typically "American" crowd of all nations, really included among the winners very few native-born Americans of long residence. Martin J. Sheridan, who won the most points, was born in Ireland; Hugo Friend, third in the running broad jump, was born in Bohemia; L. Robertson, second in the standing high jump and third in the standing broad jump, was born in Scotland; and W. G. Frank, third in the Marathon race, is a native of Germany.

Of the native-born, the majority of the families are of short residence and should be really classed with the foreign-born, as their ancestors had so recently arrived in America. For instance, W. H. Kerrigan, third in the running high jump, was born of Irish and English parents; Archie Hahn, winner of the 100-metre sprint, was born of a German father and a native-born mother of Welsh parentage; Jas. D. Lightbody, winner of the 1,500-metre run and second in the 800-metre run, has a Scotch father and a native-born mother of Welsh parentage; C. M. Daniels, winner of the 100-metre swim, is native-born of the second generation, his grandfathers having been Scotch and Welsh; Edward C. Glover, third in the pole vault, is native-born of the second generation, his grandparents coming from Wales and Scotland; Ray C. Ewry, winner of the standing broad and high jumps, is of the third generation, two great-grandparents being foreign-born; F. R. Moulton, second in the 100-metre sprint is a native-born Kansan of the fifth generation; and R.

G. Leavitt, winner of the 110-metre hurdle, is a New-Englander of the ninth generation from England.

I have not received replies from the following, but I would presume from their names that they are mostly foreign-born or of foreign-born parents: Meyer Prinstein, winner of the running broad jump; Thomas F. Cronin, third in the hop-step-and-jump; George V. Bonhag, winner of the 1,500-metre walk, and P. H. Pilgrim, winner of the 400 and 800 metre runs.

Now, what is the reason for this comparative absence of the old American families from the winners? The new element is only about half of our population, but it seems to monopolize athletics. If we omit the winners who were foreign-born or of foreign-born parents or grandparents, Americans of old families won only the second in the 100-metre sprint and first in the 110-metre hurdle. Even our professional baseball-players and pugilists, as a class, are noted for the fact that they are generally foreign-born or of foreign parentage. On the other hand, we entered only 43 of the 901 contestants at Athens, yet we won 11 victories in 24 events, and got 75 1/6 points of the total 216. Why does this short residence in America develop or stimulate athletic ability if decay follows in another generation or two? Americans have long been known to hold all records for short, sharp contests requiring an enormous expenditure of energy in a short time, but are woefully beaten, as a rule, in contests of sustained effort. We have many men who can sprint a hundred yards, but an American crew seldom wins on the Thames.

The explanation of these curious contradictions is found in that nervousness which is characteristic of Americans—a nervousness which is at the basis of the strenuous life for which we are noted, but which, in its turn, causes deplorable results not seen in the normal phlegmatic nervous system abroad. American laborers begin to decay at thirty-five, so that employers rarely want men over forty. Arterio-sclerosis, that disease of the arteries of which we hear so much, and which is due to excessive strain and increased blood pressure, is now known to affect Americans more than Europeans. It is even said that we are all "old" at sixty—that is, we have, at that age, the physique of Europeans of seventy, though of course there are exceptions to the rule. We find men retiring from business, broken at fifty-five to sixty, while abroad the loads are carried until sixty-five

or seventy, or longer. In America, young men are always nervously forging to the front, but in Europe the aged hold on to the management of affairs.

This nervous instability, so characteristic of America, has numerous causes, and is found in British colonies similarly situated, such as New Zealand and Australia, but not nearly to so great an extent in Canada. Its explanation is found in the fact that the physique of the different races of men differs so as to suit them to the climates where they were evolved by nature's selective process. Acclimatization is not possible if the new climate is markedly different from the natural one. My own investigations have been in the direction of proving the use of but one of man's characteristics—the pigmentation of the skin; and they leave no doubt that the coloration of the eyes, hair and skin is designed to protect the delicate organism from light, which is now known to be very harmful if in excessive amounts, and one of the numerous causes of American nervousness.

For this reason migration from northern to southern latitudes is found to be very stimulating. The excessive light prods the nervous system to do more than it should, and in time such constant stimulation is followed by irritability and finally by exhaustion. In the tropics, the period of energy lasts but a few months, when more or less exhaustion comes on, sometimes so severe as to require a change to cooler and darker climates. But when the climate is no further south than Italy, Spain or the centre of the United States, it requires several generations to show results of exhaustion. In the mean time, the American is able to exert himself enormously for short periods, but he cannot sustain the effort.

There is also some unexplained reason why cold, dark, northern climates pull the nervous system together, to enable it to perform feats of endurance. This is beautifully shown in the number of points won by the various national teams:

America	75 1/6	Germany	7 2/3
Great Britain and Colonies	41	Finland	6
Sweden	28	France	5 1/3
Greece	27 1/2	Italy	3
Hungary	13	Belgium	1 1/3
Austria	8		

Allowance must be made for the fact that Greece had an enormous number of entries, and Belgium few, and that the English

colonies have the same nervousness as Americans. After making such allowances, it is found that the far north of Europe won more than the south—that is, the greatest athletes for endurance came from north of 45 degrees of latitude. The winner of the Marathon race, for instance, came from Canada, where there are many other phenomenal long-distance runners. The second and fourth were Swedes, and the third was an American born in Germany, the fifth was a Greek and the sixth an Austrian. The most phenomenal long-distance runner at present is a Canadian Indian, for not only was he benefited by the cold air, but physically he is adjusted to his climatic environment. The five-mile run shows the same fact, the winners being, in order, English, Swede, Irish, Swede, American, Italian, and Australian.

The athletic pentathlon shows the same order in endurance. It included jumping, throwing, running and wrestling, and the winners were from Sweden, Hungary, Sweden, Finland, America, and Sweden, respectively.

What a contrast to these endurance tests are the events requiring a quick nervousness which is positively a sign of abnormality —the result of living in a southern climate for a few years or a few generations. In the 100-metre sprint, the winners were an American of the second generation, an American of the fifth generation, an Australian, and the fourth and fifth were also Americans, one of whom was born in Scotland. The 110-metre hurdle was won by an American of the ninth generation, an Australian, and a German. The 400-metre run was won by an American (Pilgrim), an Englishman, and an Australian; the 800-metre run, by an American (Pilgrim), an American (Lightbody) of Scotch and Welsh parentage, and an Englishman; but in the 1,500-metre run, where more endurance is required, the winners were an American (Lightbody), a Scotchman, a Swede, an Australian, and two Americans (J. P. Sullivan and George Bonhag) of foreign parentage or foreign-born.

In the various jumping and throwing events another element enters, to modify the nervous energy needed for a spurt. These tests require a large frame and great musculature, both of which deteriorate in old American families. Consequently, the winners, if American, were foreign-born or of foreign parentage, and the foreign winners are from the north of Europe as a rule. The stature and musculature of Europeans decrease from north

to south, so that the south of Europe had exceedingly few winners in such events.

The ethnic types among the American victors are of scientific interest. Friend, Kerrigan, Hahn and Frank belong to the Alpine type—medium height, rather dark, with broad heads. Lightbody, Ewry, Moulton and Daniels are of the Baltic type—tall blonds with long heads. Robertson and Glover are of the Scotch, tall, dark type, with long head, while Leavitt seems to be of the old English dark type. That is, the light types, being more damaged by the climate, are in the minority, and, excepting one, they are not of the old stock. The dark types are less injured by the climate and are in the majority, but they are not of the old stock, and will, in their turn, drop out of athletics, to be replaced by families now migrating to our shores.

Another important point is the absence of Southerners from this list of winners. The further south we reside, of course, the more disastrous is the climatic effect on athletic ability.

All these facts must be taken to heart by those who think we are evolving a new type of humanity to be called the "American"—a type fit to live anywhere from Florida to Alaska. Such a type is impossible. Nature is merely permitting the types fitted to each locality to survive, and she lets the others die off. Such an investigation sheds a flood of light on the present process, and enables us to predict the future. It also shows that, if America is to be at the front of civilization with the other advanced nations, its blood must be constantly recruited from Northern Europe. Present migration is filling the land from the centre and south of Europe with types which, for some thousands of years, have been guided and directed by blonder immigrants from the north,—the real Arya of our philologists. Is there to be a similar course of events in America, as the surviving types settle into their natural strata? Is membership in some Society of Native Sons of something to indicate physical decadence of the family? And is the fact that one's recent ancestors were immigrants a proof of vigor not yet impaired by the climate? Are all of the oldest families really on the way to extinction by another kind of race-suicide, or, rather, homicide by climatic factors? Athletic decay is the first step in the process of physical decline, as in the case of the Homeric Greeks.

CHAS. E. WOODRUFF.

ON READING THE PLAYS OF MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

A VERY valued friend of mine has the habit of reading plays instead of novels, upon the theory that a three, or four, or five act drama affords as much mental pleasure and profit as the ordinary novel of North America or Europe, and rather more refreshment, since it can be devoured in a tenth or twentieth of the time, and leaves him with nothing of that fatigue and distension apt to follow the consumption of narrative fiction. He reads French plays, of course, and German and Scandinavian plays, but his main reliance is the Spanish plays which the dramatic genius of their nation supplies in such great abundance and variety; he would read English and American plays if he could get them; but he finds that they are less often printed than the others.

I confess that I am strongly of his taste, though not perfectly; for I am, or have been, a great reader of novels, in which I think I can get closer to nature and find ampler room for the imagination than in plays. It is true, however, that I have come to that time of life when one does not so willingly read new as old novels, and because of its brevity I can much more easily get away with a new drama. I do not find the printed aspect of drama so intolerably repulsive as another valued friend of mine, who alleges its italics, abbreviations, brackets, parentheses, and the telegrammic diction of its stage directions as sufficient provocation for turning from the mere sight of it with loathing. I own that these features of the printed drama are abhorrent, but I put against them the quotation marks, and the helpless repetition and variation of the "he saids" and "cried shes," and "whispered theys" and "shouted wes," and "ejaculated the

others"; and upon the whole I am not more revolted by the hiccoughing stage direction of the plays. As a mere matter of personal history, I may say that I have read vast quantities of these, beginning with Shakespeare and going to the old Spanish authors like Cervantes, and Lope de Vega, and all but ending with the new Spanish authors like Estebanez and Echegaray, but never including much of what are called Elizabethan dramatists, for want of a better name to shun them by. A play or two by Webster, by Marlowe, by Greene, by Haywood, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and the rest may be given to the poor of the Carnegie libraries, together with the whole mass, comic and tragic, of rare Ben Jonson; I could wish he had been still rarer in either sort. Mr. Lowell, most powerfully digestant of all manner of literature, once reproached me for my shadiness, as he gently called my ignorance concerning these dramatists, but though I felt his reproach keenly, I could do little to retrieve myself from it. On the other hand, I have browsed large acreages of the minor British drama, and I do not suppose there is any man now living who has forgotten so many plays of Kotzebue. The modern German drama I know almost solely on the stage; but I have been an impassioned reader of Ibsen, of Björnsen, and what other Scandinavians I could lay my hands upon in translation. The most artless, if not the most hopeless, Georgian and early Victorian British plays were not unknown to my bold and adventurous youth, and the blithe and beautiful inventions of Sir William Gilbert would have fallen threadbare under my eye if repeated, if incessant perusals could have worn their texture away. Need I say that the incomparably paradoxical dramatizations of human motive by Mr. George Bernard Shaw have been my daily, my nightly, joy? I have had equal joy (but how different!) of the one or two plays of Mr. Pinero which have fallen in my way, and of which I could not say better than that they fill the mind as they fill the stage. Among American plays I know only the excellently imagined, excellently contrived, plays of Mr. Augustus Thomas, from reading, and can but grieve that I do not know any piece of Mr. Clyde Fitch's or Mr. Gillette's except in the theatre, where I always like them. I will not speak of my forays in the fields of the French theatre, partly because they would have been expected, and partly because they were not wide or far; but of Italian plays I may say that I have

read almost as many as of Kotzebue's, who singly produced almost a whole dramatic literature. Not a tragedy of Alfieri, not a comedy of Goldoni, I suppose, has escaped me; and there were troops of Italian dramatists of the militant period of 1860-1865 whose rosters I could once have called from memory. If I now mention solely Giacometti, who wrote "*La Morte Civile,*" I think it is as much as ought to be asked of me.

I do not quite know why I impart these facts; I hope it is not merely to brag of my prowess and achievements; possibly it is to offer some assurance of my fitness to judge, relatively, at least, the dramatic work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, which, not to hold the reader in suspense, I will say that I have long delighted in on the stage, and have lately been enjoying almost as much in print. I do not say quite as much, because my pleasure in seeing several of them has been superlative, and in reading them it has been comparative. The best of them has not given me that ultimate literary satisfaction which I have got, say, from "Ghosts" or "Hedda Gabler," from "The Bankrupt" or "The Glove," from "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," from "*La Morte Civile,*" from "Arms and the Man"; and yet "Judah," and "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and "The Hypocrites," and "Whitewashing Julia," and "The Manœuvres of Jane," and "Michael and his Lost Angel" are so nearly as good reading as those others that I should be at a loss to say just why they are not entirely so. I am not sure, on second thought, that the first and the last are not entirely so. Unquestionably, they have the literary quality which it was once fatuously supposed a good stage-play could do without, but which in the present revival of the drama the playwrights are again trying to impart to their work. It is now the novelists who are apparently supposing that their work can do without literary quality.

My acquaintance with Mr. Jones's drama in the theatre began with that powerful play, "Judah," which I think neither he nor any other modern has surpassed in strength of motive. It still has, in my yesterday's reading, a freshness of story, a strength and symmetry of design, an intensity of passion, a variety and accuracy of character, a naturalness and simplicity of action, and above all a fealty to the eternal verities which at once made me sensible of a masterpiece, and without which there can be no masterpieces. I doubt if in the whole wide and varied range of

his performance the author has struck so deep and rich and moving a note. I am not forgetting "Michael and his Lost Angel" or "Mrs. Dane's Defence," two plays which grappled with problems as perpetually interesting as that of "Judah," if not situations so new, and solved them with as frank and bold an appeal to the reader's sense of justice, and to those statutes of righteousness which no suffering and no repentance can enable error to escape. In the political and social world the law is often, perhaps oftenest, broken with impunity, but in the moral world, where we ultimately have our being, where we truly live, there is no forgiveness but to open confession and to utter submission. That is, therefore, the supreme moment in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," where, when she has owned her guilt, she asks if the world is not very hard on such women as she, and it is answered her, "No, not the world, but the Law"; and where she is made to witness that every one has been kind or sparing, but that there was something in her lie which could not forgive her.

It is to this moral that all the serious drama of Mr. Jones pays allegiance. Outside of it, indeed, there is no artistic force for any one except for comedy, and perhaps only for that lowest form of comedy which we call "farce." Even there, even in the wildest burlesque, the art is truer if there is truth in the motive, in the character, in the action. Somehow, if we are not very young, or thoughtless, or inexperienced, the enacted or embodied falsehood hurts, and the truth, however mercilessly enforced, heals. We go home happier from some austere tragedy, in which the violated law prevails, than from the drollest comic opera in which it has been successfully defied. Art instinctively recognizes this fact, and the skill which refuses to acknowledge it is not art, but only the conjurer's sleight. In every time the drama has had it for its ideal, and followed it, though often lamely and far off; in no time has this ideal been more constantly the inspiration of the dramatist than in ours; and with none of our English-speaking dramatists has it been more the increasing purpose than with the author of "Judah," "Michael and his Lost Angel," "The Hypocrites," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "The Galilean."

I do not suppose this author has at any time said to himself, "Come, or Go to: here is the thing that can be worked indefinitely,

and with mounting effect," and has thereupon gone about building one drama after another on that secure foundation. On the contrary, I find him here and there shirking the ideal, not wholly, but in part; though commonly in his longest lapses his prevailing sense of the truth searches him out, and at some moment or other brings him to book. In certain of his plays, like "The Case of Rebellious Susan," he makes the spectator fairly face the great moral fact that what is bad for a man is no worse for a woman; and then he joins him in recognizing the minor social fact that though a woman does nothing worse than a man she pays a far more ruinous fine, and must be kept from his sin, and restored to his guilty embrace as a forgiving wife. The end is cleverly and naturally contrived, but for once, when the case was so squarely presented, one would have liked the issue to have been as square; one would have liked the forgiveness to have been an even thing and upon like grounds. To be sure, the fine ironic implications would then have been impossible, and we should not have had a comedy, but something awfully different.

As it is, "The Case of Rebellious Susan" is very good reading, and the situation so amply and sufficiently relieves the truth that we can forego the satisfaction of its final enforcement. But, comedy for comedy, it is not so delicately handled, so amusingly imagined, as "Whitewashing Julia," which was perhaps only too fine, too reticent of the author's knowledge of the facts, to seize, or at any rate to keep, the interest of the spectator. With the reader it can very well be different. If he is a reader worthy of the pleasure it can give, his pleasure from it will be exquisite and lasting. The question whether Julia really needed whitewashing or not is held in abeyance from the beginning to the end with a skill not surpassed in its way, and is finally put by when the generous reprobate who marries Julia refuses to enter into the mystery of her past.

That is a fine dramatic triumph, and the action of the reprobate is so essentially aristocratic in its supreme indifference to the opinion of others, or even his own, that it must go far to solve a certain doubt. The doubt is whether drama so much in sympathy with the middle-class virtues of honesty, chastity and sobriety as Mr. Jones's can be quite faithful to the life and character of the noble and gentle personages figuring in it. They do not superabound in it, but some of them there must be to satisfy

the demand of the theatre if not to form a true conspect of English society. They are shown frank, rude, simple, easy, selfish, brave and mostly amiable; and for the greater part they transact the doubtful business of the plays with an indifference to the points of morality concerned which their inferiors cannot even affect, unless they are very much their inferiors. There is, short of the divorce court, but not always short of it, a good deal of love-making among them of a kind held culpable in the middle ranks of society. In certain exigencies, the men lie freely to "save" the women they have compromised; it is rather an ideal of theirs to lie freely in such cases, and doubtless it is with more difficulty that the dramatist contrives to enforce his own ideal of truth against their convention than he finds in the case of people with middle-class consciences. The plays in which they most appear are the lighter actions, in which serious conduct is not required of them.

Whether they are really an addition to the resources of the dramatist is very much the same question as whether they are an addition to civilization, and involves a like doubt. But they are a fact of English society and they cannot very well be blinked. Mr. Jones does not blink them, but he does not employ them for any prime purpose, so far as I now recall, except in "The Dancing Girl," and there not convincingly. No lording of them all is elsewhere crucially tormented by his conscience, or is stretched upon the rack where many a commoner must lie. Perhaps in "Joseph Entangled" they are, both sexes, employed more largely to the exclusion of the lower middle classes than in the other pieces. But in most of the actions the dramatist has the effect of externating himself in more than usual measure from them. That is, his important meanings, his vital morals, are evolved from the character of untitled persons, and involved in their just fate. One would say that perhaps he felt that titled persons were best left to their God, in such matters, though in treating of these so almost exclusively in the case of commoners, it is not apparently from any middle-class awe of titles. Only once do I recall a doubt of this, which nothing short of a direct explanation could clear up. In "The Princess's Nose," a blackguard journalist makes love to the princess, while the blackguard prince (a foreign title) is making love to another's wife. In the end the prince horsewhips the journalist, perhaps justly; there would

be no perhaps if some one horsewhipped the prince. It is the dramatist's failure to provide this agency that leaves his ethics limping. But, as I say, this seems the single instance in which the dramatist, so essentially ethical in his force, has been wanting in exact justice between the classes.

I have a fancy that this play is an earlier play of the author's, written before he found his feet firmly. There is a very wide range in his work, all the way from good to bad; the indifferent is eliminated, for the most part, as on certain English railways there is paradoxically a first class and a third class, but no second class. Although the best plays are generally the latest, some of the earliest are also the best, as, for instance, "Judah." In the very latest, the author has gone farthest to realize his ideal of conduct owing supreme and single allegiance to the truth; and he has cast himself with fearlessness on the diffuser art of the novelist as it may be distinguished from the art of the dramatist. The play is now meeting its fate before the public of the theatre; but I should not be surprised if its best public were that of the closet, where the silence and the solitude will be more favorable to the intention, which does not seek its fulfilment through the stage traditions, and where there is time for the largest subjective plot to work itself out in the reader's imagination.

All in all, there are some twenty of Mr. Jones's plays which I have read. None is exactly tragedy, none is exactly comedy; but I could not say that any was not explicitly or tacitly serious. They are very like life in that, and they are like life in being mostly clear and straight in meaning. We pretend to be very complex as to our behavior and the principles that control it; but really we are entirely simple, except when we humbug ourselves into the belief that we are very involved as to either; perhaps we are then still simple. Mr. Jones, at any rate, addresses us in very plain terms, and no matter how startling his dramatic proposition is or how bold its solution, his view of human nature is not beclouded by any vapors stirred up in the juggle with his own consciousness; he is rather like Shakespeare in that. How absolute the moral and artistic veracity of "The Hypocrites" is, in spite of certain plunges that sound the depths of our nature, whether it is normal or abnormal!

His nearest approach to the mystical—but how little myste-

rious he is about it!—is, I should say, in that beautiful and touching little one-act play, "Grace Mary." This is sole among his pieces in being a dialect piece; the others are in the every-day English of the speakers' respective convention. Possibly it is by sinking to the mother earth below the usual world that, in "Grace Mary," the author reaches a height of poetry untouched elsewhere in his work. Next it, in a certain literary quality, is that mere scene which he calls "The Goal," and which also is unalloyedly good.

But the plays are all good reading, in a day when so many plays are good reading. Of course, I should wish their friends to go to the theatre for them, but where this cannot be, they will bring the theatre to their friends. Besides the plays themselves, the author has written several essays on the modern drama, and the pleasure and business of it. In meditating these slight and vague comments, I said to myself that I could keep an opener mind for my work if I did not first read these essays. Now that my work is done, I have still an open mind, for I have not yet read these essays. All the more freely and fully, therefore, can I commend them to the reader's perusal.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF TEACHING.

BY JOSEPH JASTROW, PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

A SIGNIFICANT feature of the Foundation which Mr. Carnegie called into being two years ago lies in its title: this, at first the non-committal "Carnegie Foundation," became by legislative act "The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching." The defining clause of its purpose is in reality a development of the original conception. In addition to the provision for the "retiring pensions, without regard to race, sex, creed or color, for the teachers of universities, colleges and technical schools in the United States, the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, who, by reason of long and meritorious service, or by reason of old age, disability or other sufficient reason, shall be deemed entitled to the assistance and aid of this corporation," there appears the further object, "in general, to do and perform all things necessary to encourage, uphold and dignify the profession of the teacher and the cause of higher education." What is thus significant is the conspicuous admission that the cause of teaching in the New World stands in urgent need of advancement.

The career of the "academician" in America is far from being an encouraging, though not necessarily an unhappy, one. Seriously minded foreign critics have readily discovered our unfruitfulness in the profounder realms of original thought; they have looked with astonishment and commiseration upon the varied and exhausting routine of the American University professor; they have naïvely inquired why, in a land overflowing with cream and honey, the academic diet should be restricted to skimmed milk, with an occasional taste of treacle. A similar survey from within the pale brings to light the increasing difficulty of filling academic vacancies with men of the right temper,

the right calibre and the right structural strength; it discloses how naturally those with talent and taste for the academic life are dissuaded by its trials and disabilities, as they are attracted by the larger returns—in professional standing, as well as in emolument—of rival callings; it reveals a considerable measure of academic unrest, which in turn is aggravated by a goading "practical" appraisal of the professor's services, by an unsuitable and subordinating caste of University government, by the major and minor grievances attaching to a shifting, unadjusted status and policy.

Such being the situation, the question arises: What can an organization and an endowment do to ameliorate it? The academic disabilities must first be diagnosed, then sympathetically and practically treated. Diagnosis reveals that it is the condition of the professor individually and of the academic profession collectively that demands attention. Environment, material provisions, the interests of the student body, the service of the community, the appreciation of the scholar's calling, the security of the career, the encouragement of lofty phases of human effort —all these are factors in the welfare of the case. The record is not without its encouraging symptoms. All things considered, we have been good providers, and with decided adaptability have cut our garment according to our homespun cloth. It is true that our zeal has often been misapplied (we certainly have more colleges than can find proper support); and our ambitions have brought about a certain watering of the academic stock (witness the frequent discrepancy between the glorified catalogue announcement and the meagre achievement). Yet we point with pride to our costly "plants"—sometimes in condition to bear fruit, and as often with impoverished nurture; we consider minutely and painstakingly, though not always wisely, the needs of students. The argument of return of benefit to the community wins over hesitant legislators to ill-comprehended measures and loosens the purse-strings of public-minded patrons, while incidentally it strews thorns and not roses in the paths of the finer and less practical arts. The social status of the professor is but a reflex of the spirit of the community, and presents a natural range of consistent appreciation or the lack of it. But so far as concerns the making of the career attractive and its rewards modestly adequate, and giving it a setting congenial to

its nature, there is, for the most part, only a lamentable failure to record. The material, administrative and cultural provisions (with few but notable exceptions) have been uncomprehendingly or short-sightedly compromised, or more or less reluctantly relegated to a postponed place on the calendar, and thus, in fact, denied a hearing. The establishment of The Carnegie Foundation is accordingly significant as a worthy and effective recognition of this conspicuous defect in our educational provisions.

The Carnegie Foundation sought a name "which might express the purpose of the Foundation, which has from the beginning been intended by its founder for the upbuilding and the strengthening of the calling of the teacher."* "It was universally admitted that no wiser attempt could have been made to aid education than one that sought to deal in a wise and generous way with the question of the teacher's financial betterment." The value of the retiring allowance lies in its "lightening the load of anxiety, and in the increasing attractiveness of the professor's life to an ambitious and intelligent man. All this tends to social dignity and stability." The system must be so regulated that "the teacher shall receive his retiring allowance on exactly the same basis as that upon which he receives his active salary, as a part of his academic compensation." The "whole effort" of the Trustees has been "to establish the principle of the retiring allowance in institutions of higher learning upon such a basis that it may come to the professor as a right, not a charity." All this is such sound doctrine, so admirably inspired, so impressively set forth, that it invites the most enthusiastic commendation; and the enthusiasm is the more justified because it is usually the matter of principle in educational provisions that has been conspicuously disregarded. Accordingly, the initiative in applying for the retiring allowance—after twenty-five years of service at any age, or at sixty-five years of age after fifteen years of service—may be taken by the incumbent with no right of any authority to question his prerogative. So vital is this feature of the system, and so wide-spread is likely to be the influence of the Carnegie retiring provisions, that it must presently be admitted that no system of this kind (whether by insurance-like annuities, self-supporting pension-funds, election to *emeritus*

* The citations are from the first annual report of the president, Mr. H. S. Pritchett.

professorships or otherwise) that fails to cede to the professor the undisputed *right* to demand the allowance, when the conditions are met, shall be ranked as a worthy academic provision. The allowance must not be voted if feasible, granted if advisable, held out as a possibility but not guaranteed, but must be by contract a *right,* a compensation, an *equal* privilege of *all* regularly serving professors.*

The old-time admonition not to look a gift horse in the mouth has proven itself inapplicable to the days of organized social movements, when wise philanthropy is a difficult art, and intentions as well as probable benefits and drawbacks are carefully scrutinized. All projects have their limitations. It would be unfortunate to establish a habit of associating the Carnegie Foundation with the pensioning of professors and nothing more; its charter stands for more comprehensive measures, among which the pension is but the most practical and financially the most comprehensive benefit. It is, accordingly, proper to inquire whether the system as established will meet the larger end in view. The inquiry at once meets with a consideration of such decided import that its discussion, especially as the issue has not been definitely reached, must be given chief place: I refer to the proposed exclusion of State Universities. Should this exclusion stand, the anticipated amelioration of the professor's status will be seriously and lamentably curtailed. These institutions are so numerous, the type of men they attract to their faculties so desirable, the aggregate of their influence so extensive, that a system of retiring allowance that fails to include them cannot be regarded as likely to effect that general strengthening of the

* The financial distribution of the Carnegie allowances seems as generous and as just as circumstances permit. Briefly, it gives to *all* institutions of proper standard (provided that they are without sectarian control) a possibility to be "accredited" to the Carnegie Foundation. The professors of such "accredited" colleges are entitled to retiring allowances on the age basis (sixty-five years) of $1,000 for the first $1,200 of their salary, and $50 for each $100 of salary above $1,200; on the service basis (twenty-five years) of $800 (instead of $1,000), and of $40 (instead of $50), said allowance to be increased by one per cent. of the salary for each year of service beyond twenty-five, and no retiring allowance to exceed $3,000. Further, widows of those entitled to retiring allowances shall receive one-half of the allowance to which their husbands were entitled. Leaves of absence may be counted as periods of service, but not to exceed one year in seven. Teachers in professional departments whose principal work is outside the profession of teaching are not eligible. Holders of allowances are debarred from active connection with colleges or universities.

academic career, which has been set forth as the inspiring motive of the Foundation. Moreover, there would thus be introduced into the situation, already complex and handicapped, a further line of division separating institutions with benefit of pension from those without. Instead of unifying and dignifying the calling, a new disturbing element would be added. Against the partial benefit to the participating institutions, would have to be opposed the increased unrest and dissatisfaction among those excluded, the consequent striving in advancing years to be enrolled among the favored institutions, if need be, by sacrifice of worthy interests and advantages. If the Carnegie Foundation is really to advance the cause of teaching, and be more than a distributing agency for the relief of indigent academic old age, the benefit must be fairly equably available to the entire group of those by service, station and attainment entitled thereto.

I had written these paragraphs when the discussion of the topic before the Association of American Universities (in November, 1906) became available in print. The additional emphasis of the above position furnished by this record is welcome. It seemed admitted "that the professors in the State institutions were the same sort of men as the professors in the endowed institutions doing the same sort of work" (President Eliot, Harvard); that "in the most favorable States . . . the State University president would hesitate to take up the matter [of pensions] with the legislature," "that from the point of expediency it is wholly impracticable" (President Van Hise, Wisconsin); that "if the professors in an endowed institution find the pension a part of their earnings, similar pensions have been earned by the professors in the State institutions," "that it might have been in some respects more just if the Carnegie Foundation had been given to the State institutions only" (President Jordan, Leland Stanford); that "the line drawn between the State Universities and the endowed universities of public character . . . would be false to the essential facts of present American society," and that it would require nice discrimination "to determine in what sense my own is a State University in which Cornell is not" (President Wheeler, California).

I have chosen to leave unchanged the above statement of the critical issue relative to the admission of the State Universities to the system of retiring allowances of the Carnegie Foundation,

in order that it may reflect the optimistic hope and independent judgment uninfluenced by the appearance (in March, 1907) of the Bulletin devoted to the question.* This document advances the discussion and separates the issues. First, it is conceded on all sides that the State Universities represent the same type of ideals, purposes, constituency and needs as do those of private foundation, and thus through their best exemplars present just the situation which a foundation for the advancement of teaching should minister to and support. Secondly, the issue emerges that considers what the effect of exclusion from the Foundation will be upon State Universities, and how they will meet it. Thirdly and vitally, appears the rationale of the proposed exclusion, the principles and policy underlying any valid decision. Lastly, it should be recorded with unlimited appreciation that the issue has not been allowed to be obscured by the question of adequate financial support.

President Pritchett takes the position that the one factor determining the character of our higher educational institutions, and in turn determining their status with reference to participation in the measures inaugurated to advance the cause of teaching, is the manner of their financial support. He argues further that the central policy of a State University, the directing source of its every aim and activity, is that of employing in its interests only such moneys as result from public taxation. There are thus "two radically different plans of support and conduct of higher institutions of learning," the one appealing to "the generosity of the individual citizen," the other to "the responsibility and the patriotism of the whole mass of citizens." The present pages form no proper arena for marshalling the support of either conclusion; and I must be content in rebuttal with the expression of the conviction, shared by many in close touch with educational policy, that neither of these two positions has more than a formal and decidedly limited pertinence. It is probably not an exag-

* Bulletin No. 1 of the "Foundation" contains the well-framed resolutions of the National Association of State Universities, a memorandum submitted in behalf of the University of Toronto by Dr. Maurice Hutton, a careful review of the general situation by Professor Eddy (University of Minnesota)—all arguing in favor of the admission of State-supported institutions—and a report by President Pritchett containing material of much value relative to State institutions, together with the reasons for his personal conclusion that they should not be included in the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation. Decisive action in the matter must await the meeting of the Board of Trustees.

geration to say that their legitimacy would be questioned *in toto*. It would be denied that it is legitimate to appraise an educational foundation by the source from which its treasurer receives its funds. It would be denied that what a State University is and does reflects an underlying conviction that State support is the inspiring and saving grace of its efforts. On the contrary, such support has frequently been set forth as simply a result of a practical situation, this being the only possible method of securing and maintaining Colleges and Universities under the geographical and cultural conditions. The other phase of the argument is freer from the fluctuations affecting inferences from complex data, and lies closer to ascertainable fact. Many of the State Universities have received and welcomed, and have made efforts to secure, private endowments for all sorts of purposes, particularly for such as could not readily or consistently (according to prevalent standards) be supported from the available funds. Doubtless a still larger number have been prevented from indicating a similar willingness by a scarcity of well-disposed capitalists. Again, we have the statement of the Association of State Universities that "it is already known that the trustees of many State Universities would welcome the provisions for pensions by the Carnegie Foundation." Unquestionably, the view ascribed by President Pritchett to the State Universities exists in some form; but the nature and motive thereof vary from one situation to another, and nowhere achieve such commanding position as he accords to them. The view is, indeed, more in the nature of a sentiment, a prejudice, and would change with the personality of the prospective donor and the character of his donation. That it represents a formative educational policy certainly remains to be proven. If the adherence to such educational policy is regarded as a sufficient ground for exclusion from the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation, it would certainly be well to ascertain how many State Universities, and which ones, persist in such policy. Conceding, as far as may be, the justness of the ascription to the State Universities of the policy in question, it does not appear that the policy is theirs in any such sense as it is the policy of denominational institutions to appeal to sectarian support. Yet these readily qualify for the Carnegie Foundation, and properly so, by modifying so much of their organization as may be necessary to establish a claim to an unrestricted public

service. The major premise—that the appeal to public support should exclude from a participation in the benefits of a foundation for the advancement of teaching—is equally in need of convincing demonstration.

As to the practical effects of the exclusion of State Universities, Mr. Pritchett believes that circumstances will bring to them a comparable benefit from their own funds, as "the legislatures in those States in which the strongest universities are situated have not yet failed to meet any want of the State Universities which those in authority believed to be a vital one." The State University presidents, with greater emphasis, record their conviction that such exclusion will seriously hamper the growth of the institutions whose interest they serve, that only the equal participation in the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation "will relieve them from a serious embarrassment, which they otherwise will be obliged to face." Yet more impressive is the foreboding of Professor Eddy:

> "It cannot but be regarded in the light of a great calamity if your Board shall feel itself compelled to refrain from entering into relations with so large and important a fraction of the highest educational institutions in so large a section of the country. . . . You thereby draw a line tending to render the teaching service distinctly less desirable. and introduce a motive for the ablest men to withdraw from their faculties, a consummation which, under the circumstances, would be greatly deplored by every lover of sound learning, and you at the same time impose a penalty which these universities will be likely to suffer the effects of in a way materially to affect their future."

It thus becomes a serious question whether the Carnegie Foundation is likely to achieve the purposes so wisely conceived, if it invites the defeat of its own expressed purposes by preventing that harmonious advancement of the profession which only a movement of national scope, liberally carried out, can secure.

The dominant importance of this issue compels me to present the remaining considerations relevant to the advancement of teaching, in decidedly foreshortened perspective. And, first, in regard to practical measures, it may be suggested that the alternative is not wholly that of inclusion or exclusion. It is possible that such a Foundation would consider the admission of an institution to its benefits provided that the Carnegie system of pensions be adopted *in toto,* and that the institution thus benefited supply half or other share of the cost. While discrimi-

nation in this matter would be difficult, the policy itself is not antagonistic to the underlying cause of the advancement of the teacher's status. Allied to such policy is the general consideration whether the better mode of introducing the system of retiring allowances is not this same one of aiding an institution to establish a system of its own. It is an open question whether the advantages of a large influence, a benefit to more institutions upon the basis of the same resources, quite compensate the possible embarrassment of placing the beneficiary under a sense of obligation to a particular institution, the complexities of fitting such a system to the shifting status caused by migration from one faculty to another, and, most formidably, the gradual interference or curtailment of a right so that it takes on the guise of a charitable dispensation. Experience alone can decide whether the present policy of absolute grant and control of all allowances sanctioned by the Foundation is the only feasible one. Pertinent to this consideration is still another: namely, whether a most useful form of partial retirement might not be introduced. Such provision would enable a selected group of men in the prime of life to devote their best years with some singleness of purpose (and with undiminished income) to the highest achievement that in them lies, while yet retaining their academic connections.

In pursuance of such considerations, we meet the fundamental inquiry whether a decided increase in salaries would not be far more effective in advancing the career of the professor than the most liberal of pension systems. There can be little doubt that it would; for such relief would at once release, for less hampered, more efficient service, energies now overstrained or given over to the stern necessities of earning small supplements to inadequate incomes; it would encourage latent and struggling ambition, lighten care and make possible a more healthy-minded attitude towards the expenses of life. It would affect the lives of men in their prime, determine in some cases the issue between immediate necessity and far-reaching policy, quicken the somewhat depressed pulse of the academic arteries, and do much to dissolve that unadjusted, restless attitude so detrimental, especially in sensitive temperaments, to the realization of their highest capabilities. The importance of this desideratum is out of all proportion to the space that can be given it here. Doubtless, in the main, it is an unrealizable project as the work of a Foundation, and to

many institutions would not be acceptable as an enforced policy imposed by an extraneous organization. Yet it falls within the scope of the Carnegie Foundation to emphasize, by all possible channels of influence, the underlying objects of its existence; in this instance such emphasis may prevent the use of the retiring allowance as a compensation for the more sorely needed increase of active income. In the end, relief in one part of the organism is relief to the whole; and the practicability of the retiring system renders it the best first step in the advancement of the academic profession.

To ameliorate conditions requires, most of all, a sympathetic comprehension of the conditions. In the academic world these are most complex, in great part intangible, dealing as they must with the spirit of the environment, the geniality of the intellectual climate. Such conditions result from traditions, from the impress of personalities, from the ideals that animate the controlling forces of a University, which, unlike a corporation, has a soul. Admittedly, these influences cannot be purchased, do not come with endowments or buildings. All that money can do—and it is a most worthy service—is to remove the obstacles that deprive these cherished influences of a fair and prospering nurture. The wisest expenditure of money is that which favors the removal of disabilities, and the consequent shaping of policy by the highest standards. Much of what is done and of what is left undone in academic administration is defended or excused on the ground of practical necessity or expediency. If some such organization as the Carnegie Foundation had appeared at the critical moment with the philanthropic, even though paternal, injunction: "Do what wise policy demands, and the financial obligation will be taken care of," many of the most serious educational mistakes would not have been committed.

Efficiency in high-grade pursuits is most difficult to secure, even with favoring circumstances. "To do his best work," says Professor Palmer, whose discerning words I shall presently cite further, "one need not merely to live, but to live well." There must be a free, an expanding, an adjusted life. In the concrete the advancement of teaching becomes a personal problem. The wisest endowment of education is the endowment of men. To facilitate the efforts of those engaged in the service of the higher learning—and the best of these are, doubtless, the ones most sen-

sitive to the influences that retard academic efficiency—is the purpose alike of the Carnegie Foundation, as of every promising aid to the advancement of intellectual ends.

Let me once more make concession to the practical bent of the national temper and bring this policy to bear upon a definite situation. The insecurity of the academic career is due in large measure to unwholesome administrative policies, notably the overemphasis of administrative functions. From the days of Socrates, when it was rated unworthy to receive pay for teaching, to the present era of enlightenment, when we speak of "three-thousand-dollar professors," there has been no easy solution of the relation of intellectual service to reward. For the expression of the ideal as well as the real formulation of this issue, I give way to Professor Palmer:*

> "The professors, like many professional men, give in lump and get in lump, without precise balance. The whole notion of bargain is inapplicable in such a sphere where the gains of him who serves and him who is served coincide; and that is largely the case with the professions. Harvard College pays me for doing what I would gladly pay it for allowing me to do. No professional man, then, thinks of giving according to measure. Once engaged, he gives his best, his personal interest, himself. . . . What is accepted is in the nature of a fee, gratuity or consideration, which enables him who receives it to maintain a certain expected mode of life. The idea sometimes advanced, that the professions can be ennobled by paying them powerfully, is fantastic. Their great attraction is their removal from sordid aims. More money should certainly be spent on several of them. Their members should be better protected against want, anxiety, neglect and bad conditions of labor. To do his best work, one needs not merely to live, but to live well."

The more formal term "honorarium" suggests that the professor is paid in honor, and not by a measured compensation for service. The whole situation implies, as is well recognized by the English usage of the term "living," that the incumbent must be supported in a manner suitable to his station. Clearly, in so unadjusted a society as ours, no single or simple set of circumstances is sufficiently established to fix the standard for so seemingly undefined a calling as that of a professor. Yet this does not condone the total neglect of principle and the acceptance of the readier but misleading solution of circumstance. Speaking broadly, we aim to adhere to these principles; but somewhere

* "The Atlantic Monthly," April, 1907.

and somehow the practice of the economically distinct business world insinuates itself and renders chaos of cosmos. Under the guise of "rewards of merit," a policy of discrimination brings it about that the president undertakes to calculate the professor's personal equation, and announces the result in dollars and cents. Piling into the academic caldron such incongruous ingredients as reputation, popularity, size of classes, value as a faculty drudge, sympathy with administrative measures, length of service, volume of original research, oratorical persuasiveness, size of family, pertinacity of friends, impression upon the Board, the incantation is pronounced, the stew clarifies, and the salary appears at the bottom of the pot. It is too obvious to need urging that salaries must somehow be fixed, and that some body of men must fix them; it should be equally obvious that there is an academically just and proper mode of reaching this end in which principle and system must be dominant. I must perforce leave undiscussed what is and what is not the right policy in this matter and the right mode of its encouragement; I desire only to urge that it falls within the scope of a Foundation for the advancement of teaching to inquire into such situations and determinedly to aid the better cause against the practical pressure of the worse.

Last as first, with regret or without it, it must be admitted that the temper of universities and the conditions under which they thrive in the New World do not justify the hope that they will from within solve rightly and promptly many of the situations that confront them. Accordingly, an extraneous organization, powerful by endowment and by singleness of purpose, that should step in and further the realization of worthy ideals, and practically should contend for the removal of disabilities, stood as a great, possibly the greatest, need of American education. The wisdom of this conception, as of the first steps in its application, should be appreciatively recorded by all who cherish the intellectual life. May the same spirit of cooperation in which the universities have accepted the first-fruits of the Foundation extend to such other measures as from time to time may be offered as encouragements to the advancement of teaching!

JOSEPH JASTROW.

IS GERMANY'S NAVY A MENACE?

BY J. L. BASHFORD.

AT a time when Japan and the United States are considerably strengthening their respective navies, when Spain is about to rebuild hers and Russia is making plans for replacing the fleet she lost in her recent war, there is scarcely any, if indeed any, sign that the belief in the sinister designs of German naval policy has abated. On April 19th last there appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW an article entitled "Does Germany Menace the World's Peace?" in which that question was answered in the affirmative. The writer of this article is reputed to have devoted considerable time to naval matters and the balance of sea-power as between the nations, and to have spent several months in Berlin, Kiel and Wilhelmshaven last autumn. The above-mentioned article is the outcome of his observations and of the information he then acquired on the spot. On the other hand, leading statesmen and naval authorities in Germany have over and over again repudiated the charge that Kaiser Wilhelm and the German Admiralty seek to realize any aggressive plans whatever, or that they entertain secret schemes for compassing the loss to any Power whatever of its naval position in the world. And yet, notwithstanding all kinds of solemn protestations, we read anew that Kaiser Wilhelm is preparing to challenge British naval supremacy "whenever he feels equipped for the task."

It is worth while to subject these charges again to close examination. We must contemplate facts, and not lay too much stress on conjecture. If it be true that Wilhelm II has only restrained his alleged military ambition during the nineteen years of his occupancy of the throne in order to bring about the ruin of British naval supremacy, and that he is patiently waiting till he be fully equipped for the task, he will, I take it, never see the realization

of his hopes. We have not yet heard any argument in the slightest degree approaching to positive proof or to reasonable probability of the existence of such designs. We cannot, however, ignore the apprehensions, and it may, therefore, serve the purpose of dispelling them, if we suggest that there may be something lurking behind these suspicions that induces not only sensationalists but very serious persons to talk of the "menace" of German naval policy. What is this something? And is it not in the power of the German Admiralty to place an effective check on rumors that are disturbing the world? It appears to me that the main cause of all this disturbance may have been the incessant clamor in certain German circles that all new German battleships should go one point better than those of the great naval Powers. During the last two years, a studied secrecy has been adopted in Berlin concerning the details of the new "Dreadnought" designs, that is generally considered outside Germany to be unnecessary because it opens the door to wild speculations and to uncertainty. To this secrecy is added the continuous demand amongst German naval enthusiasts to build one better than the "Dreadnought"; and the only hints which appear to have been allowed to leak out as to these new ships seem to imply that they are to be stronger than the "Dreadnought." Less harm would be done if it were known for certain that this were the case; but in consequence of the uncertainty some nations are said to be trying to build a type of ship that will exceed anything that the Germans *can* build. That this state of things has engendered distrust in certain quarters cannot be gainsaid; and it seems that there is a risk that so long as the suspicion prevails that Germany's main aim is to build stronger ships than other naval Powers, the German shipbuilding programme will be regarded as a menace to the peace of the world and not as the outcome of a justifiable policy for the protection of Germany's own sea interests.

There is no intention on the part of other nations to be hostile towards Germany; and when the German naval authorities cite the secrecy of England, in the initial stages of the building of the "Dreadnought," their objection can be met with the reply that the secrecy in that case did not last nearly so long as it is now lasting in Germany. Should the German Admiralty see its way to raising the veil of secrecy, I think they would cut the ground from under those who recklessly raise the cry of "menace."

If we turn to actualities, it becomes noteworthy that during the last ten years, that is to say since the first German Navy Bill was contemplated, there has been no sign that Germany has even gained on Great Britain, her alleged future antagonist. On the contrary, the British naval authorities started on the right track, always building bigger ships than other nations; and now Germany, whose earliest ships of the 1900 programme are all smaller than ours, is obliged to follow in our wake and build big ships. But we have our big ships ready built, whilst Germany has barely begun hers. It is acknowledged that the British Navy was never at so great a height of strength as it is at the present time, and the prospects for the next few years—assuming, of course, that England's building programme will not in the future be an inadequate one—all tend to show that the country does not dream of riding for a fall.

I take it that those who tell of the "offensive" German Navy imply that its alleged offensive intentions are directed against Britain. In Great Britain, however, it is accepted as an axiom by all political parties that the existence of the British Empire depends on the command of the sea. No Government will remain in power that guides its naval policy by any other view.

As to the presumption that the Kaiser "means mischief" when his fleet of "Dreadnoughts" is complete, or nearly so, it may be pointed out that Germany is not the only Power to build "Dreadnoughts," nor was she the first Power to accept this type of vessel. Every nation is now building monster ships with heavy armament; and, if Germany is to continue to build ships of war at all, we cannot complain at her following the lead of others or at her being resolved to have ships that are fit to fight modern naval battles.

Meanwhile, we have been told that the fleet under Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia's command is the most powerful force under one command in the world; it has also been stated that, by the end of this year, this fleet is to be raised to a strength of eighteen battle-ships. This statement is incorrect. The "Hannover" and "Pommern" will replace the "Brandenburg" and "Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm"; but the numerical strength will remain the same. Similarly, the story about a new base for torpedo craft having been erected at Emden is also a myth.

The German battle-ships from the "Wittelsbach" class downwards on the list must be reckoned as insufficiently armed for

modern battles, which will be fought at long distances. The heaviest guns in these ships are 9.4-inch guns, as against the British 12-inch guns in the Channel and Home Fleets. Reference is made in the German Naval Estimates for 1907-08 to the necessity for increasing the armament and displacement of the new ships, in view of the results observed in the war in the Far East. This must show that the German naval authorities are fully alive to the comparative weakness of most of their existing battle-ships.

The aggressive talk of many German lay naval enthusiasts and the bluster of the *Flotten-Verein* have contributed to make foreigners assign motives to the German Emperor and the German Admiralty which could not be established by facts. The Kaiser himself also, from time to time, has used phrases with his accustomed vigor and warmth of expression that aroused the suspicions of the older naval Powers. These phrases, it has often been explained, were meant for home consumption and were aimed at assisting the work of familiarizing the people with the idea of a national navy so ably carried out by the News Bureau* of the German Admiralty; but foreigners would have liked to see them labelled "for home consumption only" and to hear some public utterances designed "for foreign consumption" as well.

It may be well to lay some stress on the now prevailing popularity of the navy in Germany. The Kaiser, who will go down to history as the founder of the modern German Navy, could have had no influence with his epigrammatic phrases—such as "Our future lies on the waters," "We bitterly want a strong German Navy"—if the people had not been ready for them.

Wilhelm II determined even before he came to the throne to reorganize the German Navy, just as thoroughly as his grandfather had reorganized the Prussian army. It is pure nonsense to talk of his "fanatical enthusiasm" in this regard.

Let us refer to the most recent official pronouncement on German naval policy, which is all the more interesting because it was made by the German Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, before a body of highly intelligent and watchful British journalists, at a banquet given in their honor in Berlin, when they visited Germany in response to an invitation from person-

* Not to be confounded with the *Admiralitäts-Stab*, which corresponds to our Intelligence Department. The *Nachrichten Bureau* (News Bureau) is another section of the Imperial Navy Office.

ages of light and leading in all spheres of German society. The speech, moreover, was delivered by and with the advice of the Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, in the presence of a number of the Ministers of State and of the British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles. Dr. von Mühlberg said, on May 29th last:

"And now let me say a word about our navy. I have heard the opinion expressed—especially from your own country—to the effect that we were concealing our programme and that we kept dark our real aims. I cannot understand these insinuations, for our naval programme lies before the whole world in clear and distinct terms. I beg of you to cast a glance at the German Navy Act of 1900, the terms of which cannot be exceeded by the executive powers, and you will then obtain a definite and clear picture of the total strength of our navy. If a comparison of the strength of our navy be made with the strength of the British navy, no unprejudiced observer can doubt that our naval forces are only intended for the protection of our shores and of our trade at sea. We do not aim at anything beyond this: but we do aim at this, claiming the right to do so enjoyed by every great progressive nation that loves its honor as well."

In the number of this REVIEW for April 19th there was a curious statement that must have caused astonishment to those who have read Prince Hohenlohe's "Memoirs." It ran thus:

"Among all the blazing indiscretions of Prince Hohenlohe's 'Memoirs,' no feature was so embarrassing to the German Emperor, acknowledged War-Lord of the world, as the continual harping on the fact of his requiring his new navy for purely 'offensive' purposes."

I cannot find that Prince Hohenlohe anywhere uses an expression that can be interpreted in this sense. Here follows what he wrote to a friend in 1897 concerning his country's navy: "I shall defend the Navy Bill. I shall do so with prudence, but I am in favor of a battle-fleet. We really cannot go on without one." And a few days later:

"As for the navy [his correspondent had written to him urging arguments against an increase of the navy and against the colonies], there are many people who think that the demands of the new head of the navy are not exorbitant. But what induces me to support them is this—people are always saying that the navy is a mere whim of the Kaiser; whereas it cannot be denied that the German people are to blame, or, if you wish, deserve the credit, for our having a navy. In the days of the Bundestag we led a harmless, peaceful existence. We had no political (foreign) cares, few taxes, and we looked on whilst Austria and Prussia went for one another in the Federal Diet, the middle and small States taking part now on one, now on the other, side. But this was not good enough for the German people. They wanted to be united and

to play a part in the world. . . . In order to obtain more money for the Empire, Bismarck changed his customs policy and threw over moderate Free Trade. The German people were on his side in this also. And now we acquired money, three or four hundred millions, and the Empire was able to exist. But Protectionism created a colossal advance in manufactures. We ceased to be an agrarian State and became a manufacturing State. We were thus forced to change our policy and to turn our attention to the security of our exports. Trade developed to such an extent that the Government were called upon to defend it. This could only be done by a navy, not by a navy for coast defence, but by a navy capable of keeping the way clear for our supplies. *We cannot think of rivalling England in regard to the size of our navy. But we must have a navy capable of repelling a foreign squadron that desires to blockade our ports. If we are not in a position to do this, our trade and our shipping will be destroyed. This means a loss of milliards, and the four to six hundred millions for the navy are nothing in comparison with this.* . . . It cannot be denied that the Kaiser makes people uneasy through his impulsive nature. A little less excitability would be desirable. *But it is an injustice to reproach him with being desirous of increasing the navy merely to satisfy a whim or simply for his own private pleasure. He is simply carrying out that for which the German people have been striving for a hundred and fifty years.*"

The above is what he wrote to a friend in November, 1897, when dealing with the first Navy Bill. A little more than two years later—in January, 1900—the Prince wrote to his son:

"I must wait till after the Navy debate [*i. e.*, he would not send in his resignation till then]. For I am anxious that the bill should pass, if possible. We must not run the risk of meeting with the same fate from England that Spain suffered from America."

And in the following June, the Prince made a speech in the Reichstag when he combated Herr Liebknecht's declaration that the people in Germany showed no enthusiasm for the creation of a navy. He pointed out that, in the middle of the last century, it was the Governments of some of the smaller States of the German Bund, not that of Prussia, that opposed the idea of a navy, but that "the German people pressed their demands for a German navy. The history of the last century shows that the cry for a navy was always heard when there was a movement for the union of Germany, or when this movement was about to be realized or seemed likely to be realized." And then he used almost the same expressions as those contained in the above-cited letter about the conditions prevailing in Germany in the days of the Federal Diet—"a time of limited powers of judgment and of easy-going

indifference." The movement in favor of unity in 1848 died out, he said, and "as a powerful empire cannot be conceived without a fleet the idea of a navy disappeared with the idea of the Empire." But, twenty years later, when the Empire was founded, the people again clamored for a navy; and the only differences of opinion were in regard to its size and the amount of money to be spent on it. "It was then a question," the Prince continued, "of securing our existence as a trading World-Power." In conclusion, he pointed out that the craving to take up a position in the world had originated with the German people; hence the necessity of having a strong navy.

These citations reproduce all that Prince Hohenlohe said in his "Memoirs" about the necessity of having a navy, but there is not a word about purely offensive purposes. His successor also, the present Chancellor, has more than once combated the idea that Germany's Navy was being increased for "offensive purposes." He spoke to me as follows on November 15th, 1904:*

"As you have yourself gone very carefully into the question of our Navy, you will certainly have obtained proofs that *our fleet is only meant for defensive purposes.* Its object is to secure our waters against any attack, and to afford the necessary protection for our interests abroad. We shall, of course, always take care that it is ready to strike when required, for our motto must be 'Always be ready.' Foreign countries must reconcile themselves to the fact that the German merchant beyond the seas is no longer the poverty-stricken creature who must content himself with picking up the crumbs from under the table. He now takes his seat next his fellows: and we are fully entitled to stand up for and defend the rights which are ours in company with the citizens of other nations."

As I am writing these lines Prince von Bülow is announced to have told M. Huret at Norderney:

"As for our navy, we are not increasing it for fighting purposes, but to protect our trade, to be able to show our flag in remote regions where our commerce flourishes." [I take it that the Chancellor means "for aggressive purposes," because a navy only exists for "fighting purposes."]

I will cite one more authority—namely, Admiral von Tirpitz, the Secretary of State of the German Imperial Navy Office, and the author of the Navy Laws of 1898 and 1900, and of the Amendment Act of 1906. I have had the privilege of knowing the Admiral for many years; and we have frequently indulged in con-

* *Cf.* "The Nineteenth Century and After," December, 1904.

fidential talks about the development of the German Navy. The Admiral tells everybody that he considers the idea that the German nation and the German Admiralty are preparing an aggressive war against Great Britain is too foolish and preposterous to require refutation. He remarked to me about the end of January last, that "when it was decided to strengthen the German Navy in order that we should have a navy suitable to our rank as a first-class Power, and in order to enable us to defend, if needed, our commerce and colonies, neither the Kaiser nor the Admiralty had any aggressive purpose in view."

These quotations from written and verbal pronouncements of the highest personages in the service of the German Empire under the Kaiser deal frankly with the subject at issue. Let us now turn from German protestations to certain statements concerning figures made in the article I cited at the commencement of this paper. We read there that Germany possesses, "built or building, a horde of giant cruisers, destroyers, torpedo-boats of 600 tons, and submarines." Any text-book dealing with the navies of the nations can satisfy us on this point. Let us look up the latest number of Weyer's "*Taschenbuch der Kriegsflotten,*" which is universally accepted as authoritative. We find that, all told, there are in the German Navy ten armored cruisers and six protected cruisers—*i. e.*, according to German classification, six Big Cruisers, three of which ("Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau," 11,420 tons each, and "E," 14,700 tons) are building, and another, "F," which will presumably have a displacement not greater than our largest Armored Cruisers, has not yet been laid down. By 1917, there will be twenty Large Cruisers built and building. The full number of Destroyers now to be built, according to the amended programme, has been fixed at 144. So far, none of these comes up to 600 tons, but the next twelve are to have that displacement. It is clear, therefore, that the Germans do not possess "a horde" of giant cruisers, built or building.

As regards acceleration in shipbuilding, it may be said that the German Admiralty have no plan for accelerating their shipbuilding and that it would be quite hopeless for them to attempt to do so. Before long there will be a regular glut in their yards. In 1900, the German Admiralty obtained the permission of Parliament for a definite building programme extending over a series of years, in order not to be exposed every year to the changes of party

opposition. This programme has not been enlarged: in 1906, the amendment to the Act only replaced what Admiral von Tirpitz had asked for in 1900, and everybody knew that by 1906 he would again ask for what was then refused. The programme is not being carried out with "truly American vigor," if these words mean "haste"; the programme is being carried out according to the prescriptions laid down by the Law. The Admiralty could not "curtail" the programme or "drop out a ship," for the simple reason that it would be contrary to the Law passed by the Reichstag to do so. But for the present, on the other hand, the shipbuilding is somewhat behindhand. The ships voted in last year's programme were the "Substitute Bayern" and the "Substitute Sachsen." The "Substitute Bayern" has not yet been commenced. The "Substitute Sachsen" was not laid down until March last, and is now built up to the armored deck. Cruiser "E," also belonging to last year's programme, was laid down early in March last and has advanced about the same as "Substitute Sachsen." With regard to "Substitute Baden" and "Substitute Württemberg," in the middle of July the keel plates only of the "Baden" were on the blocks, while the keel plates of the "Württemberg" were just being placed on the blocks. Tenders have not been given out yet for Big Cruiser "F."

When it is seriously affirmed that Germany "intends to form an enormous fleet entirely composed of 'Dreadnoughts,' so fast and powerful that as a homogeneous armada none other afloat will be able to bring them to battle," I must claim to be excused if I call this *nonsense*. Whatever battle-ships Germany turns out will find plenty on the other side capable of coping with them.

But as regards the armament of these vessels—of which some declare that their main battery is "to carry sixteen 11-inch guns of fifty calibres," I submit that it was given out that the new battle-ships would have a displacement of about 18,000 tons and that it must be borne in mind that the ships have to be built round the guns. It must be left to a shipbuilder to decide whether it is possible or not to mount sixteen 11-inch or 12-inch guns on a ship of this displacement, having the ordinary qualities expected from such a ship in regard to armor, speed, etc. Some German shipbuilders affirm that the former is possible: it would in any case be impossible to mount sixteen 12-inch guns in such a ship. Amidst the profound secrecy maintained by the German Govern-

ment, opinions vary greatly. German authorities reject the idea that they could mount three guns in a turret. As regards the number of the guns, I know good authorities who still maintain that the new ships are to be provided with twelve 11-inch guns, in opposition to others who declare in favor of twelve or ten 12-inch guns. Great efforts have been made to obtain information; but it must be admitted that all details of whatever nature that have hitherto been published can only rest on surmise. From all evidence to hand, the report that *sixteen* 11-inch guns are to be placed in the new ships seems to go beyond the mark.

Mr. FitzGerald stated in April last in this REVIEW that next year there will be four "Dreadnoughts" building in German yards to four in British yards. He should know that by the end of 1910 the Germans cannot have more than three "Dreadnoughts" ready with, say, thirty-six 11-inch guns—*perhaps* 12-inch guns; whilst the British Navy will have built, say, six or seven "Dreadnoughts" with sixty or seventy 12-inch guns. Besides these, the British Navy will have at least three Big Cruisers with twenty-four 12-inch guns, whilst Germany will only have her one Big Cruiser, "E," of the new type, which is certain not to carry either 11-inch or 12-inch guns, her heavy armament being either 8.2 inches or 9.4 inches. Further, the British Navy will have the "Lord Nelson" and the "Agamemnon" finished, and many naval officers think that these will be as good fighting-ships as the "Dreadnoughts."

A comparison of the lists of the German Active Battle Fleet (Prince Henry of Prussia's command) and the British Home Fleet, with their armaments (which lack of space renders it impracticable to present here in full detail), would show conclusively that Germany has little chance of ever getting ahead of Great Britain in naval strength, and that, except for the present policy of secrecy, Germany's Navy cannot seriously be regarded as a menace to the peace of the world. The main armament of the battle-ships in the German Fleet consists of thirty-six 11-inch and thirty-two 9.4-inch guns, with a secondary armament of eighty-four 6.7-inch, one hundred and forty-four 5.9-inch and sixteen 4.1-inch guns; the German armored cruisers mount twelve 8.2-inch, and thirty 5.9-inch guns; while the small cruisers carry forty 4.1-inch guns and forty one-pounders. In the British Home Fleet, the main armament of the battle-ships consists of fifty-eight

12-inch guns, with a secondary armament of one hundred and forty-four 6-inch guns; the armored cruisers mount two 9.2-inch, four 7.5-inch, and eighty-eight 6-inch guns; the First-class Protected Cruisers, four 9.2-inch, and one hundred and forty-four 6-inch guns; and the Second-class Protected Cruisers, sixty-six 6-inch guns. Attached to the Home Fleet is the Fifth Cruiser Squadron, with a main armament aggregating thirty-two 9.2-inch guns, and a secondary armament of sixteen 7.5-inch and twenty-six 6-inch guns. As supporting the Home Fleet must be reckoned the Channel Fleet (which as matters stand is not likely to leave Home waters) with its main armament of forty-eight 12-inch and eight 10-inch guns, and its secondary armament of thirty-two 9.2-inch, twenty-eight 7.5-inch, and one hundred and twenty-eight 6-inch guns; the Cruiser Squadron of this Fleet having a main armament of two 9.2-inch and twelve 7.5-inch guns and a secondary armament of thirty-four 6-inch guns.

I will admit that naval officers will probably declare that any comparison of ships or guns is unsatisfactory, and that it is mere waste of time to try to compare them. The results aimed at depend on many other factors as well; but I am writing for general readers in order to dispel, if possible, some exaggerations as regards the relative strength of the two navies in question, estimated from the point of view of gun power. One can compare 12-inch guns as against 11-inch guns at 6000-yards range, at which range a modern battle would probably be fought; but at this range all 6-inch guns would be worthless for piercing the armored side of a modern battle-ship. The speed of the British ships is greater than the speed of the German ships, therefore we should be in a position to maintain the distance of 6000 yards; and, if desired, the action could be fought and completed at this distance. The German 5.9-inch guns are out of date, and our modern 6-inch guns (of which there are 442 in the Home Fleet) are as good as the German 6.7-inch guns (of which they have 84 in their Active Battle Fleet under Prince Henry). The 4.1-inch guns (twelve-pounders) and 1.4-inch guns (one-pounders) are quite inefficient against modern ships: indeed, they are for use principally against torpedo craft. They do not come into question at the great ranges here spoken of. Further, it must not be forgotten that several of the German smaller guns are not even in casemates, as is also the case with the armament of our small cruisers, and are not suffi-

ciently protected, so that several of these guns at shorter ranges would be put *hors de combat* immediately.

People are apt to believe that the German Active Battle Fleet is permanently in the North Sea. This is a very common mistake. The ships of this fleet are not based anywhere in the North Sea, but at Kiel. When not at sea they do not all lie off Brunsbüttel, but are separated—some being at Kiel and some at Wilhelmshaven.

In conclusion, I should say that it is an exaggeration to say that "German naval officers make no secret of the fact that their navy is not only intended to strike at Great Britain, but that they will rely largely for success on the suddenness of the attack." Such words may occasionally be heard from the mouths of young and ardent novices, but not from the older, the experienced and the responsible officers in the service. On the other hand, I maintain that it is the German Navy and the German Government that, owing to irresponsible gossip repeated in the highest spheres in Germany, have more than once been concerned lest a sudden attack should be made on the German Navy. Nor is it the case, as I am assured on official authority, that in the early part of this year German destroyers, manœuvring off Cuxhaven, suddenly received orders "to make a dash for the British coast."

Assuredly, Germany's naval strength cannot be truly called a "menace" to-day, nor can it be a menace within the next few years. The gist of the question of menace could only be found in the fleet that is to consist, in 1920, of thirty-eight Battle-ships, twenty Armored Cruisers, thirty-eight Small Cruisers and 144 Torpedo Boats—supposing the British shipbuilding programme were in the mean time to be neglected, and supposing some diplomatic difference were under such conditions to be engineered to force England to keep a considerable portion of her fleet at a great distance from home waters. As things now are, the possibility of the Germany Navy proving a "menace" to Britain or to the peace of the world is not apparent.

J. L. BASHFORD.

SOME GUESSES AT JAPAN.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

OUT here in the Orient, and in some other parts of the world as well, I fancy, a great many persons are guessing about Japan. As may be seen by reference to a copy of almost any one of the newspapers printed in English in the port cities of the Orient, the real Far Eastern Question is, "What of Japan?" Some few persons, chiefly newcomers, are outlining with assurance the nature and the future of the Japanese. As for me, I am only guessing.* I have spent three months and a half in Japan in an endeavor to get beneath the surface of a most un-Western and charming life—beneath the cherry blossoms, chrysanthemums and maple leaves, beneath the elaborate bows and ceremoniousness of the people, and beneath their picturesque Orientalism. For, in Japan, Congo Free State or America, a human being is a human being, dominated by the great human motives.

Every Occidental is expected to take off his hat to "the Oriental mind," as something inscrutable, unfathomable and mysteriously potent. After a time, the hard-headed Westerner who has dwelt long in the Orient is likely to use plain speech about this. To him, the Oriental mind is merely selfishness, *plus* superstition, *plus* complete disingenuousness. What is euphemistically called "Orientalism" is often nothing but plain lying and dishonesty.

* It is uncomfortable to have to guess; the far pleasanter way is to forget that often "things are not what they seem," and to take everything at its face value. Especially is this so when one has been the recipient of only courtesy and kindly attention at the hands of a nation; and no people understand so well as do the Japanese the art of showering attentions upon a stranger. Among scores of delightful acquaintances in Japan, I have some true friends, whose honor and nobility of character are beyond question. These are men who have really achieved the Western standpoint; but, with deep regret it must be said, they are not typical of Japan. In all my guesses at this problematical people, there are as many exceptions to be cited as in the case of every generalization.

The Oriental, accustomed, for ages, to oppression and deceit, has become a past master in craftiness and guile. For sinuous and subterranean ways, he outclasses anything known in the West. But the aforesaid hard-headed man, who should know, says that it is foolish to apply to a people, be their skins yellow, brown or white, any other standards than the old, old ones of fair and open dealing, plain speech and true words. If the yellow man is to sit with the white in the game of nations, he must obey the ancient and tested rules of the game.

I am sorry to say that my hard-headed friend (as is true of most of his white associates in Yokohama, Kobe, and Nagasaki) does not like the Japanese. The latter say that it is because they are driving the white man out of business in Japan, and are gradually crowding him toward the sea in the other ports of the East. They certainly are doing that; but I would like to believe that the Anglo-Saxon knows how to be fair to a successful adversary. My friend declares that he does not like the Japanese simply because he cannot trust him, and because he will not give a square deal to anybody. For cold-blooded, calculating and persistent selfishness, the Japanese people bear off all laurels. Up to the present, Japan seems to be carrying out the advice of the shrewd old statesmen of the Restoration Period, who counselled that she should learn all the weapons, ways and wisdom of the West, only that she might later turn them against the foreigner. If you would know the Japanese, says the white man in Japan, you must do business with him when he thinks nobody is looking. He is shrewder than a Washington politician at "putting up a front"; all those wooden legs for Russian soldiers, and all the playing to the Western galleries during the war, do not reveal the true Japan. The horror of the civilized world over the massacres at Port Arthur, during the Chino-Japanese war, has taught Japan to walk as primly and properly as a New England spinster—when the world is looking.

In fact, the question is often raised among European business men in the Orient, whether Japan is really a civilized or a barbarous nation. This sort of discussion is not carried on in the newspapers published in Japan; for the Japanese are more sensitive upon this point than upon any other. Their chief source of pride is that they are one of the world's great civilized and civilizing Powers. Those who contend that Japan has experienced no

change of heart, but has merely put on the new manners and forms of civilization, like a new garment, with the same zest that she has displayed in adopting the frock coat and the top-hat, point to various phases of Japanese character and conduct to justify their contention. They say that Japan is a cruel, pitiless nation. Her boys find their sport in torturing insects and small animals: everybody who has been in Japan a week has seen the little children with bamboo poles, tipped in birdlime, hunting the cicada. The merciless bit worn by the Japanese horse, and the cruel loads it carries, and the beatings it endures, are the reasons for the proverbially vicious character of this beast. Look a Japanese ox in the face, as he plods along with the load of half a dozen American horses, and the way his nose-ring is drawn taut over his bleeding nostrils will haunt you for days. Nor is this disregard of life and suffering confined to the lower animals. The frightful and, at times, needless slaughter of soldiers before Port Arthur and Mukden is significant of something more than military discipline. Life is not a sacred thing to the Japanese. A Japanese soldier, bound for the war, was saying farewell to his sister at the train, and did not hear the captain's command to "fall in." The latter drew his sword and stabbed the man to the heart. That's a way they have in the army; it promotes discipline. Could the practice of selling their daughters into a slavery of shame be permitted and approved in any civilized country? It is counted a point of virtue for a Japanese girl to enter a brothel, in order to raise money to pay her father's debts. And I do not believe that Tokio's infamous "Yoshiwara," where young girls are displayed to the street in cages, could exist anywhere else outside of Africa. The nudity of both sexes, so common among the lower classes of Japan, is, in my eyes, far less indicative of an uncivilized state of society than the ghastly exhibition of slavery in the Yoshiwara, before which, when I visited it, stood rows of policemen, holding aloft their paper lanterns, to keep the crowds on the right side of the street.

A person's answer to this question, whether Japan is a civilized or a barbarous nation, must determine his judgment of Japan's course in Korea. For a barbarous nation, Japan has done well. The amount of murder, robbery, rapine and general injustice has been far less than was common when the Goths and Vandals were in their heyday. But if the standards of civilization are to be

applied to Japan's conduct in this out-of-the-world corner, where, presumably, the big public is not looking, then Japan stands condemned. Among civilized nations, governments and treaties are respected: Japan's "grand old man," Marquis Ito, took a company of soldiers into the palace of the Emperor of Korea and tried to force him and his cabinet to sign the treaty which has since been given to the world as the treaty between Japan and Korea. The Emperor refused to sign it, and never did. The Prime Minister, likewise, refused to sign it, and when another member of the cabinet, under tremendous pressure, did so, the Prime Minister slapped him in the face and called him a traitor. Thwarted, the Japanese, nevertheless, high-handedly proclaimed that the treaty had been signed, though now, I understand, they admit that the King's signature was not secured, and, they say, it is not necessary.* The King is to-day a prisoner in one of his little palaces. He is in constant terror for his life, remembering how the Japanese brutally murdered his strong-minded queen, burning her body after cutting her down. Nobody, not even his physician and dentist, can see the King without permission from the Japanese. The control of the entire Korean government, which even this so-called treaty engaged to respect, is now in Japanese hands.

All this, though, is as sweetness and light when compared with what the Japanese soldiers and immigrants are doing throughout Korea. To knock down a Korean on the street is nothing. To drive him, unremunerated, out of his home, without five minutes' warning, for no other reason than that some Japanese thinks it would be a good place to live in, is so common as to pass almost unnoticed. To take away his business, be it sculling a sampan, pulling a jinrikisha or running a little shop, is perhaps no more barbarous than some proceedings in America. To force him by thousands to work for weeks without wages, as a coolie upon Japanese enterprises, is but one more exemplification of the doctrine that "might makes right." But to beat defenceless old women, to insult inoffensive foreigners as well as Koreans, to murder scores of men simply for protesting against being robbed of their property, and to crucify and then to shoot (I have the photographs) men who actively resent having their homes stolen—this comes near to barbarism. After what my own eyes have seen,

* This article was written before the forced abdication of the Emperor of Korea.—Ed. N. A. R.

I can scarcely doubt the assertion, heard on every side, that every white man in Korea, except one American employed by the Japanese Government, is now earnestly opposed to the conduct of the Japanese, though, when the late war began, the great majority of them were pronouncedly in favor of Japan's cause. This American, Mr. W. D. Stevens, a man of real ability, gave me the names of several men whom I should see to get a true and favorable view of Japan's course; I saw them all but one, and from some of them I heard the bitterest arraignments of Japan uttered in my presence during my sojourn in Korea; none of them justified Japan. Two men, missionaries, while shocked by the outrages on all sides, yet clung tenaciously to the charitable notion that Marquis Ito's assurances should be accepted as the measure of Japan's future course in Korea, rather than the deeds of his compatriots.

Enough of that phase of present-day politics; more will appear when the placid, moon-faced Korean, assured of support from without, at last turns in desperation to fight. Speaking of war, there are many guesses as to the nation with which Japan's next conflict will be waged. Fight she must, for her chief business and highest art is, and ever has been, war. Many say Russia will be next to take the field against Japan, but that struggle will not come for ten years at least—assuming that Russia's internal troubles will not modify her foreign policy—since the nation will need that time to train a corps of competent officers, which is her greatest military necessity. Some long-time residents in the Orient predict that Japan will pick a quarrel with rich and helpless China, in order to recoup her desperate finances. The better informed, however, say that Japan's next war will be with Germany, for the latter's "Yellow Peril" insult rankles deeply in the proud Japanese breast. All these guesses and predictions may go amiss from the simple fact, patent to all who know Japan, that her national sensitiveness and self-confidence may lead her to avenge even a trivial slight or offence by extreme measures. Japan is not a self-governing nation, public misconception to the contrary, notwithstanding; and, yet, the handful of men who have run the nation for thirty years, and still run it, may be forced by the noisy populace (which, in its enjoyment of recent liberty of speech and the universal indulgence of this privilege in the daily newspaper, has not learned the art of self-control) to enter upon a

war which they do not desire. The frequency with which riots multiply in Japan of late, and the spread of Socialism there, are not without meaning to thoughtful observers.

One of these same thoughtful observers, who has spent a lifetime in the Land of the Rising Sun, gave me a hint along this line. We were discussing one of the not uncommon outbreaks in Tokio. "I sometimes wonder," he remarked, with a rather Delphic air, "just what is to be the outcome of this admiration for George Washington in Japan. You know Washington's picture may be found in almost every school in the empire, and in thousands of homes. His story is one of the most popular studied by Japanese youth. Now, Washington was the leader of a revolution, and the man who broke a king's power. What effect do you suppose this will have upon the old Japanese notion of the Emperor's divinity and absolute right?" I forbore to make a guess, though I could not help recalling many jesting remarks about the Emperor's frailties which I had heard from young Japanese. But I am willing to guess that the next Emperor's job will not be so easy as his father's has been.

If you wish to see a Briton or an American in the Orient exhibit disgust with his nation, talk to him about Japan's chivalrous conduct at Portsmouth, when, in the interest of the world's peace, she yielded her rightful claim to an indemnity from Russia. After he has expressed himself sufficiently upon the gullibility of the Western public, he will say something like this: "Everybody in the East knows that Japan was at the end of her rope. She made peace because she could not carry on the war much longer. Don't you know that she was almost utterly bankrupt, and that she was even running short of men? She put down the physical standard of admission to the army an inch, and lowered the age of the reserves on one end and raised it on the other, in order to increase the number of eligibles. She hurried men off to the front from the hospitals before their wounds were fairly healed. The Port Arthur army, after its terrible victory, was not given a day's rest, but was rushed across the ice and up-country to strengthen the forces at Mukden." Without detracting one iota from Japan's ability or glory, it has to be admitted that peace came in the nick of time for her. And, to keep the world from knowing just this sort of thing, she bottled up the press correspondents at Tokio.

One word more about war. Every one who has watched the pro-

cess with his own eyes must be filled with admiration for the way the Japanese army and navy are kept "fit." There is no loafing in barracks for the former. Long marches and all sorts of practice drills are the daily lot of the Japanese soldier. Scores of times, and in various parts of Japan, I have seen him, dressed in full field outfit, taking long marches. The drill of the cavalry (well out of sight of tourists, but I have seen it), over fences, hedges, walls, barbed-wire obstructions, embankments and ditches, reveals how Japan has even mastered the art of horsemanship. All the probabilities of war are forecast and trained for, by both navy and army. To watch the present military activity at Port Arthur, one would imagine that a siege is expected next week. Officers and men in Japan earn their meagre salaries, of a certainty. And even the public-school boys are drilled in regular field tactics, not to speak of the way the very infants play at soldiering and wear military clothes. I have watched a couple of hundred youngsters on the school-ground, none of them above fourteen years, marching, forming firing-squads, breaking formation and rushing into new positions, at the command of a teacher, with a celerity and skill that I have not seen equalled at any American National Guard encampment.

Accustomed for centuries to a feudal system, which made obedience to an overlord the one supreme virtue, the Japanese make excellent subordinates, as sailors and soldiers. This gives full play for the ability of the officers trained in European methods. Given an absolute master, and a detailed code of instructions, in which he may be carefully drilled, the Japanese obtains a high level of efficiency. But, as an independent individual, his efficiency is largely a fiction of the eulogists, as any one who has ever lived in a Japanese-made house, or sat in a Japanese-made chair, or worn Japanese-made shoes, or used a Japanese lamp, or anything else Japanese, will quickly testify. A stock sign in the East is, "Beware of Japanese imitations." Man for man, the Japanese cannot compare with the average American or Briton.

A guess at the future of Japan is inevitable. Will she have a great reaction against the Western ways which she has adopted? One day I saw a "high collar," as the modern Japanese dude is called, ride full tilt on his bicycle against an old peasant woman, carrying across her shoulders a yoke with two panniers of vegetables. The woman was knocked down and her burden spilled,

but seemingly no serious injury was done her. The bicycle, however, was hopelessly smashed, a case of poetic justice. I wondered, at the moment, if this was a picture of the conflict between Old and New Japan. Will the stolid peasant, brutalized, provincial and wedded to his idols, which line every highway, come off the better in a struggle with the fashionable "foreign style"? I think not, despite the parable just cited. The whole nation is going to school. It cannot escape the thought and ideals of civilization. The general study of English means an acquisition of the principles that are embodied in our language. Self-government and real liberty will come to the people, after they have learned how to use them. The exasperating espionage of the ubiquitous secret-service men, the domination, even down to petty details, by the police and the military, will give way to freedom of speech and action. A sound thrashing by some other nation will chasten the people's vaulting pride. The shutting of the world's markets to them until they learn how to do business honorably will teach them a necessary lesson. The thorough-going ability of the military and naval officials, and of the governing classes generally, will be imparted to all other departments of the national life. Christianty, which is slowly, but steadily, supplanting the superstition, idolatry and ignorant spirit-worship of Buddhism and Shintoism, will elevate the national character, and temper the all-absorbing, inconsiderate and relentless selfishness of the nation. In a word, time, education and hard knocks will fit Japan to take her place alongside of the great Powers of the earth.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

THE CHILD-LABOR PROBLEM: FACT *VERSUS* SENTIMENTALITY.

BY THE LATE JULIA MAGRUDER.

THERE is, perhaps, no question of public economy in the present day as to which so deep and wide-spread an interest is manifested as the question of the employment of children as wage-earners, especially in mills and factories. The agitators of this subject are of three classes. The first and largest class is composed of ignorant sentimentalists, who plunge into the subject on the impulse of emotional feeling, rather than on a basis of knowledge and judgment. The second and smallest class is composed of rapacious mill-owners, who are influenced solely by the desire for cheap labor. The third class—that to which this paper is addressed—consists of serious and intelligent men and women, who desire to have the facts of the situation fairly presented, in order that a just discrimination between true and false may be made. Members of this last class will understand and allow for the fact, frankly avowed, that it is not easy to arrive at a perfectly just and accurate presentation of the case. It is a simple matter, however, to bring to bear upon this burning question the ordinary rules of common sense; and that is what is now attempted.

By all accepted rules of evidence, the actual knowledge, as well as the reasonable credibility, of witnesses must be considered before their testimony is entitled to acceptance. On this ground, I wish to consider what value, as evidence, should be placed upon the testimony of the writers on this subject with whose articles I am acquainted. I shall have to treat this branch of my subject briefly; but, if space permitted, I could elaborate the theme, to the fuller enlightenment of my readers and my own greater satisfaction.

The first written words which I can recall, as to this matter,

were from Mrs. and Miss Van Vorst, two American women long resident in Paris, who wrote a book called "The Woman Who Toils," on the basis, as they claimed, of a residence as actual mill-hands, in the mill-towns described. This book I opened with serious interest and intention; but its first pages disturbed my confidence so deeply that by the time I had reached the point at which Miss Van Vorst informs the earnest men and women, for whom her book was presumably intended:

> "Luxuries to me are what necessities are to another. A boot too heavy, a dress ill-hung, a stocking too thick, are annoyances which, to the self-indulgent woman of the world, are absolute discomforts,"

adding a list of the prices paid by her for her underclothes, silk petticoat, shoes, hat and tailor-made costume, making a total of four hundred and forty-seven dollars for the raiment in which she stood—speaking of the mill-hands as "people from whose contact I had hitherto pulled my skirts away," and adding, "Friends had said to me, 'Your hands will betray you!'"—I threw the book aside, as unworthy of serious consideration. Later, however, finding that it was being seriously considered, I returned to it and read every word attentively.

As I wish to confine myself strictly to the limited field in which I can speak with the authority of over twenty years' study of the question from a near point of view, I pass over what these two authors say of the conditions existing in the Northern mill-village which, they tell us, they lived in as regular factory-hands, and content myself with saying that, if their inspection of the Southern cotton-mills had been made by going over them in a balloon, it would have been quite as accurate, and a great deal less misleading to the public. Yet, in the writing of both these authors, there is an appearance of the most painstaking effort to be accurate—many of the statements being put in the (supposed) dialect of the Southern mill-hands. To quote only one example of this: The report had probably reached Mrs. Van Vorst, in Paris, that it is a trick speech in the South to say "you-all" and "we-all," her informant having thought it unnecessary to explain that this word "all" signifies plurality, and that it is only another way of saying "all of you," and "all of us." The idea that any one, of no matter what rank and condition, should say "he-all" and "she-all" is obviously absurd. Yet continually Mrs. Van Vorst puts into the mouths of her Southern mill-hands such phrases as

these: "He-all is sick to-day," "She-all works in the mill." This (and many other examples of the same kind) attempt to give an air of reality to her "poor-white talk" is simply audacious, when one considers how easy it is to disprove. Not knowing that the key-note to this dialect is economy and brevity of utterance, she makes the children say: "Yes, meaum," where they would inevitably have said "yes'm," and she renders as "eleavun" the word which would have been pronounced "'lev'n." The word "about," which is habitually cut short, even among educated Southerners, she makes these children call "abeaout," instead of "'bout," as would have been the natural thing.

This matter of a clearly invented dialect is of course unimportant, except in so far as it throws light upon the methods and ideals which have governed these writers in dealing with so grave and important a question.

As to the subject-matter of the articles by Mrs. and Miss Van Vorst, their position appears to be shared by so many whose zeal is not according to knowledge, that it seems worth while for one who has studied the question so long, at close range, to speak from the authority of that position. These writers, after drawing what I do not hesitate to qualify as a hysterical and sentimental picture of the misery, filth and degradation of the children in the cotton-mills, challenge their readers to compare the lives of these children with the life of Mr. Carnegie's little daughter, who, they tell us, had three cabins of an ocean greyhound thrown into one, in order that she might have space to play in during her trip across the water. This comparison of the lot of the mill-children with the lot of a child with whom there is not and never could be any rational ground of comparison, leads me to ask, for the sake of some practical advancement in the matter, that a comparison be made which *is* to the point; namely, the comparison of the mental, moral and physical conditions of the children now working in the cotton-mills with the lot of those same children without the opportunity and the performance of this work.

The whole question hinges on the point of *the alternative.* If the children employed in these mills would, otherwise, be living in decent homes, going to school, eating sufficient and wholesome food, getting some sort of moral, mental and manual training, then, without question, mill-work for children deserves to be decried as a flagrant social evil. As a matter of fact, however,

the alternative presented to these particular children is to live in dilapidated houses, wear wretched clothing and eat food which is inadequate in quantity and abominable in quality, and to have the constant association of other children in whom poverty and idleness have fostered vice, exactly as they would do in themselves—children, in fact, to whom the lowest specimens of mill-hands are superior in every respect. For the very fact that a child is employed in the mill presupposes a possession, more or less, of the qualities of order, application, punctuality, mental concentration and a certain amount of manual skill—not one of which qualities would be developed in them at all, but for the fact of their being required in a mill-hand. Again I say, I presume to speak only of conditions which obtain in the Southern cotton-mills. Here, however, I am able to declare, from long personal observation, that the elevating and civilizing influence of the cotton-mills, among the poor white people of the South, from whom the mill-hands are drawn, is not to be questioned by any fair-minded and intelligent man or woman, who will take the pains to secure information, by personal inspection, regarding the conditions existing to-day.

A short time ago, during a Sunday afternoon drive through a thickly populated mill region in North Carolina, my companion and I stopped to ask for a drink of water at the house of a man who, as we learned, was working a farm on shares, employing his large family of children as helpers. These children—who gathered around our trap with stolid curiosity at the unwonted spectacle of a decently dressed man and woman coming to their home—were ragged, dirty and unwholesome-looking to the last degree, and so stupid that I looked vainly into each of the five small faces turned upward to us for one gleam of intelligence, one sign of politeness, one indication of either native sense or training in conduct. Even when we spoke to them directly, they made no sign of having heard or understood, except to look vaguely at their father, who seemed only a little more responsive and responsible than they. Although it was Sunday, the wretched clothing and unashamed dirtiness of both father and children were shocking to see.

Proceeding on our way, my companion and I were discussing the discouraging scene, when we encountered a party of children of about the same ages as those just left behind, who were coming

out of a Sunday-school, near a large factory building. These were, without exception, cleanly and appropriately dressed—many of them with as much taste and comfort as the children of the prosperous and educated classes. Their faces were bright, intelligent and full of interest both in us and in each other. When we accosted them, they responded with cordiality and politeness, and the books, papers and picture-cards in their hands denoted a certain degree of education and of appreciation of educational subjects.

If it be said that all this was due to the Sunday-school and not to the factory, the answer is that if there had been no factory, there would have been no Sunday-school. These indigent people on the tracts of impoverished lands, which they work without training or intelligence, and with such poor results that a mere subsistence in destitution is the utmost that they get or even expect, are, without the factories, too widely scattered to be within reach of a school of any kind. It has only been by the collecting and centralizing which the mills have effected that their children are brought within reach of schools or teachers. At present, with the urgent demand for skilled labor which prevails all over this region, the cold, commercial argument that education quickens the wits and stimulates the faculties is enough to account for the fact that schools are going up universally in these factory settlements, and that every inducement is being offered by the owners and managers of mills for the children to learn.

Great lamentation has been made over the fact—lamentable, indeed, as it is—that, among this low and inferior class of people, it so often happens that, where the children are earning wages, the parents will not work. In answer to this, I suggest that, in the case of children possessed of such parents, the freedom which comes of the opportunity to work and gain their own living is the best that can be hoped for, by them, in the way of a chance to enter into a larger and more self-respecting life.

If the violent opposers of any sort of child-labor in the mills could see, as I have seen, the tremendous advance in the minds, the physical health and the worldly possessions of the children to whom the factories have given a chance of mental development, manual training and moral instruction—to say nothing of the bodily gain which is the result of good and sufficient food and clothing—they must perforce accept the idea that, to some extent,

the end has justified the means. As to the elders, in several cases which have come within my observation, men who have retained their love for the freedom and open air of country life have returned to the farm, with enormously stimulated faculties, which have been so developed by the training of the mill that they have brought to bear on their country work a degree of intelligence and capacity which has made of them comparatively, if not positively, successful farmers, whereas, without the stimulus and the industry, application and wit that mill-work demands, these men would undoubtedly have gone from bad to worse.

Looked at broadly, the improvement of the poor white people of the South, since factories became common there, is one of the most encouraging and cheering things on the horizon of our social life, and, sad as it is that, at the age intended by nature for the mental and physical development of the young, children should be forced into work and surroundings unfavorable to these, it is a yet sadder sight to see children growing up in the state of mental and physical starvation which is too often the lot of the poor whites in the South, who have no means of subsistence but working the ground, and neither the mental nor the physical training for the successful doing even of that.

No objection seems to be made to the father of the family's working in the mill, while the mother does the housework and the children go to school. But, to make this feasible, the family must live near the mill; and, when it is remembered that the influences which have made the father an indolent and unsuccessful farmer have equally affected the mother, it is too much to expect that they will provide a healthy happy home for their children, or comprehend the value of education for them. It is only after a greater or lesser experience of the stimulating and enlightening effects of skilled labor, and the rich fruit that comes from it, that the parents of these poor children advance so far as to help and direct their offspring to better things. Therefore, if a typical Southern poor-white family moves from the country to a cotton-mill, the best chance for their children is to go into the mill themselves. There they are compelled to learn, at least, the value of order, system, punctuality, and the accurate use of their minds and fingers. The work is of the lightest, as far as any physical tax goes. The boys are almost universally employed as "doffers"—that is, each boy has a certain number of spools to watch, and he must

take off the empty ones and replace them with full ones, as often as is necessary. When his spools are all full, he not only may, but actually does, play games, inside or outside the mill, with his fellow doffers, provided he is not too noisy and does not neglect his spools. The girls, as a rule, are employed to mend the threads which break in the warp, and are given a certain number of looms to tend. No one can possibly pretend that the work is hard. The lamentable fact is that children of this age should have any work which confines them indoors and cuts them off so largely from fresh air and exercise, and prevents their going to school. Here, again, there comes in the question of the alternative. We are not speaking of children in general, but of these particular children. Of them I do not hesitate to say that the alternative to working in the mills is a far more injurious thing to them than mill-work would be. As a rule, the class from which the mill-hands in the South are drawn is the very lowest. In many cases, where the parents work in the mills and the children do not, it is the custom of the parents to lock the children out of the house during working-hours, for fear that clothes and furniture guarded only by children will be stolen. This, in itself, shows the sort of people among whom these young children are growing up, and makes obvious the fact that children living in mill settlements and not at work are exposed to every vicious influence, and are learning only evil—or, rather, this was the case before the establishment of schools; and even yet many of the parents are not themselves sufficiently enlightened to see that their children take advantage of their opportunities to learn out of books. What they can and do learn in the mills, however—and this learning is compulsory and not to be shirked—is to be clean in their dress, decent in their language, orderly and punctual in their habits, and how to use their mental and physical faculties—which goes far toward training them for the making of an honest and industrious livelihood. Besides this, through their own efforts they are supplied with good and nourishing food. It is often said that the factory-hands spend their earnings too lavishly on food and clothes. This is undoubtedly true in the initial stage of their experience, as they are generally quite inexperienced in the handling of money; but, as a rule, they begin in time to get a taste for accumulation. Booker Washington has demonstrated, in his experience with the negro race, the great value of the accumulation of money as a civilizer. Let a man or woman—and

equally a child—get interested in adding dollar to dollar, with some desired end in view, and he will conform his habits more or less to that end. I have found among the parents of these mill-children a universal custom of giving to each child some portion of its earnings, no matter how small, to put by, and on questioning the children, I have always found that they were "saving up" for some definite purpose—a wholesome discipline for the young.

But it is by no means the young alone who stand in need of such teaching and such discipline. All of these Southern mill-workers are drawn from a class so ignorant that they are only just beginning to observe customs which are laws to the more enlightened people, by whom they find themselves for the first time surrounded. The education of the parents, as well as that of the children, should engage the interest and efforts of philanthropic men and women. Since it is necessary to concede the fact that there are, among the mill-hands of the South, some parents who are content to live in idleness and force their young children to work for them, that man would be a benefactor, indeed, who could suggest a manner of appeal to parents which would lead to the correction of such an unnatural attitude on the part of those whose obligation it is, and whose impulse it should be, to care for the lives for whose existence they are responsible. Some good and practical suggestions have been made, which appeal to parents not so much by the natural avenue of affection for their offspring as by the frequently more effectual approach of self-interest. One suggestion is that no child shall be received as a factory-hand who cannot read and write. This would, undoubtedly, be a strong appeal to such parents as are indifferent on the subject to have their children taught, and the effect of such teaching would accomplish much more than its directly intended end, since it would keep the children out of the streets and away from bad associations, for a part of their time at least.

It seems hardly needful that I should declare myself opposed, as every reasoning and right-minded person must be, to the employment of children as mill-hands, where these children are so situated as to have a lot in life which offers a favorable alternative to such employment. Making large allowance for the super-excited state of mind of the writers on this question, who recently have been flooding the press with their more or less rash and ignorant conclusions, there still remains enough of reason and

justice in their assumptions to make it a matter of profound satisfaction that conditions have been much improved at the mills, by reason of the wide-spread interest in the matter and the wholesome, hearty indignation at the wrongs to childhood which, through the ignorance or cruelty of men, are still prevailing. This is a subject well worth the attention of the benevolent and progressive citizens of every section. But, in order that it may be approached with the intelligence, which alone can lead to successful action and effort, let us, by all means, do away with the morbid emotionalism which, in too many cases, tends to obscure the truth, and let us have exact knowledge of the conditions which we are to deal with, instead of accepting, unchallenged, the often totally ignorant or else wilfully perverted statements of too many of the writers on this subject.

Quoting from "The Boston Transcript's" report of a recent meeting of The National Civic Federation held in New York, I ask attention to the following extract from a speech, made at that meeting by a man who was protesting against the report of the Child Labor Committee's work:

"The gross ignorance of writers for the public press is disgraceful. Look at this picture, which accompanied a series of sensational articles in a sensational magazine—the picture of a child at a loom! No child ever stood at a loom. And this statement, appearing in a recent number of a magazine that ought to know better: 'Sixty thousand little children toil in Southern cotton-mills; little girls twelve years old toil through a twelve-hour night.' Now, if all the 9,000,000 spindles in the South were operated by children—and they are not, by any means—they could not employ, at the outside, over 15,000 children. The children are found in the spinning-room only. South Carolina owns more than one-third of all the spindles in the South, and in that State but three spinning-mills work at night, and the looms they run are the twisting-looms, where adult labor is employed, and not children. The statement that 'an adjustable spinning-frame' exists for children is equally absurd. No such device was ever heard of; nor would it be possible."

In the same report "The Transcript" gives a quotation, made by one of the Civic Federation's speakers, from the writings of Herbert Spencer to the effect that, when an evil is at its worst, nobody pays any attention to it; when it is waning, the public pricks up its ears; and, when it is almost gone, everybody wants to rise up and legislate it out of existence. This, "The Transcript" says, "seemed to many to have aptly summed up the situation," and, having seen with my own eyes the improvements

wrought in the condition of child-laborers and the great privileges of education and advancement which they now enjoy, I say the same.

As the public has listened, with such ardent credulity, to the presentation of one side of the question of child labor, it seems only fair to ask that it will listen to the other side. Then, if they will take the trouble to investigate the existing conditions, even to a slight extent, they will easily see for themselves the difference between knowledge and ignorance, true and false, fact and sentimentality.

And now, in approaching the conclusion of this article, I wish to offer, to every candid mind interested in this important subject, the following practical suggestion: Examine carefully the pictures which illustrate sentimental articles on this subject.

I have before me three articles of the kind to which I have referred. They are all written in the same vein of headlong emotion and wild hyperbole. All draw superexcited pictures of the misery, disease and degradation of the children who toil. There is, however, one significant difference in these articles; this lies in the manner of their illustration. One of them is illustrated from drawings, made in a conscientious effort on the part of the illustrator to carry out the spirit as well as the detail of the text handed in for illustration. In this one, the pictures represent a collection of men, women and children so misshapen, diseased, degraded-looking as to be improbable almost to the point of the grotesque. The other articles describe the same horrible state of these small workers, *but*—the illustrations of these latter articles are done by photography, and we find them to represent as healthy, fat and jolly-looking a lot of children as any one need ask to see. In every instance, they are well dressed and even more. Their clothes are made with neatness and even taste, and the rooms in which some of them are photographed are so far from being squalid that they have an appearance of comfort and are supplied with some superfluities. These pictures go to the editor with the manuscript, in the hope that he may find a way to reproduce them, so that they may speak for themselves.

In the book called "The Woman Who Toils," the illustrations give further proof to the same effect. It is amusing to compare the text describing the misery of these people with the photographs which, in part, are used in illustration of it. Other illustrations

are from drawings, and here again we see the discrepancy between the truth of photography and the deception of drawings made to suit the text. "After dinner," says this writer, "we all sat together in the parlor—the general living-room; carpet-covered sofa, big table, few chairs, that's all." Even these words hardly bear out the description of misery and destitution in which the mill-hands lived, which had preceded it, unless the writer considered a plurality of drawing-rooms a necessity to such people; but the picture illustrating this room shows such a neat, comfortable and sufficiently furnished apartment that, after looking at the large bay-windowed, lace-curtained room, supplied with a nice sofa, amply cushioned with embroidered pillows, two comfortably padded Morris chairs, and decorations of potted plants, framed pictures and neat table-covers and antimicassars, to say nothing of several flowered rugs on the carpeted floor, I could but think of the poor-white people in the South, from whom the factory-hands are drawn, and imagine their awe-struck wonder at the mere idea of sitting down to rest in such a room as this.

Finally, I beg my reader to consider once more the point of the alternative to the working of children—those children, at least in the cotton-mills. Suppose that the anti-child-labor agitators get their way, and all the States are forbidden by law to employ child labor. What then? In one of the articles I have referred to there are pictures of small children who are described as being the only supports of sick mothers or infant sisters and brothers. In no instance, however, do these children look diseased and ragged as the text describes them. Suppose the law suddenly prohibits these children from working. What is to become, not only of them, but of those dependent on them? In some instances, one writer declares with elation, they have been taken in hand by the charity organizations. This may be all very well for ten children, or a hundred, or a thousand; but, when we are told that there are nearly two million children employed in money-making occupations, what will become of those children and the people dependent on them when the law forbids children to work? Can the charity organizations provide for two millions of paupers? Is it desirable that they should? Regrettable as is the condition of young children compelled to work for their living, is it not better than that of children dependent on charity—even if the charity were forthcoming, which it certainly is not, and could not be, for

such a multitude? If those who are trying to abolish child labor offered something better as a substitute, every heart and hand should be with them; but this they do not do. Saying that parents should support their children is one thing, and making them do it is another, even in cases where the parents are able to work. And, even if they did do this, such a support as these parents would give, with its inadequate food and clothes, wretched quarters and the degrading influences of idle and vicious associations, would be, I dare avow, a greater injury to the minds and souls and bodies of these children than employment in the mills, where decent treatment is accorded them, and they are given a fair opportunity to learn to make a good living and to help others who may be in need of their help.

Still confining myself within the limits of my own experience, I declare this to be the case in the Southern cotton-mills. Everywhere among them, schools and churches are going up, or have been already in existence; and, by reason of the centralization which a factory necessitates, opportunities of mental, moral and physical training are afforded, which would otherwise be impossible for these children of the very poor.

In writing this article I have been sensibly aware that I was espousing an unpopular cause; but, since listening to the debate on this question in the Senate Chamber, I have not the feeling of trying to lead a forlorn hope. Some real illumination is beginning to dawn upon the public mind, bringing with it some consciousness of the blind credulity with which these various sensational and intemperate articles from the press have been swallowed down. There is a disposition evident to get at the facts on both sides of this burning question, and the plea of the unconstitutionality of interference with States' rights will be urged. This I leave to the consideration of wiser and more experienced minds; but I do not hesitate to claim for myself both wisdom and experience, on the ground which I have taken here, and I am actuated quite as strongly, and I believe with a greater basis of reasoning from fact, by a feeling of sympathy for the rights of childhood, and a desire that its best good may be secured, as are blindly partisan anti-child-labor agitators, who have had the ear of the public so long—too long, I venture to say, for a just and intelligent conception and consideration of this most important matter.

JULIA MAGRUDER.

THE NEW MORALITY.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

ENTER the New Morality, with excursions and alarums. Exit the Old Order, giving place to new—the Old Order much discomposed by the execrations of the mob, which, mob-fashion, forgets all the past virtues and services of the discrowned monarch.

A few faithful old courtiers, remembering the hand that fed and protected them, stand about, silent, in the background and shake their heads sorrowfully and fearfully, knowing that to speak well of the discredited powers will only bring upon their foolishly faithful gray hairs obloquy and suspicion. They remind one another in whispers of the so recent time when "it was roses, roses everywhere" for this same royal family now going into exile amid the hoots and jeers of the populace. They recall how the people, but a few short years back, plumed themselves upon the possession of these now disgraced Captains of Industry; how, indeed, they gathered them from far and near to be presented, as the nation's noblest achievement, to the respectful eyes of a visiting Prince. They can recall a very recent day when fathers reverently pointed to the passing Captains as models for their aspiring sons; when mothers blushed with pride if their notice fell favorably upon a daughter.

Alack! "All my sad Captains;" there are to-day none so poor as to do you reverence.

It is interesting to inquire why this should be so. Were they, the Captains, conscious malefactors; prepotent villains, laughing in their sly sleeves at finding the populace so naïve and foolish as not to be aware of its real condition of slavery; so stupid as to be blind to the fact that it was being ruthlessly plundered and oppressed? It were to reason somewhat too sentimentally to believe that the coal and oil and railway barons were really miscreants of so deep a dye, that the population of America so resembled the

fatuously innocent heroine of the shilling thriller, or that the noble rescuers of imperilled maidenhood, the chief Foilers of Villainy, are of so superior a moral calibre.

That impulsive organ, the great heart of the people, clearly dotes on melodrama; and mingled cat-calls, hisses and adoring cheers must naturally greet the moving play—now being enacted at all legislative centres—of Riches and Ruin: or the Baron Unmasked. Who, indeed, would not thrill at the splendid spectacle of the hero leaping into the limelight with the manly cry: "No, she shall not perish, for I am here!"—striking the gilded fetters from the tender and lovely limbs of the trembling United States, while the baffled capitalist slinks cravenly from the glare of so much courage and virtue?

It is a pretty and a poignant picture, this, and naturally stirs the noblest and intensest emotions. But one wonders how it is that the Baron, who used to be his country's model, has suddenly grown such a very bad lot. If you interrogate the bewildered and unhappy noble himself, you will probably be told that he is the same man he always was: that it is the standards by which he is judged which have undergone such radical alterations.

The unmelodramatic fact seems to be that the hurly-burly of putting into order this large new edifice of the United States has suddenly got itself near an end, and, having moved into our complete and commodious residential villa, with all its modern improvements, we are now at last at leisure to criticise the architects and furnishers of the dwelling. It is, perhaps, inevitable to criticise one's architect. It is always done.

So large a job of work, it is true, was never before achieved in so short a time; and, but a little while ago, it was the fashion to plume ourselves on having accomplished so much in so brief a period, but that was before a generation arose that knew not Joseph. Many of us had still memories then that reached back to the days when the task terrified and discouraged us by the enormousness of its size and difficulties. It did not seem possible of accomplishment, except by the labors of several centuries. Webster, even in his later years, considered it useless to extend our rule as far West as Utah, since we could not for many generations have sufficient population to adequately develop the whole of our territory east of the desert.

Our farm was so large, it seemed that we would never be able to

plough it. Our wealth was so vast, we could never adequately use it. But the prodigious opportunity produced prodigious men. From the towpaths, from the watermills, from the lumber camps, from the hill farms sprang up men with the force and genius of demigods, wrought to superhuman capacity by the enormous occasion. Within the limits of a life of fourscore years they subdued to the uses of civilization a continental wilderness. Were the spaces well-nigh illimitable? Well, here was steam; and they flung us to and fro across half the solid earth—a year's journey—in a week. They strung wires with which to speak and think across thousands of miles of land, and with which to stitch together the abysses of the sea.

Was our farm too big? Well, they sat down to think about it, and rose up with a gift of magic implements that outdid the work of armies of men, so that the farm fed a hungry world, and clothed the naked as far as far Cathay. Out of the earth they lifted iron, and coal, and oil, and gold, and copper, and silver, and lead until the myth of Tom Tiddler's ground ceased to be a jest. Out of iron and sand they made towers to outdo a hundred Babels, and then they set their railways on their hind legs, and ran them up and down inside the towers.

It is the most overwhelming story in the history of man. All the fantastic imaginings of the force of a myriad generations they realized in one. And, when it was done, they "dusted the crumbs of granite from their hands," put on their collars and combed their hair and sat down to amuse themselves. Upon which the talkers—until now patiently watching them work—got up and cursed them high and low. At first these large, silent, competent men merely smiled. They remembered that of old the conquering chiefs, after the battles in which they had slain mightily, had been used to feast largely and drink, uncriticised, from cups of gold. Having given food and power and safety to their followers, they thought themselves entitled to drink and eat and live splendidly. On the whole, however, our great industrial conquerors have been continent and temperate. Their sons have sometimes made fools of themselves, after the manner of princelings, but the great chiefs have been for the most part modest and simple in their daily lives, though proud of their power and occasionally, perhaps, leaning to tyranny. But this does not placate the wagers of the tongue, who, now that the country has been made safe and comfortable by

the men of action, come out from under cover and draw their strenuous mouth-weapons to stir up servile insurrections in the camp.

It is not the first time this has happened. History is full of similar stories. Many a king and conqueror has been driven into exile, or done to death by the moralizings of a mouthing Brutus, who seized upon a realm created by his betters, greedy of the power of Cæsar, though of Cæsar's conquests incapable. Coriolanus lived a long time ago, but human nature never dies.

It is useless, of course, to remind the people of past benefits, to recall to their memory the services of the really great men they have produced, men whose little fingers were thicker than the loins of those who now flout them. For it is the fashion to discredit brains. "Our new heraldry is hands"—not brains. We are assured that all that we have, all our wealth, is the work of the hands of labor. Only the soldier in the ranks is of importance in the new order; leaders do not create the victories of commerce. It must have been, of course, the men who fired the guns who drove the British from the United States, and the gray matter inside of Washington's head was of small importance.

The men who did the manual work of constructing the Pullman cars and the Westinghouse brakes were our real benefactors, they declare, not the men who had the idea of doing it. This is as if the hands should say, "That fellow who sits up in the attic, idly thinking while I do the work, is a tyrant," and, having blown him out of his house, should be surprised to find themselves incompetent to make further movement, deprived of the brain's tyranny. But, says the delicate, kid-gloved, new morality, these men may have done something, but they were not as particular as they should have been as to the means they employed to achieve the ends whose results we find of course agreeable and desirable. When Kitchener came home from South Africa, having accomplished a task that no one else had been capable of completing, it is said that many who had stayed at home complained bitterly that the General was not a gentleman, after all, and that his manners in a drawing-room were really deplorable. So of what avail would it be at this moment to ask the public to compare the men of action and the men of speech? Not at this moment, when their ears are filled with wind, or hot air, are they ready to contemplate the thousands of hearthstones warmed because of the genius of these

industrial captains, the many mouths filled with bread because of their great commercial conquests. But some day, when this orgy of talk is exhausted, when the delightful intoxication of high sentiment has been cooled by the dull, inevitable exigencies of daily life, then we may look back longingly to the great, faulty, vigorous doers of an earlier time and say regretfully, "there were giants in those days."

Even now were the Captains not old and stiff in the joints with great labors, they might crush in their strong hands these legislative pumpkins whose candles cast such menacing shadows of caverned eyes and serried teeth across our imaginations. But they are old and must pass away and give place to a new order. Perhaps in our crowded modern world there is no longer room for giants, but those who see clearly will not belittle the greatness of their stature, nor the size of our debt to them.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

THE CRUMBLING EMPIRE OF THE MOORS.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

WHILE it is not without risk to prophesy as to the outcome of the present Moroccan embroglio, it is probably safe to say that here are being produced upon a desert stage, while all the world wonders, the picturesque incidents of the last barbaric war in which the wild nomads from the Land of Thirst charge rifle-pits and screened batteries, and return decimated but unafraid. John Chinaman has given up his "stink-pots" for melanite shells, the Herrero fights the astonished Germans with repeating-rifles and military science, the once-untutored Pathan lurks in the fastnesses of the Afghan frontier with machine-guns. It is only when we look down the Barbary coast to the westernmost province of Islam, where against all the rules of modern war the French expeditionary force is hemmed in by a horde of fantastically armed horsemen, do we understand the saying, "terrible as an army with banners." And the green banners under which this army is fighting furnish a safe-conduct to Paradise if not to victory, a fact which should never be lost sight of in estimating the military efficiency of Moorish cavalry and Berber rough-riders.

When I read of the fanatical sectaries who, clothed but in cheese-cloth girdles and the halo of sanctity, are urging their devoutly believing followers to do the impossible things which the cablegrams describe, I remember the bitter remonstrance which some of our doughboys made to me about their regimental chaplain as they crouched under the crest of San Juan Hill. "He was a perfect nuisance," said one. "He had all the boys of a tremble with his talk of death and Heaven and glory afterwards, and so says I, 'Parson, we are going up that hill because it's on the way to Santiago, and because, if we get there, there'll be a hot time in

the old town to-night. But if we thought it was the way to Heaven, do you think we'd foot it? Not much!'" and a chorus of "nits" from the others showed that their spokesman better understood the spirit of the Western soldier than did their chaplain. The Western soldier counts on victory and closes his eyes to the possibility of defeat, but the Eastern warrior goes to battle clothed in the panoply of fatalism. With a bullet clinched between his teeth and a tight rope cinched around his famished loins, with the cape of his caftan ready to conceal his death agony from the enemy when he falls, he will go wherever the rainbow of the Prophet and the promise of Paradise lead.

"This is magnificent, but it is not war," say the military theorists; "a perfectly useless shedding of blood without hope of compensation." But men like General Drude, the French commander, who has grown gray in desert warfare, know differently. They remember that it was such absurd fanaticism as this that smashed the British square at Abou-Klea, they recall the many massacres of French troops in the long and bloody Algerian campaigns, the slaughter of men who, though they held victory in their grasp, were suddenly panic-stricken by the display of so much bravery and contempt of death.

To Bismarck should be given the credit due his successful shot at second sight. Many of his other prognostications have come to nothing, as have those of greater men; but, when the sage of Varzin detected the war clouds that were even then lowering over the Western entrance to the Mediterranean, he foresaw with keen political insight what was coming and dared to say that early in the twentieth century the Western Question, as he called it, would loom as large a menace to the peace of Europe, and as pregnant with wars and rumors of wars, as did the Eastern Question in the nineteenth century. In this instance, Bismarck did better than prophesy, however; he prepared against the event, the coming of which he foresaw. He selected one of his protégés, Count Tattenbach, and told him to go to Morocco and inform himself. And from that day to this the Prussian cavalry officer with the limp, turned diplomat, has been on or near the scene of those deep-rooted disorders in Africa which to-day threaten the balance of power in Europe. He is not the Moroccan question, as some of the Boulevard sheets maintain, but he is a vital part of it. It is a far cry from Fez to the Wilhelmstrasse; but, thanks to Tattenbach and

his discreet anonymous helpers, conditions in the valley of the Sebu are well understood on the banks of the Spree. In the Moorish capital German influence is almost, if not quite, as strongly intrenched as it is in Stamboul, that other nerve centre of Mohammedan power. And these positions have been taken and fortified not merely for their ostensible purpose of furthering the expansion of German commerce, but to place the Berlin government in a position where, when the psychological moment arrives, it can conclude profitable transactions on the international exchange, where it can give up what it does not covet to safeguard what it deems indispensable to its hardly won and proudly worn eminence in world-politics.

The late Sultan, Mulai Hassan, by his military prowess and diplomatic sagacity, maintained something approaching political equilibrium in the lands he was called to rule. He was patient with his people, and never inclined to keep too tight a rein upon his bold highlanders or the dashing horsemen of the plains. Every now and then, however, under the spur of some more than usually flagrant act of rebellion, he would call his motley troops together and act with vigor. There were always ready to follow his standards the members of the Makhzen tribes, who, like the Cossacks of old in Russia, live upon imperial bounty from the cradle to the grave. When the *mahalla,* as the imperial army is called, left Fez with all the pageantry of barbaric war, the wise men and the saintly men of the mosques and the holy places showered blessings upon it. The purpose of the expedition was thus sanctified in the eyes of all, and freebooters and robbers from all over the country gathered in the Sultan's train. It was pleasant to go out upon a predatory expedition and have the laws and the prophets on your side. In due season, the land of the Zimmours or the Zair was reached by the slow-moving army, which would then proceed, in emulation of the locusts, to eat up the rebellious country in a most thoroughgoing fashion. The weapons of the rebels were taken away, their granaries destroyed, their wells defiled, and their women packed off for subsequent sale in the slave-markets of the imperial cities. The rebel leaders, or as many as were captured, were beheaded, and their heads, preserved in salt and brine, displayed throughout the empire. A country visited after this fashion by the imperial *mahalla* was apt to remain quiet for many years to come, and the effect upon the

neighboring tribes was, of course, most salutary. The best that can be said of the Lord Hassan is that, as did Ulysses of old, he "meted out unequal laws unto a savage race."

The difficulties of the present ruler of Morocco, Abdel Aziz, were greatly increased by the fact that his right to the succession has always been stoutly disputed. He was the son of his father's uxorious old age, and his mother was a slave woman purchased in Stamboul, so that she was not a lawful shereefa, nor could she bring to her son, by the ties of clanship, the support of any of the important tribes. It was claimed, however, that upon his warrior death-bed the Lord Hassan gave his *baraka*—or Heaven-given power of blessing, by means of which the Fileli have ruled Morocco for seventeen generations—to his Benjamin, the boy Abdel Aziz. At the time there was a popular belief that this important act of a dying sovereign never took place. In more recent times, this disbelief has come to be almost an article of religion. No Sultan endowed with the *baraka* has ever shown such ineptitude to rule, and his many marriages have remained childless; and than this, of course, no more signal proof of divine displeasure could be furnished.* But a strong Court party has kept him on the throne.

Immediately after the accession of Abdel Aziz, there was a general scattering of the imperial half-brothers. The young Hassan is generally believed to have taken refuge among the Riff highlanders of the Mediterranean coast, where, safe in their loyal protection, he watches from the mountainside the approach of the final catastrophe from which he may hope to profit. Mulai Mohammed, who had frequently acted as viceroy, and had often been designated as his successor by the Lord Hassan, fled to the southern provinces, where, with twenty thousand horsemen at his back, he also, it is said, plays a waiting game. Another brother, Mulai Hafid, accepted the situation with a good grace, and ever since has basked in the sunlight of imperial favor. Large revenues were set aside for his enjoyment, and nothing could be more significant of the complete decay of Abdel Aziz's power than the fact that a prince who is so generally regarded as cautious and time-serving as is Mulai Hafid should allow himself to be proclaimed Sultan in the great mosque of Morocco City, and prepare to take the field against his luckless benefactor.

* "The Statesman's Year-Book" for 1907 mentions, I believe mistakenly, that a son was born in 1899.

The discontent among the other members of the dynasty and among the saintly shereefian families that marked the accession of Abdel Aziz, though serious enough, was not without a parallel in Moorish history; but the restiveness of the Berber tribes under exactions which were not unusual, and the reluctance of the country Kabyles to pay the taxes to which their fathers had always submitted, were symptomatic of more serious things. It was not long before the popular discontent took the form of open rebellion. Bou Hamara, "the patriarch with the she-ass," appeared in the East. He claimed apostolic descent, he had an undoubted gift of gab, and he performed clever tricks of legerdemain which easily passed for miracles. On several occasions he defeated the imperial armies with the Riata tribesmen at his back, and to-day, through a large extent of country, prayers are said in his name, which, under Mussulman law, is one of the attributes of sovereignty. While his power grows, of recent months, the patriarch has not actively threatened the capital. It is said that his efficiency as pretender is greatly hampered by the custom which compels him to take a new wife from among the women of each and every clan and tribe that rally to his support.

In other quarters of the Empire, rebellion has been equally rife. Even the imperial city of Mekinez has been sacked, and the Atlantic port of Arzilla plundered. And, in the Andjera hills, Rais Uli has carved out for himself a kingdom. The two or three strong men who sustained Abdel Aziz in the earlier years of his reign have passed away, and the Sultan spends his time secluded in the palaces in Fez, guarded by all his available troops, who even now perhaps are preparing to transfer their allegiance. The treasury is empty, though no orthodox Moor ever mentions it without the pious ejaculation: "May God fill it!" and the Blad-el-Makhzen, or tax-paying lands, have shrunken to the walled enclosures of a few cities. News travels, proverbially, with great slowness from Fez, and perhaps to-day the luckless boy is a prisoner bereft of his mechanical toys and other playthings.

It should then be clear, even from the above most incomplete sketch of conditions, that the Empire of the Moors has been in process of disintegration for several years past, if not for generations. It remained for the wholesale murder of Europeans in Casablanca to compel the active intervention of France and Spain, and to bring about the landing of the troops where their presence

for the maintenance of law and order may well be needed, but where they will also undoubtedly serve the purpose of uniting all opposing parties and discordant sects among the Moors for the protection of their homes, their creed and their holy places.

The almost complete collapse of the Sultan's power and the actual intervention of the agents of the Concert are none the less striking because the necessity and the inevitableness of both have long been foreseen. For several decades the diplomacy of the Mediterranean Powers has been at work upon a reconciliation of the political claims involved and in preparing a *modus vivendi* which should localize the threatened anarchy and avoid the possibility of war. The result of these negotiations, in so far as they may be said to have reached anything approaching a final stage, is found consigned in the protocols of the Algeciras Conference, which were signed in April, 1906. This Congress, which sought to shape the destinies of the Western Question as did that of Berlin the future of the long-vexed Eastern Question, was more than a seven days' wonder in the diplomatic world. France, strong in the friendship of England, and with her dreams of a great North-African Empire comprising Algeria, Tunis, Morocco and the Western Soudan, slowly, but surely, as she thought, approaching realization, would never have consented to the Conference had not Germany become suddenly insistent upon it, at a time when Russia, the ally of the Republic, was completely paralyzed by her crushing defeats in Manchuria and the development of the revolution nearer home. M. Delcassé, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had come to personify the forward policy in Morocco, staked his political life upon his opposition to the Conference, which Germany insisted upon in a rather domineering spirit, and, as a result, he disappeared from the political arena. The calling together of a Conference to discuss conditions and to prepare safeguards in a part of the world which Delcassé and many other public men regarded as exclusively within the sphere of French influence, was a distinct triumph for the Berlin Government. The upshot of the Conference was, however, rightly or wrongly, generally viewed as a check to, if not a complete overthrow of, German meddling and interference.

This view, however, has not survived even the few short months which have elapsed since the closing of the Conference. While it is true that the historic pretensions of France and Spain, as

regards important integral portions of the crumbling Empire of the Moors, were recognized, the duties of police work and the diplomatic responsibilities imposed, as is now apparent, were out of all proportion to these advantages. Several weeks before the Casablanca incident, M. Pichon, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, expressed his dissatisfaction with the new situation created for France by the conferees at Algeciras. "Four years from now, when, as agreed, the Conference must be convened again," said M. Pichon, "it will be quite plain, as indeed I think it should be now, that France does not wish to conquer, annex or even merely monopolize Morocco. But then France will have an interest (as she has now), if merely one of convenience, to return to the former and original form of our Moorish policy, and to suppress the mediation between us and the Moorish Government of the Powers which signed the protocols of the Conference and the representatives of these Powers in Tangier."

From this very frank statement it is apparent that France found the diplomatic fetters by which she is bound exceedingly irksome, even before the serious features of the situation were developed as they are to-day. Practically, with the needless verbiage, so dear to all Foreign Offices, removed, France, with but the meagre actual support of Spain, finds herself face to face with a desperate and an aroused people, confronted by a war which cannot fail to be costly in men and money, of which the resulting spoils, if any, must be apportioned and assigned, not by those who bear the brunt of the battle, but by the signers of the diplomatic document that was drawn up, one delightful afternoon, in a pleasant orange-grove in southern Spain.

The anxiety of many publicists, expressed both at home and abroad, that German jealousy may prevent the French expedition from penetrating into the interior of Morocco, and there, after having inflicted salutary punishment, dictating terms of peace upon a sound and lasting basis, seems to me quite without justification. If not even the complete breakdown of co-operation between the signatory Powers to the Morocco agreement, which has been apparent ever since the strain was felt, should deter the Paris Government from sending 100,000 men to Fez, we may confidently count upon the veto which the common sense of the French voter and taxpayer will impose. The French people have long been prepared for what, in the cant phrase of

their statesmen, is described as the "peaceful penetration" of Morocco, but they balk at a repetition of the wars with Abdel Kader, and the French Premier is a man who knows the full value of costly foreign expeditions to an active parliamentary opposition. It was he who dubbed M. Ferry "*le Tonkinois*," "the black flag of Cochin China," who drove the ablest statesman of France from political life because he sought to maintain her colonial possessions. That was, as is this, a time when France, like all the world was counting up its money. At such a moment, it would be strange if France should grant to the anonymous dead of Casablanca the costly obsequies of a war of revenge, which, when Ferry was in power and Clémenceau a political free lance, she refused to the *manes* of François Garnier, perhaps the most sympathetic adventurer who ever sought expansion and empire in the yellow world. As for ourselves, Washington is in a congratulatory mood and points with pride to the prudence which Mr. White displayed at the Algeciras Conference. We only signed that instrument after expressly stipulating that we would not participate in police work or take part in any military expedition which might become necessary under the provisions of the international agreement. However, we may yet become involved. The imprisonment of another Perdicaris would send our fleet again to the Moroccan ports. Our interests and those of our citizens are now world-wide, and, as in China, so in Morocco, it will be found that we cannot escape contributing our quota to the maintenance of law and order wherever our commerce is involved.

After all, the astonishing bravery of the Moors is but born of despair. While their land is strewn with the graves and the dismantled fortresses where in ages past have ended in death and disaster all the efforts of the Portuguese, the Spaniards and the English to conquer the western provinces of Islam, to-day they recognize that their military supremacy has passed from them and that the war they wage is but powder-play. While the men of the poignard, as well as the men of the portfolios, foresee the coming downfall of the Government, their belief in the invincible nature of their creed remains unshaken. Frequently I have heard a grave Khatib, standing in the mosque courtyard by the fountain whence flow the waters of life and hope, relate, with prophetic words, the catastrophe of the end—and the Resurrection. "Out of the North and the East there will come a victorious general, a

Roumi, a Frank," runs the legend which is almost always invariable as to text. "His followers will be more numerous than the sands of the ocean strand, and the weapons they bear will be multiple death-dealing guns, such as only the infidel dogs carry. Thanks to these guns, the Franks will sweep all over the country and capture the citadels of the saints and the strongholds of the Makhzen. Yea, even Fez, peerless among cities, shall fall. Riding over the heaps of the slain, who will have fallen in defence of the faith and of the undefiled places, troubled in spirit, the Frankish general will enter the holiest of mosques and stand by the thrice-sacred tomb of Mulai Edriss. There he will bow his head in prayer and murmur, 'See how these men die with smiles upon their lips. With Thy spirit, O Lord, Thou hast endowed them.' Then from the tomb he will lift the golden sword and draw it from the precious scabbard, and by a flash of lightning, sent from the heavens, he will read the words written upon it, 'Of a truth, there is no god but God, and Mahomet is His messenger.' The leader of the Franks will then prostrate himself before the thrice-holy tomb and worship the true God; and, when he returns to his host, he will find the infidel soldiers wearing the turban, and as he comes toward them they will greet him with their cries, 'Great is Allah!' Then the earth will be convulsed with joy, and the slain soldiers of Moghreb will arise from their bloody graves and join with the Frankish host in the recital of the *fatiha,* which is the creed of all True Believers."

STEPHEN BONSAL.

MOTHERHOOD.

BY AGNES LEE.

MOTHER of Christ long slain, forth glided she,
  Following the children joyously astir
Under the cedrus and the olive-tree,
  Pausing to let their laughter float to her.
Each voice an echo of a voice more dear,
  She saw a little Christ in every face.
When, lo! another woman, pressing near,
  Yearned o'er the tender life that filled the place.
And Mary sought the woman's hand, and said:
  "I know thee not, yet know thee memory-tossed
And what hath led thee here, as I am led—
  These bring to thee a child beloved and lost.

"How radiant was my little one!
  And He was fair,
Yea, fairer than the fairest sun,
And like its rays through amber spun
  His sun-bright hair.
Still I can see it shine and shine!"
"Even so," the woman said, "was mine."

"His ways were ever darling ways,"—
  And Mary smiled,—
"So soft, so clinging! Glad relays
Of love were all His precious days.
  My little child
Was like an infinite light that gleamed."
"Even so was mine," the woman dreamed.

Then whispered Mary: "Tell me, thou,
  Of thine!" And she:
"Oh, mine was rosy as a bough
Blooming with roses, sent, somehow,
  To bloom for me!
His balmy fingers left a thrill
Within my breast that warms me still."

Then gazed she down some wilder, darker hour,
  And said, when Mary questioned, knowing not:
"Who art thou, mother of so sweet a flower?"
  "I am the mother of Iscariot."

AGNES LEE.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ESPERANTO CONGRESS AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY MARQUIS L. DE BEAUFRONT.

THE impressions which the Cambridge Esperanto Congress made upon me were so very many that I should write a book and not an article if I undertook to specify them all. Since, however, I do not wish to impose upon my readers, I shall limit myself to a choice of the most important of those impressions.

First of all, I brought away with me the thought of *great power*, acquired by the very idea of an international auxiliary language, thanks to Esperanto. That so great a number of persons undertook the fatigues and expense of a long journey, that our Congress was able to present to the world the astonishing spectacle of men speaking thirty-one different tongues, yet all understanding each other readily in our auxiliary language, show conclusively that Esperanto has made progress everywhere. It is not absolute victory, I admit: we are but twenty years old, and an idea needs more than twenty years for the conquest of the world. But from to-day onward, the Congress at Cambridge gives us the certainty of ultimate victory within a relatively short time. Our first two congresses refuted by facts the absurd theory that peoples of diverse speech could not understand each other orally by the aid of an auxiliary tongue. They had also shown that the neo-Latin peoples were surely not the only ones to flock to Esperanto. In fact, representatives of all the great European languages, as well as of a score of languages less important, appeared there; several English-speaking people were in attendance at each congress. And yet our adversaries continued to weary us with their eternal refrain: "Oh, yes, doubtless; but all that is nothing, for Great Britain and North America are not in the Esperanto movement!" Can one say that to-day, after the Cam-

bridge Congress? Has not our stream been swelled by English tributaries? Were there not a goodly number of representatives from Esperanto societies in English-speaking lands? Did not North America clasp the hand of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Esperantujo? A whole English university town receives us royally; municipality, university, students vie with each other in their hospitable welcome; in full congress the American magazine which is the most influential and most widely read in North America, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, invites us officially to hold our Fourth Congress in the United States, offering us its utmost support; and yet we are able to question the adhesion of the English-speaking people to the Esperanto cause! In truth, I do not see what more our adversaries would have in order to believe.

Well, is not this adhesion of English-speaking peoples by itself alone a confirmation of the power acquired by Esperanto? Does it not carry elsewhere a new power whose importance is measured by the importance and extent of the countries where English is spoken? Does not this adhesion, better than all arguments, refute the affirmation or the hope that English is to be the future international language of the world? To me, who have always predicted it, this is only the natural fruit of the great good sense and of the admirable practical spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race, in the presence of the qualities of Esperanto which answer their end so well; but its consequences must of necessity be so great with respect to our swift and definite success, that I consider this adhesion—henceforth incontestable—one of the greatest events in our Esperanto history.

Another point particularly struck me at the Cambridge Congress; the progress made by Esperantists in the acquirement of their language. At Boulogne, in 1905, only certain orators and certain amateur actors took the risk of speaking in public. At Geneva, in 1906, the number of orators increased; at Cambridge it was superabundant, if I may say so; it was necessary to limit the time for speaking, and sometimes to call down the orator before he had finished. An excellent sign, in spite of its little drawbacks, for it proves that for the great part of those attending the Congress, Esperanto has become so easy to manage that they boldly court the judgment of an audience in this language —which most of them would not dare to do in their mother tongue.

A third point left an equally favorable impression upon me: the special congresses that were held, outside the general sessions, by the various bodies, ideas, etc., represented at the Congress. It was the practical utilization of Esperanto. Lawyers, doctors, soldiers, sailors, merchants, etc., professors, peacemakers, men of science, members of the Red Cross, free-thinkers, Freemasons, Catholics, etc., held their sittings in Esperanto and discussed their special interests; yet for all that, they were no less cordial in the general sessions, or less faithful to the great principle of neutrality observed by the Esperanto body as a whole.

These special congresses, more numerous than at Geneva, are a part of the customs of Esperanto-land. On their side they will be neither less interesting nor less useful to the world than the general Congress. They remind me of a fourth impression, entirely moral, with which I will close.

In these meetings of specialists, various opposing interests were discussed. It would seem, then, as if good feeling must needs have suffered. And yet, as I have just said, the cordiality of relations between the members of the Congress was in no wise impaired. That was because the absolute neutrality of the Esperanto body leaves every one the unbounded right of employing Esperanto as he prefers to propagate and defend his religious, political and social ideas. No one sacrifices any conviction in becoming an Esperantist. On the contrary, all know, on entering our ranks, that every Esperantist enjoys absolute liberty. That is why tolerance and a due regard for the ideas and the convictions of others are so firmly grounded among us that our congresses certainly furnish the finest exhibition of respect, cordiality and reciprocal friendship which it is possible to find amid such a diversity of nations, races, beliefs and interests.

Also, without wishing to exaggerate in the least, without hoping for a perfect world while our poor human nature is so feeble and so prone to evil, I believe that Esperanto will do away with many misunderstandings, will prevent much hatred, and will scatter the seeds of goodness, of tolerance and of love. If that is a crime—one would think so to read certain authors—I take the full and entire responsibility for it before God and man, so far as I have urged or shall continue still to urge the world to commit that crime by the study of Esperanto.

MARQUIS L. DE BEAUFRONT.

THE PROGRESS OF ESPERANTO.

BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN.

A CERTAIN delegate to The Hague called the Cambridge Esperanto Congress the true peace congress, and every one who was in Cambridge last August could not but be struck with the aptness of that characterization. At The Hague, as one comic paper had it, a resolution was passed that there be no more war, and that if there is war, no explosive bullets should be used, and if explosive bullets are used notice should be given in advance, and so on. At Cambridge, on the other hand, 1,400 persons were gathered, not to wrangle over the kind of bullets by which men should be killed, but to affirm their dedication to the cause of peace on earth, and the federation of man.

If there is any one thing that we may reasonably expect from an assembly gathered for the purpose of forwarding peace, it is that peace and the spirit of peace should dwell in that body. But from The Hague all that we hear is of a gray tide of argument spreading over sombre days. At Cambridge, on the other hand, a band of men and women from all quarters of the globe came together to fortify themselves with renewed zeal in their efforts to spread an artificial language which has vast possibilities of usefulness in commerce and science. But behind these purely utilitarian objects there is another purpose, a sort of Platonic idea, or ideal, the brotherhood of mankind, and that ideal shone in the face of every delegate present. It pervaded the entire assembly like rich sweet music, and the town of Cambridge itself, for centuries witness of a bright procession of youth and joy, seemed to feel the thrill of this blithe, new spirit.

To exaggerate in a matter of this sort would not be difficult. But the writer's purpose in attending this Congress, on behalf of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, was not blindly to find it

good. Rather was it to study, to scrutinize, even to criticise. Is Esperanto practicable or is it not? Is one conscious in this tongue of the click and jingle of machinery or does one find it vital, vivid, human? Can twenty different nationalities meet as men and brothers on the common ground of a common speech, or can they not? These are some of the questions which the writer, putting aside all prejudice and previous influence, sought to answer from an impartial and objective study of this assembly.

Once for all, the question of practicability has answered itself beyond peradventure. Here were fourteen hundred persons representing something like twenty-five different tongues, gathered in one spot for the space of more than a week. To at least a thousand of them English was an alien tongue, so that for the fulfilment of their most elementary wants they had to rely upon this new speech, which they had come to celebrate, yet in no case was there report or indication of the slightest difficulty. The trio of gentlemen who had arranged the Congress, Colonel Pollen, Dr. Cunningham and Mr. Mudie, had simply taken the precaution of putting an English-speaking Esperantist in every lodging with the foreigners; and by means of this interpreter and the new tongue, men of many nations dwelt at ease in England.

But, of course, more important than that was the daily business of the Congress, transacted in many sessions throughout the week by means of this language. At the principal sessions, which took place in the Cambridge Guildhall daily, every conceivable topic relative to Esperanto was discussed. Reports on the progress of the language were made by men from the antipodes, plans for its advancement were sketched by zealous apostles from every land, including America and Siberia, programmes for propaganda were laid out by those who have dedicated their lives to it. And about these speeches there was nothing cut and dried; there was no hint of that click and jingle which the ignorant fear and suspect. There was, on the contrary, a warmth, a spontaneity, an eloquence in these addresses that only a fervent partisan in a good cause, speaking a living language, can hope to supply.

There were, besides, the many lesser or sub-congresses representing the many interests of humanity. There were the Red Cross workers, socialists, musicians, free-thinkers, scientists, teachers, labor men, soldiers, sailors and many other such gather-

ings which discussed their several affairs by means of the new tongue that united strangers from remote corners into homogeneous bodies. And then, most important of all to Esperantists, there was the powerful address by that almost Christ-like figure, Dr. Zamenhof, who, every year, urges upon his followers not to be carried away by the purely utilitarian benefits of Esperanto; but to continue cultivating that inner basic idea of Esperanto, the brotherhood of mankind. It is this inner idea, he tells them, and not the commercial use of Esperanto, that is represented by the green banner, symbol of a new hope in the world.

"In Esperanto-land," to employ his own words, "it is not the Esperanto language alone that holds sway, but also the kernel idea of Esperantism; in Esperanto-land reigns not only the ordinary official Esperantism (represented by the language), but also that other side until now not clearly defined, yet felt by all, the green banner."

Seldom has the writer seen such enthusiasm as greeted these utterances of Dr. Zamenhof in the New Theatre at Cambridge. It is no wonder every year the workers go forth into the world with a new energy, a fresh zeal, to work for this noble idea throughout the world, so that, as Dr. Zamenhof said, "Nature, which so long fought against us, now fights for us; for that same force of inertia which so long threw obstacles in our path at every step now urges us forward, and now we could not pause even if we would."

When, therefore, in the light of all these facts, of all this evidence, an American journalist, writing for the so-called masses on many subjects to which he obviously cannot give careful attention, tells his slenderly educated public, in positive terms, that "to try to manufacture a language out of odds and ends in a so-called 'scientific way' is nonsense," what can one say except that he is diffusing misinformation. He talks to them of French and its clearness, of Spanish and its beauty, of Italian and its grace, but he does not tell his public that if an attempt were made to make any one national language universal all the other nations of the earth would rebel against it. He tells them in his oracular manner that Dante knew only one language, Italian. We may pass over such details as that this in itself is not true, since at least one-fifth of Dante's work is in Latin, and that in his very monument to the Italian tongue, the Divine Comedy, he embodies certain verses,*

* Purgatorio, XXVI, 140, *et seq.*

showing him to have been a master of Provençal. The point is that, just as in Dante's day it was unnecessary to know any except the national tongue because people did not travel, so it is to-day essential, because of the mingling of the nations. And by a stroke of genius a man has invented a neutral language endowed with body and life, in which journals are now printed the world over, which thousands of men and women in every part of the earth now speak and read and write; which, as the Congress has shown, fits every possible purpose of life; and, lastly, which is so simple and easy withal that even that journalist's public could learn it in one-sixth the time in which it could master any other tongue.

Some paragraphs back Dr. Zamenhof is quoted as speaking of "Esperanto-land," and that phrase calls to mind humorous queries as to the latitude of that strange land, the home of Esperanto. With the constant craving of the human soul for happiness and beauty, it is only natural to paint an imaginary land as some Fortunate Isle, or island-valley of Avilion,

> "Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

Now, of course, it is not the intention of the writer to say that the Congress suddenly transformed an English town into a Fortunate Isle. But certain it is that any one who mingled freely with the members of the Congress could not help yearning for a more wide-spread influence of the power of a common speech. The world to-days offers a sad prospect of hatred and suspicion. Even The Hague, with its Conference, brings to our minds the picture of a factious city overhung by the passage of storm. But among the delegates at Cambridge there was a brightness, a joy, a serenity that came only from these sources: they were all devoted to the idea of promoting sympathy and understanding among their kind and they were all free of the barriers of alien speech. Cambridge, to be sure, supplied an admirable setting for such a gathering. The ancient college buildings gray and ivy-covered, mellow in the soft light and adorned with a profusion of many-colored flowers, formed a beautiful and harmonious background. But just as a university is made, not by buildings, but by men, so a congress of this kind is successful and significant, not through accessories, but only according to the spirit which dominates it.

Ten thousand clear-voiced chimes could not accomplish what the possession of a common tongue and a common aim did to make of the most widely separated nationalities friends and brothers. The American and the Spaniard conversing in this neutral language realized that the objects and strivings of humanity are much the same in Spain as in America, and the resident of far-away Siberia felt at home in this small English city, because the faces were friendly and the speech familiar to him. And all of these divers nationalities dined at one table, worshipped in one church, stranger beside stranger, but welded by the new tongue and spirit into one family.

The Englishman on his own admission is not of the most receptive to new ideas, yet stolid British men of business, as a result of this Congress, could be heard in public conveyances discussing the new language and conceding its obvious merits. Undergraduates, observing the singular effect for harmony and cordiality of this tongue not included in their curriculum, could be seen on the river in their canoes and punts, moored under shady willows, conning Esperanto primers, and many even of the officers of the conservative university were examining this new language that had brought so many intelligent strangers to their venerable seat.

Thus, we clearly see that Esperanto is a rich and vital language in which men can convey all manner of ideas delivered upon every conceivable topic, in which they can perform plays and sing songs, by which they can govern all the routine of their lives. It is quite free of the click and jar of artificiality, for by means of it men can move others to fervor, zeal and great enthusiasm. We see that it is more than a language constructed in a "scientific way," because it possesses an inherent spirit and vitality which only a miracle of genius could infuse into an artificial tongue. So that all the ordinary sophistical reasoning concerning artificial languages in general has no application in this particular case. Lastly, we see that this project carries within its core an idea so beautiful and noble that every proper human being must incline to it sooner or later. And for all these reasons it seems certain that Esperanto must prosper and triumph.

HENRY JAMES FORMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS, LAWRENCE GILMAN AND JOSEPH H. COATES.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SHAKESPEARE.*

A RECENT French biographer of Ben Jonson has drawn attention to the suggestive fact that in dealing with Shakespeare, the English seem to admire chiefly the poet, while the French are mainly interested in the psychologist, and the Germans in the philosopher. Perhaps it is to be left for us Americans to be active in paying proper attention to Shakespeare the playwright, and in analyzing his slow attainment of mastery in the difficult art of the professional dramatist, writing plays intended to be performed in a theatre by actors and before an audience. That Shakespeare was a playwright, first and foremost, and before he was a poet or a psychologist or a philosopher,—this is the principle that sustained the stimulating volume Professor Barrett Wendell published some ten years ago. And now Professor Baker pushes the inquiry further. In this book he seeks to trace the development of Shakespeare's dramaturgic skill and to show how he learned the art and craft of the playmaker.

As a preliminary Professor Baker is forced to consider the audiences whom Shakespeare had to please, the theatre to the conditions of which his plays had to conform, and the actors who were to impersonate his characters. As yet no scholar has put into a single treatise all the needed information about the English theatre under Elizabeth, like that which Mr. Haigh has massed together in his excellent book on the Attic theatre and like that which the late Eugène Despois collected in his invaluable volume on the French theatre under Louis XIV. Prob-

* "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist." By George Pierce Baker. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1907.

ably the time has not yet arrived when our knowledge is secure enough to warrant such a book, although much of the ground has been covered in the third volume of Dr. Mantzius's "History of Theatric Art" and in Dr. Reynolds's "Principles of Elizabethan Staging." And no one has attacked the difficulties of explaining what the Elizabethan theatre was like and how plays were acted on its platform with a more minute knowledge and a more robust common sense than Professor Baker in these pages.

His conclusions may seem radical to readers who are not familiar with the more recent discussions; but they are in accord substantially with those held by nearly all later investigators. The stage for which Shakespeare wrote was a platform thrust out into the yard. It had no scenery whatever; but it had abundant "properties,"—thrones, well-heads, arbors, and so forth. It had a curtain hung from the gallery over the back of the stage, arras or cloth painted in imitation of tapestry. It may have had sometimes some kind of painted cloth in the gallery. It may have had also a curtain suspended from the "heavens," the penthouse roof that protected part of the stage from the rain. It had two or more doors, either permanent or temporary; and sometimes there may have been placards on these doors to indicate that they were the entrances to distinct places. But there is no warrant whatever for the oft-repeated assertion that changes of scene were indicated by changing a series of hanging signs,—"This is a street in Venice," "This is the palace of the Duke," "This is the Rialto."

As Professor Baker declares, we cannot rightly appreciate the accomplishment of Shakespeare as a dramatist unless we are able to visualize his stage, to understand the public for which he wrote and to know what was his inheritance of dramaturgic technic. What had Shakespeare's immediate predecessors trained that public to expect on that stage?—because it was this expectation which Shakespeare in his 'prentice days had to satisfy. What devices of situation, episode, plot, suspense and surprise could his predecessors employ on that stage to interest that audience?—because Shakespeare had to begin where his predecessors left off; he had to stand on their shoulders. It is this dramaturgic technic, this primitive method of playmaking, inherited by Shakespeare from Marlowe and Kyd, from Lyly and Greene, which the young Shakespeare had first to master and to make his own, which

he had then to improve as he gained confidence and authority, and which he had finally to perfect as his powers ripened and he grew in strength.

Of course, it is impossible here even to summarize the results of Professor Baker's minute analysis of Shakespeare's slow and steady development as a dramaturgic artist. A poet Shakespeare was by the gift of God; a psychologist he became by observation and intuition; a philosopher he rose to be as the result of reflection and insight; but a playwright he made himself, by hard work, by absorption of every available trick of the trade which his predecessors and contemporaries had devised, and by constant and adroit experimenting of his own. In playmaking he was a conscious and deliberate artist, profiting by every possible effect permitted by the rude yet liberal playhouse of his time, and keeping in mind always the desires, the expectations and the prejudices of the sturdy and robust Elizabethan audiences, whom he had ever in his eye, even though he never gave a glance forward to us to-day.

This is what Professor Baker makes clear in his illuminating chapters, wherein he sets forth certain of the steps by which Shakespeare taught himself how to put together the framework of farce and of melodrama, and by which he rose in time to the more difficult construction of true comedy and of real tragedy. And in making these things clear, Professor Baker has, unintentionally perhaps, knocked the support from under countless labored disquisitions, largely of German authorship, which undertook to declare Shakespeare's theoretic system and his philosophical intention. The American critic brings out the fact that Shakespeare was no theorist and no maker of systems; and he suggests that not only to his contemporary audiences, but even to the dramatist himself, his great tragedies may have seemed only chronicle-plays better made, more compact, and therefore more interesting. Distinctions of type, which are important to the critic and to the historian of literature, are rarely present in the mind of the creator himself, who is satisfied to seek self-expression within the limitations imposed upon him by the conditions of his time, and who is often unconscious of his own enlargements of the art he is practising.

The illustrations which are scattered through the volume ought to have been massed in the earlier chapters. They consist

of maps and views of London in Shakespeare's time. They include, also, a valuable series of drawings of Elizabethan theatres, inside and out, and of later attempts to reproduce what is now believed to be the Elizabethan stage. They would have gained in value if they had each of them been dated, and if the sources had been carefully indicated. Apparently the lower of the two drawings facing page 200 is modern, and therefore without authority.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

MR. SHAW'S NEW VOLUME OF PLAYS.

DESPITE the cloud of controversial and expository dust which he has managed to raise along the highways of criticism, there is really only one authentic way of regarding Mr. Bernard Shaw. It is as otiose to view him as a dazzling and unscrupulous, though somewhat perturbing, mountebank, as it is to consider him a prophet and philosopher whose every dictum is to be accepted absolutely *au sérieux*. He has generously given us his conception of the "quintessential" Ibsen, and of the essential Wagner: well, the essential and quintessential Shaw is not a more recondite being than is either of the two masters whom Mr. Shaw himself has so elaborately exposed. We all know that he has derived infinite joy from a knowledge of the fact that he is very widely regarded, among a class of persons whom he quite honestly despises, as being somewhat in the same case as his *Andrew Undershaft* in "Major Barbara," of whom the excellent *Lady Britomart* observes that he is "always most clever and unanswerable when he is defending nonsense and wickedness." That is a conception of himself which Mr. Shaw is far from averse to fostering, and it suggests, for all who care to apply it, the key to a just and verifiable apprehension of him. Mr. Shaw is an Irishman of intellect—an enormously significant condition. His intellectual processes are colored by imagination, while his imagination is tempered and constrained by a quality of intellect that is at once peptonizing and astringent. He is at bottom a poet, a man of amazing intensity and sensitiveness of feeling; but he is also a moralist with an insatiable and inextinguishable sense of comedy: a more painfully and utterly inharmonious blend of characteristics than which it would be difficult to conceive. It follows, quite simply and as a matter of course, that Mr. Shaw is forced into a nervous

and fidgety dread of parody or derision; he is mortally afraid that we will accuse him of taking himself with an excess of seriousness, or that we will burlesque him. Therefore, he is perpetually engaged in forestalling us by obligingly burlesquing himself. Hence his exuberant impertinence, his elaborate audacity, his heaven-storming insolence—in short, all that in him which scandalizes the conventional, enrages the unsympathetic, and distresses the candid friend. He would, doubtless, repudiate any such conception of his activities as engagingly and effectively as he would controvert any other confident or positive approach to his temperamental habits, and with his usual ignorance of the fact that he is least prepossessing when he is most airily and blithely self-conscious.

He was never more obviously and completely himself than in his latest published production: the new volume of plays* which contains his "John Bull's Other Island," "How He Lied to Her Husband," and "Major Barbara," all composed within the last three years. The first two have been played in America, the last only in England.

"How He Lied to Her Husband" is, as he points out in one of the prefatory notes with which the volume is accompanied, a *pièce d'occasion,* written to fill an immediate and actual theatrical demand. He has printed it, he observes, "as a sample of what can be done with even the most hackneyed stage framework by filling it in with an observed touch of actual humanity instead of with *doctrinaire* romanticism." "Nothing in the theatre," he goes on, "is staler than the situation of husband, wife and lover, or the fun of knockabout farce. I have taken both, and got an original play out of them, as anybody else can, if only he will look about him for his material instead of plagiarizing 'Othello' and the thousand plays that have proceeded on *Othello's* romantic assumptions and false point of honor." Admittedly *a jeux d'esprit,* this barefaced and indubitably "original" little farce is as preposterously veracious and as immensely telling as anything that he has done, trifle though it is; and it is full, as always with him, of vivid and irresistible divinations of character.

In "Major Barbara" (which has not yet been seen on the stage in this country) he is very nearly at his best. He is here, as he so

* "John Bull's Other Island"; "How He Lied to Her Husband"; "Major Barbara." By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. 1907.

seldom fails to be, exquisitely and inexhaustibly amusing, and his unflagging sense of character is constantly in evidence. What could be, for example, more graphic and complete than this portrait of *Lady Britomart Undershaft:* ". . . a woman of fifty or thereabouts, well dressed and yet careless of her dress; well bred, and quite reckless of her breeding; well mannered, and yet appallingly outspoken and indifferent to the opinions of her interlocutors; amiable and yet peremptory, arbitrary and high-tempered to the last bearable degree, and withal, a very typical managing matron of the upper class, treated as a naughty child until she grew into a scolding mother, and finally settling down with plenty of practical ability and worldly experience, limited in the oddest way with domestic and class limitations, conceiving the universe exactly as if it were a large house in Wilton Crescent, though handling her corner of it very effectively on that assumption. . . ."

And how delicious is her passage with *Barbara* and *Undershaft* concerning the discussion of religion:

"Really, Barbara, you go on as if religion were a pleasant subject."

Undershaft: "I do not find it an unpleasant subject, my dear. It is the only one that capable people really care for."

Lady Britomart (*looking at her watch*): "Well, if you are determined to have it, I insist on having it in a proper and respectable way. Charles, ring for prayers."

In "Major Barbara" Mr. Shaw has been charged with deriding the methods of the Salvation Army, an accusation which he emphatically and categorically denies in his preface. On the contrary, he says, he upholds many of its essential methods, and he likes the spirit in which its crusades are undertaken. The lesson of the play—for here, as always, Mr. Shaw is first the inveterate and passionate moralist, then the maker of drama—is that the Salvation Army "is the accomplice of the distiller and the dynamite-maker [since it is obliged to accept their money in order that it may carry on its work—as one of its officers says, "they would take money from the devil himself and be only too glad to get it out of his hands and into God's"]; that they can no more escape one another than they can escape the air they breathe; that there is no salvation for them through personal righteousness, but only through the redemption of the whole nation from its vicious, lazy,

competitive anarchy." Or, as *Barbara* says in the play, in one of those passages of singular eloquence in which Mr. Shaw betrays the poet of whom he is lurkingly ashamed: "My father shall never throw it in my teeth again that my converts were bribed with bread. I have got rid of the bribe of bread. I have got rid of the bribe of heaven. Let God's work be done for its own sake: the work He had to create us to do because it cannot be done except by living men and women. When I die, let him be in my debt, not I in his; and let me forgive him as becomes a woman of my rank."

Cusins [her betrothed, who has accepted a partnership in her father's cannon and gunpowder business, with her approval]: "Then the way of life lies through the factory of death?"

Barbara: "Yes, through the raising of hell to heaven and of man to God, through the unveiling of an eternal light in the Valley of the Shadow."

"John Bull's Other Island" is a picture of the Ireland of to-day in its relation to the England of to-day. It is an Ireland, as some one has well said, "for the moment no longer in revolt, an appeased, but still apprehensive creature, with a mouth full of well-meant and ill-considered remedies, trying to purr itself into detachment and content." The play is in nothing more striking than in the astonishing impartiality with which Mr. Shaw presents, throughout, the standpoint of his extremely diverse characters: the standpoint of the egregious Englishman, *Broadbent,* with his enormous and incredible stupidity; of *Larry Doyle,* the disaffected Irishman; of *Peter Keegan,* the gentle and lovable idealist. It is precisely this impartiality, this lack of preference, which perplexes many who see in this curiously fascinating and subtly veracious drama nothing but an indication that Mr. Shaw's sympathy with so many divergent points of view is satisfactory evidence that he has no view of his own!

In these two more substantial plays, as always, Mr. Shaw makes it plainer than ever, as has already been said, that he is first the determined moralist, the servant of his profoundly passionate convictions; then the architect of what happens to be their vehicle: in this case, satiric and imaginative drama. But scarcely less notable is the demonstration which is here furnished of that other inconvenient and embarrassing fact which Mr. Shaw is at such elaborate pains, when he is on his guard, to conceal: the

fact that he is, *au fond* and incurably, a poet. Hear him, as a concluding example, in *Peter Keegan's* response to *Broadbent's* question as to what heaven is like in his dreams (after *Broadbent* has described it as appearing to *him* "a sort of pale blue satin place, with all the pious old ladies in our congregation sitting as if they were at a service; and there was some awful person in the study at the other side of the hall"): "In my dreams," rejoins the unfrocked priest, "it is a country where the State is the Church, and the Church the people: three in one and one in three. It is a commonwealth in which work is play and play is life: three in one and one in three. It is a temple in which the priest is the worshipper, and the worshipper the worshipped: three in one and one in three. It is a godhead in which all life is human and all humanity divine: three in one and one in three. . . . It is, in short, the dream of a madman." Any one who can write like that may not, I submit, be satisfactorily catalogued without some rather anxious and scrupulous deliberation.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

"SISTER CARRIE."*

QUITE apart from its intrinsic merit as a work of literary art, "Sister Carrie" has, for the discriminating, in a marked degree the special interest which any writer's first novel possesses in proportion to the peculiarly individual power it may show as a promise for the future. In this, Mr. Dreiser's book is especially noteworthy, since rarely has a new novelist shown so singular a power of virile earnestness and serious purpose with unusual faculty of keenly analytic characterization and realistic painting of pictures. His people are real people; he compels you to know them as he knows them, to see the scenes amid which they move as he sees them. He shows absolute sincerity, he plays you no tricks; he is rigidly uncompromising, he scorns to tamper with the truth as he knows it, he refuses any subterfuges or weak dallying with what, to him at least, are the crucial facts of life. One may not always accept his philosophy fully and without reserve, but he himself believes in it. That is the general impression the book creates, and he possesses, therefore, a compelling individuality which is bound to make its mark.

* "Sister Carrie." A novel. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: B. W. Dodge & Company.

The story is of Caroline Meeber, a girl of eighteen bred in a small country village where her father is a miller, who comes to Chicago to seek an independent livelihood by the work of her hands. She has never been away from home before; she knows nothing about the life of a great city, so strange and marvellous to her inexperienced girlhood. She has come, impelled by some restless but vague and as yet unconscious craving for happiness; and happiness in her crude and immature imaginings is confused with pleasure and the sensation of the stir of life, as it is with so many of her brothers and sisters the world over. This impressionable girl, unsuited for any successful struggle with hardship by temperament or training, is thrown into the whirlpool of city life during the years when character is beginning to form; and she is weighted by a soft attractiveness of face and gentleness of heart. In the opening chapter, on her way to Chicago she meets Drouet, a travelling salesman, who greatly influences her career. Later, she met Hurstwood, the manager of a fashionable drinking resort and in his way a man of respectable position. The conditions under which she comes to live are not justified, nor excused, by any acceptable code. But they are not uncommon, and Mr. Dreiser handles them with such delicacy of treatment and in such a clean largeness of mental attitude, that they simply enforce an impressive moral lesson. The inevitable growth of her initial yielding softness into a hard cold selfishness at the last, but which yet fails to escape from the power of unsatisfied longing, is traced with much skill and with a logic which seems unanswerable. And the parallel working out of Hurstwood's character is surely a convincing piece of literary art.

"Sister Carrie" is a sombre tale. It does not leave you with a bad taste in the mouth, as one says, but with something very like a heartache; an effect even more pronounced here than in Mrs. Wharton's powerful novel, "The House of Mirth," to which it bears a notable similarity in the underlying theme, although widely different in most else. Mr. Dreiser belongs to the realistic school much more distinctly than Mrs. Wharton; he falls below her in grace and beauty of style and in her own characteristic literary art, but he gains in power and in vividness perhaps. The stories told are not the same, the methods of telling differ, but the *motif* in each is at the root of it essentially the

same; the tragedy of human beings who, in our present social order, do not escape the crushing weight of a surrender to primal human impulses. The two books seem inevitably in the same class; they enforce a like moral. One is the complement of the other, with little or no superficial resemblance between them other than that each is of great and sombre power and deals with the same theme—the aberrations of social mankind, in America, in its search for pleasure and in its attempts at some basis for sex relations. In the two books the practical difference is only in the variables, the theme itself is constant. Mrs. Wharton works out her problem on one side, the complex laborious pleasure-seeking cult among that small and comparatively insignificant group, the idle rich; Mr. Dreiser is concerned with the greater and far more important class, the working-people from whose ranks it is that the upper strata of the future are to inherit character; for in this country, at least, the proletary of to-day begets the leader of to-morrow. It is the great lower and middle classes, if there are such things, that count.

Human nature is a tolerably constant quantity; men and women are pretty much alike in all times and places, and in all environments. Class distinctions, so far as the humanity of their elements is concerned, are more apparent than real; men are of the same nature everywhere. To find a great difference in essential quality between the very rich and the very poor, the very good and the very bad, the very cultured and intelligent and the very ignorant and stupid, we must, after all, take our measurements with a micrometric scale, so to speak; if we attempt to gauge these human differences by the finger of God, they are hard to find. No doubt, one bacillus differs from another in length, but you cannot mark it by a yard-stick. So that the "drummer" and the saloonkeeper who are arbiters of destiny for Sister Carrie are essentially of the same sort as the men who riot in "The House of Mirth," except that they appear to have retained more human quality of redemption; and the Lily Barts of the world of fashion are but Sister Carries after all. Indeed, the title of Mr. Dreiser's book is, no doubt, intended to suggest the kinship of the world.

And in these days, perhaps more markedly in America, the process of breaking down the class barriers, of interfusion of the social strata, is taking place with notable distinctness. Not only

are the upper social ranks, or what passes for such, being constantly recruited by those who have lately risen from the lower stratum, but the economic change in industrial conditions is more and more bringing all humanity into closer touch; with the result that the high and mighty influence, as never before, the desires and the ambitions, the passions, too, of those who are low in social degree. As Mr. Dreiser puts it:

"The great create an atmosphere which reacts badly upon the small. This atmosphere is easily and quickly felt. Walk among the magnificent residences, the splendid equipages, the gilded shops, restaurants, resorts of all kinds; scent the flowers, the silks, the wines; drink of the laughter springing from the soul of luxurious content, of the glances which gleam like light from defiant spears; feel the quality of the smiles which cut like glistening swords and of strides born of place, and you shall know of what is the atmosphere of the high and mighty. Little use to argue that of such is not the kingdom of greatness, but so long as the world is attracted by this and the human heart views this as the one desirable realm which it must attain, so long, to that heart, will this remain the realm of greatness. So long, also, will the atmosphere of this realm work its desperate results in the soul of man. It is like a chemical reagent. One day of it, like one drop of the other, will so affect and discolor the views, the aims, the desires of the mind, that it will thereafter remain forever dyed. A day of it to the untried mind is like opium to the untried body. A craving is set up which, if gratified, shall eternally result in dreams and death. Aye! dreams unfulfilled —gnawing, luring, idle phantoms which beckon and lead, beckon and lead, until death and dissolution dissolve their power and restore us blind to nature's heart."

So that, from the sociological point of view, the study presented in this book of existing conditions operating on human impulses which are inextinguishable, and often dominating, is of timely import. There are signs that the future of the race in this country may be more perilous than its past has been; it is possible one of those racial crises which are constantly recurring in the history of mankind, may be on the way. "Sister Carrie" is a book to be reckoned with, just as the social conditions —or defects—on which it rests must be reckoned with.

JOSEPH HORNOR COATES.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG: WASHINGTON.

LONDON, *August, 1907.*

KING EDWARD has again shown himself the most adroit and effective of British Ambassadors, and there are at last some tangible tokens that Anglo-German relations are about to recover, if not their old confidence, at least their old sanity. King and Kaiser have met at Wilhelmshöhe with every appearance of cordiality; the Emperor and Empress are to pay a State visit to England in November; and the press of both countries is dropping something of its belligerent acidity. For the past few years English and German jingoes have found a certain excuse for their excesses in the personal estrangement between King Edward and his nephew. They have felt that they had behind them the tacit approval of their respective Courts. Of that excuse they are now deprived, and the chances are that the paper warfare which for the last decade has been waged between London and Berlin, with hardly more than one lucid intermission, is now within measurable distance of extinction.

Moreover, the meeting at Wilhelmshöhe had the further significance of following hard on some European events of the first moment. Just before it took place, the Kaiser and the Tsar had given a fresh proof of the many bonds of political and dynastic interests and sympathies that unite the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs; the approach of a definite Anglo-Russian understanding in the Middle East and along the Indian frontier had been announced; France had formally subscribed to the main purposes of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; and England, France and Spain had embodied their respective Mediterranean interests in a diplomatic convention. Developments such as these gave a peculiar importance to the meeting between King Edward and the Kaiser.

It was interpreted, and on the whole, I think, rightly interpreted, as a sign that an Anglo-Russian understanding has either ceased to be regarded as necessarily injurious to German interests, or that at the least it has now come to be looked upon as something inevitable, to which further opposition is futile, and which should therefore be accepted with a resigned graciousness. It was also taken as the equivalent of Germany's admission that the agreements regarding the Mediterranean and the Far East furnish her with no ground of complaint and are destitute of an anti-German point. Of late years, Germany has seemed to regard any arrangement between the Powers in whatever quarter of the world as aimed at her and intended to isolate or humiliate her. And some of the Powers, England especially, have been by no means solicitous to correct this impression. They have rather enjoyed than otherwise the spectacle of German disquietude. Englishmen and Germans therefore naturally regard the reconciliation between their monarchs from different points of view. To the former, it is a welcome token that Germany is recovering from her mood of suspicious irritability. To the latter, it is a not less welcome token that England's attempts "to hem Germany in" have now been abandoned. Whichever view is correct, the result can only be a general easement. It is not optimism, I think, but a reasonable reckoning of probabilities, that inclines one to date from the Wilhelmshöhe meeting the dawn of a more stable and a brighter dispensation. The facts of European politics remain as they were, but the temper in which they are handled is likely, from now onwards, to be more pacific and considerate.

I am bound, however, to add that the Conference at The Hague has shown but few signs of the coming change. On nearly every issue of importance that has come before it, England and Germany have differed, and in regard to at least one of them—the American proposal for a permanent court of arbitration—the diplomacy of the German delegates appears to have been more clever than straightforward. It is, perhaps, just as well for international repose that the proceedings of the Conference have nowhere aroused a sustained interest. In England especially they have been singularly neglected, and that is strange, since, as the first naval Power of the world, Great Britain might have been expected to take a pre-eminent interest in debates so largely occupied with naval questions. From the special marks of identifica-

tion to be displayed by hospital-ships to such far-reaching issues as the creation of an International Prize Court, the recognition of the immunity of private property, the abolition of commercial blockades, and the use of floating mines, there is scarcely a principle or a detail in the conduct of maritime warfare that has not been canvassed at The Hague.

These are matters that touch England's national security very nearly. The British delegates have naturally taken the leading part in discussing them, but they have been utterly unsustained by any vigilant interest among their fellow countrymen. This, if it argues apathy, argues also an almost sublime confidence in the capacity of the Government to take every needful step for the protection of British interests. The confidence has been justified, and the British delegates have shown themselves throughout eminently practical, progressive and conciliatory. The few who have followed the proceedings of the Conference with any closeness endorse unreservedly the attitude taken up by the British delegates on the matters of the International Prize Court, of converted merchantmen, of submarine mines, and of the capture of private property at sea. On this last point Sir Ernest Satow bluntly informed the Conference that his instructions were categorical and admitted of no compromise. English naval men, indeed, feel that they might as well make the world a present of the Home Fleet as forego the right of seizing an enemy's property whenever the opportunity presented itself; and they are delighted to find their position in the matter backed up by such an authority as Captain Mahan. For whether labelled "private" or "public," the property of an enemy is a part of his national strength which it is the first object of war to destroy. To abolish contraband while maintaining the right of capture—which was the essence of the British proposals—is to spare neutrals and to afflict belligerents, both of them sound and practical objects. But to do as the Americans and Germans suggested, to abolish the right of capture while greatly enlarging the scope of contraband, and with it the scope of searching for contraband, is in English opinion to harass neutrals and to release belligerents from one of the heaviest penalties of war. It is, however, on the question of the use of submarine mines that the clash between England and Germany has been most marked. Germany wishes to sow the seas with these engines of destruction without regard to time or location or the safety of peaceable mer-

chantmen either during or after the war. To this proposition Great Britain, with the approval of almost all the Powers, has offered an unflinching resistance; and in this country it is strongly felt that, if the German views prevail, the net result of the second Peace Conference will have been, not to mitigate, but to increase the horrors of war.

In domestic politics the event of the month has been the re-emergence of Lord Rosebery and his dashing assault upon the Government's Scottish Land Bill, an assault which contributed more powerfully than any other agency to the final abandonment of the measure. Nothing was lacking that could lend piquancy to the occasion. A brilliant orator, an unequalled authority upon the sentiments and needs of Scotland, an admirable landlord and scientific farmer, and above all a former leader of the very party whose handiwork he was now undoing, Lord Rosebery was presented with an opportunity of which even a much less practised speaker could hardly have failed to make good use. In his dexterous hands it developed into one of the most pulverizing Parliamentary onslaughts I have ever witnessed. It was not the first time Lord Rosebery had felt called upon to withstand the Government, nor will it, I think, be the last. We may yet find him emulating the earlier career of M. Clémenceau, destroying many ministries but forming none. As for the particular object of his attack, I think the general opinion is that he made out an unanswerable case. The Government has three separate land policies. In Ireland, it has accepted the policy of its predecessors and is hastening on the final abolition of the demoralizing and poisonous system of dual ownership. To expedite its complete extinction and to close the last open wound of the great agrarian struggle, it has brought forward a measure for the compulsory reinstatement of the evicted tenants. I do not propose to describe the measure in detail. In any country but Ireland it would be considered a piece of confiscatory injustice. Americans, who, in all that concerns the rights of property, are far less radical than the English, would not have tolerated its introduction even in the most empirical of Western States. But no analogies can be made to fit the case of Ireland. The struggle for the land, which for seven and a half centuries has convulsed her politics, makes all her circumstances unique—makes them, indeed, so unique that the ordinary principles of legislation do not apply. The best and indeed the only

possible defence for the Evicted Tenants Bill is to be found in Irish history.

But while in Ireland the Government is assisting the abolition of dual ownership and the establishment of a peasant proprietary, in Scotland it proposed to introduce dual ownership and to obstruct peasant proprietorship, while in England it has devised a plan of compulsory purchase from landlords by County Councils of land which is to be let, and not sold, to tenants. The mere fact that the Scottish Land Bill aimed at setting up in Scotland a system which has proved the curse of Ireland ever since its introduction, was, in itself, a strong argument for its rejection. With the general motive of these Land Bills—the encouragement of small holdings—everybody feels sympathy, though I must add that many people, while holding the experiment to be justifiable on social and moral grounds, believe it destined to fail economically, are convinced that if it succeeds at all it can only be by the artificial and fostering aid of the State, and are inclined to argue that as England is irrevocably committed to industrialism, rather than to agriculture, the conditions of urban are of much greater moment than the conditions of rural life. However, the Government is resolved to do what it can, and the results of its efforts will be watched with the utmost interest and solicitude.

Meanwhile, there is next to no sign that the House of Lords, by procuring the abandonment of the Scottish Land Bill, has in any way damaged its position. I am even inclined to think that, had the Government concurred with the Lords' amendments, a better Bill than the one actually introduced would have been the result. The Government has left on the public mind the impression that it rejected the Lords' suggestions, not on their merits, but as a matter of tactics, hoping to pile up a case against the Upper Chamber for the needs of the autumn campaign in the country. Such an impression will do the Government no good and the House of Lords no harm.

It is admitted on all hands that the House of Lords question must become, and that very shortly, the paramount issue of British politics. But nobody wishes to see it raised and tackled except in a straightforward fashion. The Government will make a disastrous mistake if it adopts against the Upper Chamber the roundabout manœuvres that, more than anything else, disgusted the country with Mr. Balfour's ministry.

ST. PETERSBURG, *August, 1907.*

HARVEST time has begun in Muscovy and with it a brief season of temporary peace and relative order. The peasants are busy mowing, cutting, stacking and generally garnering the fruits of the seed which they committed to the soil many months ago, and in some cases they are boldly reaping where they did not sow at all—in the corn-fields of the nobility. The crops are very much better than even optimists ventured to anticipate, and the yield of this year's harvest will be abundant. This is one care the less for the people and the Government.

But, if Russia bids fair to escape famine, she is seriously threatened by cholera, which is still an Egyptian plague to the shiftless subjects of the Tsar who cultivate in lieu of combating it. Against the inroads of disease or the approach of some dire calamity, the Russians are helpless. For one thing, superstition envelops them like a soul-atmosphere created by a Circe, and they shrink with awe from undoing what the hand of God hath done. Blessed be the will of God, but whenever the people suspect the doctors, the well-to-do classes, the Government, of spreading the infection, of poisoning the water, of conjuring up the spirits of evil and generally of leaguing themselves with the powers of darkness against the helpless masses, then they take the law into their own hands and show no mercy. That is what happened when the scourge last visited the Tsardom, and what may again take place if it comes back next year.

But during this short period of truce the country is living as much in the past as in the future. At present it is mainly upon the secret history of the defence and surrender of Port Arthur by the champions of the Autocracy that public attention is concentrated. For the trial of Lieutenant-General Stoessel for high treason is at last drawing nigh, and certain of the allegations against him, which are gradually becoming known to the general public, make the blood of patriotic Russians boil.

If all the officials who are to blame for Russian disasters by land and by sea are summoned before a tribunal and tried, there will be work enough to last a whole decade. For as it has taken over two years and a half to bring General Stoessel to judgment, many more years will be required to get up cases against the legion who led Russia to the edge of the precipice. Take the Admiralty and the Ministry of the Marine by way of illustration; compare the

amount of money spent by Japan and Russia, respectively, on their navies, and then contrast the results. In 1896, the vote assigned for the up-keep of existing ships by Japan amounted to about $49,000,000, whereas that given by the Russians was $166,000,000. Again, during the eight years ending in 1904, Japan spent about $1,050,000,000 in shipbuilding, whereas Russia invested no less than $1,327,000,000. In the same interval of time, 1896-1904, Japan's outlay on the up-keep of existing ships amounted to $72,500,000, while Russia paid out $1,610,000,000 on her existing navy. In other words Russia's expenditure had increased by 65.2 per cent.; that of Japan by 24.1, and the net result was Port Arthur and Tsushima. Now, who are the responsible officials?

Journalists and politicians are busy investigating these and kindred matters on the eve of the elections, when the all-important point is to discredit the Government and to defeat those parties and individuals who are not sufficiently hostile to it. For nobody intends to boycott the elections, not even the revolutionists or the Socialists, in spite of the new electoral law, which they are denouncing from the house-tops. And undoubtedly, it is a law that enables the Cabinet to influence the choice of the constituencies.

The Cabinet looks forward to the elections without apprehension; indeed, it cherishes hopes of doing well at the voting-urns. In truth, however, the Cabinet is incorrigibly optimistic and its expectations are therefore no index as to what is coming. Moreover, even the Ministers are doubtful whether they will obtain a majority with which they can work or only a larger minority than in the second Duma. The Premier, Stolypin, allows it to be known that his recent policy was based upon a sharp distinction between the revolutionary movement on the one hand and the Liberal and Agrarian movements on the other. The Liberal movement, he holds, is reasonable, and has reason to be satisfied with the vast changes that have taken place since October, 1905. The Agrarian demands of the peasantry, who are accustomed to assume that the head of every family has a right to own a farm, cannot, it is true, be fully granted. But much can be accomplished by colonization in Siberia, and by helping the peasants to purchase land in European Russia. And all that is possible will be done and done speedily. Thus far the Premier. But the trend of public feeling in political Russia is against the Stolypin Cabinet and in favor of

the Constitutional Democratic party. This party, however, like all others, has made blunder after blunder, and seems incapable of utilizing its opportunity. If it had played its cards skilfully a Constitutional Democratic Cabinet would now be ruling Russia, a liberal electoral law would be insuring a fair representation of public opinion, and the situation would be very different from what it is. But the leaders of the party spent much of their time in hesitating, and they are now wasting more of it in repenting. For statesmanlike action they substituted "high-faluting" speeches and turned upon the ministers "an unforgiving eye and a disinheriting countenance." In the Duma, many a politician arose, spoke and looked great things, but none among them accomplished anything great.

One of the moderate Constitutional Democrats, P. Struve, has been telling his comrades very salutary but somewhat bitter truths, and many of them are for ostracizing him in consequence. For instance, he writes: "Those who refuse all compromise with the Government forfeit thereby the right to prefer any accusations against it. The charges made against the Government by the revolutionists who warred against it are meaningless, as would be accusations made by Russians against the Japanese for having defeated them." These are true words; but political parties and truth might be wed in Russia, for they can hardly be said to be closely related. The degree to which deliberate calumny is employed in the electioneering campaign is superlative and is one of the most unpleasant traits of the progressive movement in the country. The Social Democratic party, which has the courage of its convictions, is less careless of its facts. A manifesto which it recently issued to the electors contains an emphatic expression of its opinions. It denounces the attitude, not only of the Octobrists, who are the favorites of the Premier, but of the Constitutional Democrats, and affirms that the former are "cheering the sanguinary deeds of the Government," while the latter "are cowards ready to sacrifice everything merely in order to become Ministers in the near future."

While party is thus meeting party in the tug of bloodless war, the Ministers and other prominent men are away on their holidays. Even the monarch has been to Swinemünde. Count Witte, for whom the Tsar has now no work to do, is in the Pyrenees recovering from the effects of a throat operation and is jotting down his

reminiscences for the future historian—an interesting manuscript, which will not, however, be published until after the statesman's death. He is resolved, it is said, to take no further part in the political life of his country: on his return to St. Petersburg in December, he will probably ask to be relieved of his duties as member of the Council of the Empire and will become Director of a private bank. The venerable Count Solsky, ex-Ministers Durnovo and Schwanebach, Finance Minister Kokofftseff and others are all endeavoring, in various watering-places, to recuperate their health. Even Premier Stolypin slipped away secretly on board a war-ship, and took a whiff of fresh air beyond the reach of telegrams and State documents, congratulating himself on the significant fact that, since the dissolution of the Duma, crime against the person and property has decreased by fifty per cent. True, bombs are still being manufactured, schools exist for teaching boys how to employ them, murders are committed with impunity and highway robbery is still one of the chief means of replenishing the empty money-chests of the Revolutionary Committee. But the number of these crimes is less by about one-half. That is a step forward. Still, the Government has an arduous task before it—how arduous, one can hardly realize. The following incident may help the reader to form a notion of the difficulties to be surmounted before order is completely restored.

State Councillor Minayeff, the President of the District Congress of Sharinsk in the state of Perm, lately received a letter from a schoolgirl of sixteen—a dry, business-like communication. She stated that, being very poor, she had been forced to join the revolutionary party and had been deputed to kill him. For this feat she had already received one hundred dollars earnest money and had been promised another hundred as soon as he had ceased to breathe. But she does not relish the business, would in fact like to get out of it, and therefore she requests Councillor Minayeff to leave Sharinsk at once. Minayeff made inquiries which confirmed the girl's statements. Then he asked to be appointed to another city, but the State Governor sent him to the Minister of the Interior. And now he has requested the Government either to give him some other employment or else to accept his resignation. This is the outcome of a schoolgirl's letter.

Of contemporary Russia one may say what Benjamin Franklin said of the world: nothing is certain there but death and taxation.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *September, 1907.*

THERE seems to be no doubt that on September 17th the people of the inchoate State of Oklahoma (made up of the Territory of Oklahoma and of the Indian Territory) adopted at the ballot-box by a considerable majority the proposed State Constitution, in spite of the warnings received from President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft that, without material amendments, it might not be sanctioned by the Federal Government, in which event the acquisition of Statehood would have to be deferred. On what ground can the State Constitution of Oklahoma be said to fail to conform to the type of "republican" government contemplated by our Federal organic law? Scarcely on the ground that the proposed State Constitution authorizes the employment of the "referendum" and "initiative," even though a recourse to these expedients should be carried so far as almost to amount practically to the substitution of a "pure" for a "representative" democracy, so far as State affairs are concerned. Among the types of a "republican" government which the framers of the Federal Constitution had before them were, as we know from the record of their debates and from the "Federalist," examples of a "pure" democracy, afforded by some of the Greek city-states and by the three Forest-Cantons of Switzerland, which, so far as their local legislation was concerned, did not recognize the representative principle. Moreover, the referendum is embedded in our Federal organic law, so far as the ratification of Constitutional amendments is delegated to State Conventions. It is true that State Conventions are themselves representative, but the United States Supreme Court has gone further and has refrained from prohibiting the appeal to the individual voters provided for in the case of Constitutional amendments by many, if not all, State Constitutions. It must be, then, for some other reason that Oklahoma politicians were warned by Mr. Roosevelt and Judge Taft that their proposed State Constitution might at Washington be held violative of the Federal organic law.

Probably the objection to the proposed State Constitution is that the Oklahoma Convention, in its determination to cramp, stunt, stifle and otherwise harry corporations, allowed itself to go too far, and to violate one or more of the first ten amendments of our Federal organic law. Those who inspect carefully the eight thousand words devoted by the Oklahoma Convention to the con-

trol and regulation of railways will find it hard to reconcile some of the provisions with the fundamental principles of the Anglo-Saxon system of judicature, which it was the purpose of the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth amendments of our Federal Constitution to uphold.

Carefully restrained and thoroughly judicial was the language in which former Chief-Judge Parker, speaking at Jamestown on "Constitution Day," pointed out the inevitable tendencies of the programme comprising what Mr. Roosevelt terms "my policies." It will be remembered that in a speech at Harrisburg, Mr. Roosevelt, repeating and emphasizing what Secretary Root had been requested to say previously in New York, declared that what the country needed was, through executive action, through legislative action, and through wide judicial interpretation and construction of organic law, to increase the powers of the Federal Government. There would, of course, be nothing new in the employment of these instrumentalities for that purpose. It is well known that as early as 1801 John Marshall, who had been made Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court by a Federalist President, began and pushed very far the process of expanding the powers of the Federal Government, at the expense of the constituent States. The example has been followed more than once by subsequent occupants of our highest Federal tribunal, and it remains to be seen how much further this indirect method of modifying our Federal organic law will be carried by their successors. Nor is the record of our Executive and Legislative departments blameless from this point of view. Nobody now pretends that the purchase of the Louisiana Territory was valid without a constitutional amendment. What justified it was the sense of national self-preservation. Neither would any constitutional lawyer assert that Mr. Roosevelt was constitutionally warranted in interposing between mine-workers and mine-owners in the Pennsylvania anthracite-coal strike, in the absence of any appeal from the Legislature or Executive of that State. Nevertheless, in both cases the act of the Federal Executive was sanctioned by the Federal Legislature. The departure from the fundamental principles of the Federal Constitution which is now advocated by Mr. Roosevelt is, as Judge Parker shows, far more serious. For the President proposes that, so far as a very wide field of productive and distributive energies is concerned, the Executive, Legislative and Judicial powers, so

carefully distinguished by our Federal organic law, shall be united and delegated to commissions appointed by the Federal Chief Magistrate. That is to say, a drastic transformation of our Federal Constitution, which would involve very grave encroachments on the powers reserved to the separate States, or to the American people as a whole, is to be brought about, not by constitutional amendments, but by concerted action on the part of the three divisions of the Federal Government. Whether the American people will permit so momentous a revolution to be effected in that way is the primary and paramount question to be answered at the ballot-box next year. Former Chief Judge Parker has done his fellow countrymen a service by setting forth the issue with so much precision and with such absolute abstention from partisan rancor. What he has said will not be wasted on sober-minded and thoughtful men. Fortunately, they have upwards of a year to ponder it.

The efficiency with which Secretary Root performed his mission to the Spanish and Portuguese speaking peoples of South America has been attested by subsequent events. It is well that the former mission should now be supplemented by a visit to Mexico, which is by far the most important in respect of wealth and population among Spanish-American commonwealths. Moreover, by her geographical position, Mexico is peculiarly qualified to perform, in conjunction with the United States, a mediative function, which shall bring to an end the internecine warfare that, for some three-quarters of a century, has proved a bar to the progress and prosperity of the Central-American States. The mission should, and, doubtless, will, complete the beneficent work which has been begun by the agreement—brought about through the joint influence of the Washington and Mexican Governments—for a conference of the five Central-American republics to be held at our Federal capital, with the aim of providing for the reference of all disputes arising between them to arbitration. If the agreement shall provide for the enforcement thereof by the joint intervention of the United States and Mexico in the capacity of guarantors, we may look upon the future tranquillity of Central America as practically assured. Such a conference, relatively circumscribed as is the field to be affected by its outcome, will really do more solid work for the promotion of international peace than now seems likely to be accomplished by the gathering of rep-

resentatives of more than forty-five States, including all of the great Powers of the world, at The Hague. Secretary Root may well be satisfied if his official record is illumined with such inscriptions as "the confidence and friendship of South America:" "the lasting pacification of the Central-American Commonwealth."

As Secretary Taft is understood to have been the author of the concession of partial self-government to the Filipinos—a concession which has had disappointing results—the outcome of his visit to the Philippines will naturally be awaited with much curiosity and interest. It is well known that a large majority of the chosen members of the elective branch of the Filipino assembly—a branch invested with consultative rather than legislative functions—has hastened to announce, in advance of their meeting, a determination to secure, if possible, political independence. Will it be practicable, under the circumstances, to procure from a lower chamber, inspired with such a resolve, an assent to any legislation which the upper, or appointive, house can sanction, and the Governor-General approve? Suppose the answer to this question is in the negative; what course will Secretary Taft pursue? Will he modify, or withdraw altogether, the concession of an instalment of self-rule? It is hard to see what modification could be hit upon which would improve materially the existing situation. On the other hand, the discontent of the Filipinos would naturally be aggravated if now the backward step should be taken of denying to them any participation in the government of the archipelago. Obviously, it is a difficult problem which the Secretary has to solve, but the responsibility for the difficulty is shared by our Congress. His influence in the Philippines would have been promoted immensely could he have fulfilled his desire to secure the admission of Philippine sugar and tobacco to our markets duty free. On every ground of equity and justice, we ought, as he has declared repeatedly, to treat the Filipinos as liberally as we have treated the Porto-Ricans. We have no more moral right to comport ourselves as a stepmother in the one case than we would have in the other. We have behaved ungenerously toward the Filipinos and the unquestionable fact has handicapped Secretary Taft in his well-meant endeavor to elevate them—perhaps too hastily—to the plane of self-sustaining and self-guiding civilization.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

As Our Cousins Behold Us.

READERS of THE REVIEW are aware that we have never manifested excessive enthusiasm over professions of friendliness to this country by our English relations; to our ears such protestations have sounded hollow and insincere, and they have been made, seemingly, only at times when America's apparent favor would serve Britain's political purposes in dealing with other Powers. While holding firmly, however, to this view as the lesson derived from rather close inquiry, we have given unqualified admiration to the excellence of the pretence. Of all of England's important public journals, but one has been openly antagonistic to this country since the aristocracy and the statesmen concluded that our good-will was worth catering for and, through their estimable king, made their determination known to the publicists of the upper middle class. True, that one—we refer to the famous "Saturday Review"—has not thriven upon its policy in comparison with its contemporaries, but it has possessed the knowledge that secretly it was cherished and that its opinions were shared by those whose favor it most ardently desired, and with that it has been content.

We have always felt that this shrewd journal voiced the true British spirit,—which we consider to be the spirit of selfishness and envy—and signs are now multiplying daily in apparent confirmation of the correctness of this opinion. Our cousins seem to think that we are in trouble, politically, socially, commercially, financially—as, indeed, we are—and that the time for giving vent to sentiments hitherto restrained is consequently propitious. Hence the recent avalanche of censorious expressions from the great daily journals of London and the resumption by weekly reviews of the sneering attitude formerly affected. An aggravated,

though in our view not in the least aggravating, instance is afforded by the well-known and representative literary periodical called the "Academy," which publishes, over the signature of Mr. Arthur Machen, the following interesting summary of articles apparently published previously:

"Readers of the 'Academy' may remember my very inadequate attempt to depict the horrible body of death, decay and wickedness which is called the United States of America. Briefly, I showed, from American evidence and from unchallenged reports, that (1) the whole judicial system of America had fallen into contempt; (2) that it was corrupt; (3) that its proceedings, as in the Thaw trial, were in the highest degree degraded, offensive, and abominable; (4) that its ordinary police methods, as in the case of Signor Caruso, lately honored by King Edward VII, were beneath the standard of Hottentots; (5) that in Chicago, for example, the magistrates and the police were brigands and thieves in league with thieves; (6) that when a poor man, without money to bribe the loathsome press and the more loathsome judge, was executed, he was killed with hideous and revolting tortures; (7) that the deficiencies of American 'justice' were supplied by the kerosene-can of the obscene Judge Lynch; (8) that a peculiarly savage and abominable form of slavery was actually engineered by legal officers; (9) that all the municipalities of America are corrupt, and (10) frequently depend on enforced bribes from brothels; (11) that children are held to industrial slavery; (12) that the condition of the poor is unspeakably wretched and far worse than in any other country; (13) that the Legislatures are corrupt; (14) that every kind of noisome and poisonous adulteration flourishes together with (15) a host of peculiarly squalid, silly and mischievous impostures known as 'new religions.'"

There is no call for extended comment upon these somewhat vehement statements; the separation of those which, in any sense, or to any degree, are warranted from those that are not can be readily made by the most casual of observers. It is not true, of course, on the one hand, that our courts are corrupt or have fallen into contempt, while, on the other, it is a fact deeply regretted that the proceedings in the specific trial referred to were indeed most distasteful. Whether the manners of the singer mentioned merited rebuke or approbation is a question of taste. The Americans take one view, the English the other, and the two judgments are irreconcilable; but therein we find no cause for quarrel. The remaining points in the indictment are matters partly of opinion and partly of fact; for some, we sadly admit, there is too much justification; for others, none whatever. The reference to "new

religions" we do not understand; the only new religion, so called, that has come under our notice in recent years is that promulgated in England by an English preacher; and, so far from its being squalid or silly, we found much in it that was appealing and likely to prove helpful.

But it is provocative of ill-nature and unkindliness to discuss assertions that seem unwarrantably severe, and we have no intention of doing so; our sole purpose now is to present an indication of what we have long considered to be the real attitude of the Briton of high class towards Americans of whatever walk in life. We do not resent it; indeed, strictures that are deserved may well be brought to our attention for our own good, and exaggeration or vindictiveness never offers adequate cause for offence to properly balanced minds. The only point we would make relates to our own attitude towards other peoples. Let it be not influenced by hypocritical professions or sentimental racial appeals in one direction, or by futile and unworthy resentment in another; let it be the same to all men and to all nations, forbearing, generous, modest as befits youth, yet properly insistent upon recognition of real worth, and, most important of all, as free from entanglements of whatever nature as the fathers, if living, could wish the great Republic to remain.

On the Proper Conduct of Funerals.

WE would not deny the gravity of death; it is a quite serious matter even to those of us who, while conscious of, or at least admitting, no really sinful performances in the past, would nevertheless, if pressed, confess to certain minor indiscretions which we would be only too willing to join with the Lord in forgetting. Nevertheless, if form or ceremony or general interest be considered the criterion, dying is one of the most popular things one can do. Nobody goes to see a man born, but the entire community turns out to see him buried. Indeed, it is well known that many people, perhaps a majority, derive actual enjoyment from beholding with their own eyes life flicker out of a person's body. The almost universal satisfaction found, from time immemorial, in witnessing a hanging we can understand; the event is more spectacular and less expensive than a circus, possesses grisly human interest to a distinctive degree, is pre-

sumably grimly just and, in any case, is unpreventable. If the hanging is to take place anyway, why shouldn't we see it? That is the reasoning,—and it seems good enough if one cares for that variety of sport. But we could never understand why old women should, as they unquestionably do, love to attend funerals, or how anybody could be induced, except as a matter of duty, to make a business or profession of the handling of corpses.

We have often wondered how it would seem to be an undertaker. Although no other trade seems quite so gruesome, there are many we can imagine more distasteful. Indeed, the really proficient undertaker, while notoriously considerate and even ostentatiously patient in dealing with those whom he classifies in a broad professional way as "the bereaved," nevertheless bears himself in a manner singularly proud, and so affords the most nearly perfect example to be found anywhere of an harmonious blending in a personality of haughtiness and humility. Physically he conveys the impression of unhealthiness; his liver in particular always seems to have been making injudicious secretions; but this is a condition inseparable, doubtless, from the nature of his work. What can be reasonably expected of the liver of a man whose business it is to maintain constantly a mournful mien? Exercise, too, is beyond the pale of his consideration. Who ever saw an undertaker playing tennis or even so deadly a game as golf? How could one given to such practices hope to retain the custom of the elite? He may with propriety, it is true, attend divine service; but to one constantly engaged in semi-participation in similar rites, the relaxation to be obtained under even the most shocking ministrations must necessarily be limited. Indeed, the most casual observation confirms the suspicion of the futility of this method of securing relief. We have seen undertakers in church many times, but never one awake; their very familiarity with death seems to blunt their consciousness of the presence of souls within their own bodies and the desirability of arranging to have them saved. Gradually they come to regard themselves as apart from other men,—and so, perhaps, they are, as a sexton is or a hangman.

Of the undertaker's home life we know practically nothing. Does he preserve the official demeanor through meals, and at other times when free to mingle with the family? Does he romp with his children? Does he even have children? Would it be

proper for an undertaker's wife to fetch such obvious distractions into the world? What, we wonder, would be the view of our Chief Magistrate upon that point? And, as a matter of fact, did any one ever hear of the son or daughter of an undertaker? That progeny is not uncommon to executioners we know, because in the old days the business, then more profitable than it is now, was kept in the family through many generations. Whether a like thrifty spirit animates the undertaking clans we cannot say, but if so it would be interesting to know whether a male child is taught to subdue his emotions from the beginning and forced, perchance, to wear black mitts in the cradle. It is doleful to be unable to pass on to interested readers authentic data respecting the inner life of the undertaker, but partial compensation is found in the revelation of the outward aspects of his existence and of his attitude towards humanity contained in a sadly fascinating book now lying before us, written by a distinguished member of the craft, decorously clad and entitled "The Funeral."

It is a suggestive and comprehensive work, comprising four distinct parts, viz., (1) The Undertaker, (2) The Minister, (3) The Bereaved and (4) the Friends.

That the undertaker should be accorded first place in the book is but natural, since obviously the writer regards him as the central figure and best fitted to withstand successfully the glaring rays of publicity. But, while he should not shun duty, he must not seek business. "Like a modest damsel," says the mentor, "he is to wait until called. Any attempt on his part to bid for the privilege of caring for a body is vulgarity." Although he does not say so explicitly, we are confident that our instructor would disapprove of manifestations of exceptional interest in the precise condition of a sick person or undue promptitude in the use of the telephone upon receipt of information that dissolution had taken place. Not that the undertaker should disregard the business aspects of his calling. No. "He should make money, but he should make it decently; he should advertise in legitimate ways, but to contest for work like cab-drivers is disgraceful; let the work seek the undertaker, not the undertaker the work." The work having found him sitting, like a modest damsel, in his shop door, he must manifest "responsive tenderness," whether he feels it or not, "for the sake of policy"; *i. e.*, as we construe it, in order to insure subsequent orders from related sources. For

the same reason, he should give personal attention to the singers, whose comfort is so often neglected. "In the opinion of the writer, it would be a paying investment for the undertaker to furnish free of charge, if necessary, a carriage for the accommodation of the singers; it would add greatly to the undertaker's popularity and ultimately to his business."

The ideal undertaker is progressive; "the world moves"; so must he. "That undertaker who is content to follow antiquated customs and willing to abide forever in old ruts is no credit, but rather a disgrace, to his profession." And yet he must not be unduly insistent. "If the bereaved are positively set in their ideas, it will be difficult for the undertaker to effect any change, and it may be a decided mistake to attempt it. Tact must decide." How true this simple dictum seems in view of the blunders of which we are all cognizant,—such, for example, as the inconsiderate announcement of an undertaker who, having relieved the distressed widow by promising to attend to the wig on the head of the deceased, afterwards informed her with a smirk of satisfaction that she need feel no further apprehension, as he had tacked it on. Even though the operation did seem necessary and was, of course, harmless, how tactless such an observation at such a time!

The Minister is regarded by our author as an unsatisfactory assistant. True, "a successful minister is usually a very busy man and cannot be expected to give himself in a spiritual way to funeral reforms"; nevertheless, he should forego the use of "antiquated methods" and "by practising modern and correct customs" cooperate with the undertaker. He should take care, too, that his remarks be appropriate. Under no circumstances should he "attempt to preach a departed to heaven, regardless of the life he had lived"; even "to conduct the service of a notoriously bad person and ask the choir to sing 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus' is hardly the proper thing." Briefly, says the undertaker, people should not be led to believe that a man can live like a devil and die like a saint.

Much is said, and well said, respecting the arrangement of the physical details of the ceremony; thoughtfulness, consideration, tact, are heavily drawn upon, although it is doubtful whether the keenest foresight could provide for every contingency. There was, for instance, the sad case of the man who, having buried

his wife successfully, complained at the store in the evening that his having been obliged to ride to the graveyard with his mother-in-law had "spoilt the whole day" for him. Fortunately, such unhappy incidents are so rare that our author does not perceive the necessity of considering them. Each general situation he treats comprehensively and with delicacy; exceptions he leaves to the individual.

The Friends are dealt with somewhat summarily. They are urged to exhibit no vulgar curiosity, and are warned, in particular, that, "if engaged by the bereaved to sit up with the body of the departed, they should not make a picnic of the occasion, since laughing and joking, and otherwise offending the feelings of the bereaved, is exceedingly bad manners."

So the helpful little book ends. One more decorous itself or more completely given to the cause of decorum we have never read. In but a single instance is there the slightest departure from the prevailing tone. "If a person is never seen in a church on ordinary occasions, he should never be seen there on a funeral occasion, unless the funeral be his own," may be based upon sound judgment; but it seems somewhat suggestive of flippant satire hardly becoming the treatment of a subject shrouded in solemnity. In view of the fact, however, that in the multiplicity of directions to all participants, from the man who tolls the bell to the boys who hitch up the teams, this is the only sign of a hint, respecting seemly conduct, to the departed, the slighting nature of the allusion may well be regarded as pardonable. With all other conclusions of the writer we find ourselves in complete accord.

The Selection of a Husband.

BECAUSE it is the duty of every woman to marry some man, it by no means follows that she is deprived of the privilege of making acute discrimination; on the contrary, to fulfil her mission as completely as possible, she should exercise the greatest care in selecting a mate. Time was when she had no say in the matter, and in some countries she has little or none to-day; but in this happily civilized land she still possesses, and will undoubtedly hold for all time, the right first to choose and then ensare. It is a noble prerogative,—one, in our judgment, that should be appreciated and cherished above all others. And yet, as we have ob-

served, it should be exercised with caution. Let nothing be left to chance, as Plato would have had it when he decreed that pairing should be done by lot; while not over-nice, be at least particular, in order that the one chosen may feel honored by the distinction conferred upon him, and so be the more readily induced to show his undying gratefulness.

Much that was thought and written years ago on how to choose a wife was good enough for the time, but the recent reversal of the relative attitudes of seeker and sought renders it valueless. Nevertheless, despite the fact that, in considering the points to be heeded and the precautions to be observed by womankind, we find ourselves in a fallow field, certain general principles may be regarded as established. It is best, for example, to capture a husband while he is still young, docile and plastic. Preferably also he should be in love. He may then be trained after the manner best calculated to serve the convenience of her for whom thenceforth he must and should toil.

Under no circumstances would we, if a woman, unless a widow, marry a bachelor past forty years of age, and we should look askance at one approaching thirty-five. Such an one, however ingratiating in appearance and demeanor, is not only invariably trying, but actually hopeless, and only too frequently commits suicide on the honeymoon, to the intense annoyance of the bride. Nor would we—again, unless a widow, of course—select a philosopher or a writer of essays upon the proper conduct of life and kindred disagreeable topics. Such as they know too much that is not true and are prone to build in imagination absurd theories and then insist upon their being put into practice. Here now is our delightful Mr. Benson admitting that he is anxious to be chosen, but obstinately declaring that his marriage must be the climax of a romance, of a great passion which he is satisfied cannot be the result of reflection. "One cannot argue oneself into it," he adds, "one must be carried away." And he forty-five and looking it!

Hardly less distasteful were the requirements of the learned Gibbon, who, at forty-seven, wrote from Lausanne to the Right Honorable Lady Sheffield in this characteristic strain:

"An excellent house, a good table, a pleasant garden, are no contemptible ingredients in human happiness. The general style of society hits my fancy; I have cultivated a large and agreeable circle of acquaintance, and I am much deceived if I have not laid the foundations

of two or three more intimate and valuable connections; but their names would be indifferent, and it would require pages, or rather volumes, to describe their persons and characters.

"With regard to my standing dish, my domestic friend, I could not be much disappointed, after an intimacy of eight-and-twenty years. His heart and his head are excellent; he has the warmest attachment for me, he is satisfied that I have the same for him: some slight imperfections must be mutually supported; two bachelors, who have lived so long alone and independent, have their peculiar fancies and humors, and when the mask of form and ceremony is laid aside, every moment in a family life has not the sweetness of the honeymoon, even between husbands and wives who have the truest and most tender regard for each other.

"Should you be very much surprised to hear of my being married? Amazing as it may seem, I do assure you that the event is less improbable than it would have appeared to myself a twelvemonth ago. Deyverdun and I have often agreed, in jest and in earnest, that a house like ours would be regulated, and graced, and enlivened by an agreeable female companion; but each of us seems desirous that his friend should sacrifice himself for the public good. Since my residence here I have lived much in women's company; and, to your credit be it spoken, I like you the better the more I see of you. Not that I am in love with any particular person. I have discovered about half a dozen wives who would please me in different ways, and by various merits: one as a mistress (a widow, vastly like the Eliza; if she returns I am to bring them together); a second, a lively entertaining acquaintance; a third, a sincere good-natured friend; a fourth, who would preside with grace and dignity at the head of my table and family; a fifth, an excellent economist and housekeeper; and a sixth, a very useful nurse."

It is pretty writing and probably not too seriously meant, but yet how indicative of the utterly selfish and calculating spirit of the bachelor in the forties! Assuredly, the erudite Gibbon and the crotchety Deyverdun would have liked a woman to attend to their household affairs, but each preferred that the other take the chance of assuming a burden; and, however prudent a wife thus obtained might have proven to be, we may be certain that her advent would have been attributed to human prescience and that she would not be regarded as coming, as the Scriptures truly say, "direct from the Lord." And yet the pompous Gibbon should have known better. Twenty-odd years before, while still capable of feeling human emotion, he had fallen in love really and truly with the Lausanne minister's daughter, Susanne Curchod, and would have married her but for his father's disapproval; but self-interest prevailed and he let the beautiful girl go to become the wife of

Necker and the mother of Mme. de Staël. Doubtless the melancholy aspect of the great man's autobiography is due largely to his subsequent feeling of aggrievement at having deprived himself, by excessive caution, of a most desirable companionship.

But it is ever so with men who have passed forty unsubdued by domestic discipline; their flagrant demands invariably exceed the bounds of reason. Observe Gibbon's requirements: a mistress, a lively acquaintance, a good-natured friend, a dignified head of the table, a frugal housekeeper, and a useful nurse, all moulded into one feminine form. The enormity of the requisition becomes quickly apparent when we stop to think and realize that even few men possess so many qualifications in abundance. Indeed, if the truth be told, we can think of but two or three now living.

In all fairness, however, it must be confessed that the learned one betrayed an appreciation, somewhat humorous, of his own absurdities, having the grace finally to add to his letter:

> "Could I find all these qualities united in a single person, I should dare to make my addresses, and should deserve to be refused."

Of his rightful deserts in such a contingency there can be no question, but in point of fact, of course, there was no need of apprehension, for the simple reason that such a female person never lived, and if she had and Gibbon had found her, he would have invented and demanded additional qualifications for the winning of his favor.

Mr. Benson is less explicit, but quite as exacting. How can a man, silly enough to have lived singly for forty-five years, expect to feel the "grand passion" and be "carried away"? Simple observation should have taught him what has been beaten into the heads of many of us by bitter experience, viz.: that it is contrary to some irrefragable law of nature to fall in love after forty. One may, of course, continue to hold to the very grave the inestimable blessing previously acquired; but that which, after twoscore, a gentleman of the present day considers a recrudescence of love is really no more than a blending of mawkish sentiment, growing out of passing fancy, with regard for creature comforts, derived from habits of self-indulgence. Of such male persons we say emphatically to all women, except widows, Beware! in no wise, however, disavowing our previous declarations to the effect that if none better can be had, the narrow path of duty lies straight and plain before the searching eyes of every living spinster.

The Theory and Practice of Osculation.

ORIGINALLY, kissing was a form of mere salutation, corresponding to the custom among the Esquimaux of rubbing noses. Thus, in the very olden days, it seemed to many a seemly and even pious act to kiss the feet of idols, just as even now millions would rejoice in the opportunity—after the modern manner, of course—to kiss the toe of the Pope. St. Paul extended this phase of the ceremony by inventing and enjoining the "holy kiss," or kiss of charity, signifying Christian love and brotherhood. So far as we have been able to learn, this method of presenting evidence of fellowship served satisfactorily while confined to the brethren; but gradual, and apparently not unwilling, participation in it by the sisters gave rise to uncertainties in the minds of so many husbands of selfish disposition that the practice was long ago discontinued, and is now never observed, except under an unusual stress of circumstance, or when a peculiarly plausible pretext can be found. As a matter of fact, the kiss prescribed by the Apostle was as harmless a thing as the kisses of Arabian women upon the beards of their male relatives; but, as the requirements of the times became less rigorous, the distance between cheek or forehead and lips seemed to shorten, and abandonment of the pretty custom became necessary, for reasons which we need not recount, since they may be readily supplied by intelligent and experienced readers of both sexes.

But it is not the kiss as a symbol of friendship or respect, or even of such abject submission as is referred to by David in his well and favorably known psalm telling how it is well for certain undesirable citizens to "lick the dust," that we deem worthy of consideration at this time. Indeed, we should as soon think of endeavoring to deduce a moral from a shake of the hand or a wag of the ear by one of the few known to be gifted with the capacity to practise that accomplishment. That which formerly fascinated us, we admit frankly, and to this day possesses an interest which we suspect to be shared by many, is the kiss upon the lips by reputable members of the opposite sexes—such, for example, as Jacob lifted up his voice and wept over, on first meeting Rachel, when, having rolled away the stone so that her sheep might reach the water, he took his reward after the pleasing manner of his kind of those primitive days.

The notorious and reprehensible conduct of historians in

neglecting matters of real importance to the human race is responsible for our lack of information respecting the precise time when the nature of the kiss insensibly changed from perfunctoriness to something more vital and worth while; but, apparently, the evolution was completed early in the seventeenth century. At any rate, the most observing of Frenchmen who thrived at the end of the sixteenth century bemoaned the fact that promiscuity had rendered "of no esteem" the kisses which Socrates had pronounced "so powerful and dangerous for stealing hearts"; whereas, only twenty-five years later, Doctor Heylin, making his interesting "Survaye of France," recorded his indignation at the incivility of the ladies in turning away from kindly proffers of salutation, and added in true British fashion his own belief that "the chaste and innocent kiss of an English gentlewoman is more in heaven than their best devotions." We should hesitate to question the exactitude, even as to adjectives, of one so highly reputed for accuracy as the learned doctor, but his disappointment—even chagrin, perhaps—may be appreciated when we recall the fact that simultaneously Erasmus was writing from England to his friend Andrelinus, somewhat enthusiastically, in this wise:

"If, Faustus, thou knewest the advantages of England, thou wouldst run hither with winged feet, and if the gout would not suffer that, thou wouldst wish thyself a Dædalus. For, to name one among many, here are girls with divine countenances, bland and courteous, and whom thou wouldst readily prefer to thy Muses. And, besides, there is a custom which can never be sufficiently praised; for, if you visit anywhere, you are dismissed with kisses; if you return, those sweet things are again divided; wherever you go, you are abundantly kissed. In short, move which way you will, all things are full of delight."

We perceive, therefore, that France, as usual, established this fashion of regarding promiscuous osculation by even bland and courteous ladies as improper, if not, indeed, immodest, at least in public; but the dissatisfaction of England at being compelled to heed the decorous dictum of the true arbiter is clearly evidenced to this day by the more responsive attitude of her own daughters when reasonably assured of immunity from discovery.

But, however interesting may be the history of transition in national characteristics, it can be only dull and even tiring in

comparison with consideration of a topic, not only so fascinating in itself, but so suggestive of related subjects and so helpful in a constant endeavor to point out to the human race the way of advancement along rational and practicable lines. So we revert, with a certain sense of relief and anticipatory joy, to reflections upon the theory and practice to which allusion has been made in our simple title.

To begin with, then, at the beginning: Is kissing a necessity or a luxury? Is it beneficial or harmful? Under what circumstances, to what extent, and by whom should it be indulged? And why, among those presumably capable of and responsible for the shaping of our common destiny, has it received so small a percentage of the attention which all of us not unfamiliar with its certain delights and probable consequences fully realize that it deserves?

Clearly, custom plays a large part in the determination of these problems. The marriage service does not impose the specific osculatory obligation upon either party to the contract; but nobody would question for a moment the implied right of each to kiss the other at suitable moments, and in a manner, of course, not inconsistent with the maintenance of the dignity of both. Although, we may safely assume, in a large majority of cases the practice has not been wholly neglected during the period of courtship, there is general tacit recognition of an abrupt change taking place in the quality or flavor, if we may so term it, of the caress simultaneously with the exchange of marital vows. Indeed, no engraving is more popular, particularly in our rural communities, than that of the tired and tearful bride receiving from the groom a salutation of the variety commonly described as "melting," as the minister and parents ostentatiously disappear through the doorway. In France, where young persons are permitted far less freedom than in America or even in England the picture is truthfully labelled "The First Kiss"; but here the difference in condition is recognized by the substitution of "Wedded Bliss," or, as if spoken or breathed, "Mine!" and, in rare instances, "All Mine!"

It is in this hint of possession that we detect the underlying cause of the change in quality or flavor; probably at no other moment, either before or afterward, are necessity and luxury so happily blended. From that time forward, even among the

best-regulated and least-fashionable families, the caress, as an inevitable consequence of frequency and easy acquisition, gradually simmers down to an inoffensive but somewhat perfunctory evidence of friendliness. It by no means follows that this fact implies reproach; on the contrary, evolution in any other direction, especially toward a display of more ardent emotion, would be in flat opposition to the laws of nature, and consequently abnormal.

A further distinction, involving partial reversion to the earlier type, often arises from the decease of one of the partners, usually the husband; but it may be accepted as a certainty that the savor peculiar to the original participation can never be wholly regained. A more apt illustration or more conclusive confirmation of this unhappy truth could not be desired than that contained in the appellations bestowed upon the products of his art by the most famous of concocters of beverages designed to induce a quickening of the appetite. Of the two mixtures from whose invention he derived the highest satisfaction, one he called "The Maiden's Prayer"; the other was designated as "The Widow's Delight." Both were, and continue to be, according to current reports, deservedly popular; but the significance of the delicate differentiation and the certainty that even to the untutored mind a reversal of the terms would have seemed preposterous tend greatly to clarify our sufficiently explicit, yet necessarily somewhat vague, assertion respecting the constantly varying quality of the kiss as a consequence of changing conditions. We suspect, moreover, that the essentials to full appreciation of osculatory favors differ correspondingly; the ingredients, for example, composing that which the artist felicitously termed a "maiden's prayer," while sufficing in early life, in later years seeming insipid and inadequate as compared with the richer combination of elements comprised in a "widow's delight." Either would be regarded, of course, as a luxury. Indeed, broadly speaking, we may safely assume that only such kisses as convention decrees that we may and should have at will fall within the realm of necessity; all others, although in widely varying degrees, are indeed luxuries.

Whether kissing should be regarded as beneficial or harmful depends largely upon the point of view from which the subject is considered. In a strictly selfish sense, a nice balance, probably,

should be struck between the spiritual gain and the physical injury; but it is a grave question whether for any reason we are justified in withholding pleasure from others of a sex whose chief craving is for sympathy. To this extent we may agree with the physicians, that osculation should be confined to those of approximately the same ages; the indiscriminate kissing of babies, keenly susceptible to attacks from germs of all kinds, and the fondling of young women by old men and of young men by old women, are practices not only offensive in themselves, but unjust in the sense of depriving others of their just dues. We know of but one instance of happiness, though of a mitigated kind, having been secured through abstinence from kissing. That was the case of a lady who married a man who had a bad breath, and who went to her grave, conscious, of course, of the suffering she had undergone from such hateful contact, but quite unaware that her situation was in any way peculiar, as she supposed to her dying day that all men's breaths were offensive. Inasmuch as the poor lady probably could not have divorced the wretch for such a cause, it may perhaps be urged that she profited from her ignorance; but we have never heard any boasting more absurd than that of her relatives over so rare an example of perfect chastity. As a matter of fact, of course, the unfortunate lady's exceptional ignorance merely evidenced her unattractiveness; because, surely, nobody will insist that a comely female, wed or unwed, deaf, dumb or blind, ever passed through life in such utter darkness.

That kissing in moderation among those of like ages and dispositions involves no great risk may be considered established; else it would not have been invented and authorized by Holy Writ. The difficulty lies in acting within reasonable restrictions, but this is common to all fascinating practices; and the sure way to rout a total abstainer from any cause of enjoyment is to hurl Horace at his head, thus:

> "*Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,*
> *Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petit ipsam,*"

or, as we would say:

> "Mad grow the wise, the just unjust are found,
> When e'en to virtue they prescribe no bound."

In such matters, those who desire to live rightly without depriving themselves unnecessarily of any form of enjoyment may

well take home Paul's admonition to the Romans: "Be not wiser than you should, but be soberly wise." Heed paid to this sagacious injunction will prevent one from going very far along the wrong road, while simultaneously permitting suitable gratification of human impulses.

Why osculation has received so little attention from wise men we cannot tell. It may be that thinking and kissing go not well together; if so, few of us would require long time to choose between them. Or, possibly, the subject has seemed to require too delicate handling; or it may have seemed trifling. We neither know nor care. The most valuable practical lesson to be derived from experience and now set down is that closing of the eyes is essential to perfection in kissing. Aside from this hint to those of congenial spirit, we would merely direct the attention of those who may decry the importance of the topic to the influence of the charm in retaining hold upon one worth keeping, and rendering less frequent and hazardous those absences which are only too likely to make the heart grow fonder—of some one else.

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needs no introduction to the readers of the REVIEW. One of the most fearless and most intellectual representatives of the "liberal faith," he is not without warm sympathy and appreciation for all forms of Christian endeavor after the higher life.

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was educated for the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but he left that body and ministered to the Unitarian Church in Washington from 1854 to 1857, and to the Unitarian Church in Cincinnati from 1858 to 1861. After devoting some time to editorial work, he went to London, where he became minister of the South Place Chapel. During his stay in England he enjoyed the intimate friendship of many of the most famous men of the time.

THE REV. DR. W. R. HUNTINGTON,

an eminently gifted and influential clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is a native of Lowell, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard University. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1862, and in that year became rector of All Saints Church, Worcester, Massachusetts, to which he ministered for twenty-one years. Since 1883 he has been rector of Grace Church, New York. Among his many publications may be mentioned "The Causes of the Soul," "Peace of the Church" and "The Spiritual House."

ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN

has travelled in almost every quarter of the globe and given to the world the results of his observations and reflections in a goodly library of most interesting and instructive volumes. He is an acknowledged authority on the Far East, foreign affairs and Colonial questions. Among Mr. Colquhoun's writings are "China in Transformation," "The

Overland to China," "The Mastery of the Pacific," "Greater America," "The Africander Land."

REGINALD DE KOVEN,

the well-known composer and musical critic, was born in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1861, and was graduated at Oxford University. He studied music at Stuttgart, Florence, Paris and Vienna. He has been connected with several publications as musical critic, and he has composed a large number of operas. He is also author of many songs and various music for piano and orchestra.

FINANCIER

is a New York banker, who writes upon the subject of "Investment Securities" with an authority based upon years of practical experience in the affairs of the financial world.

HUGH H. LUSK,

a native of England, acquired an intimate knowledge of the political, social, economic and industrial conditions which exist in Australasia, in the course of a long residence in that part of the world. He practised as a barrister, for many years, both in New Zealand and in New South Wales. When in New Zealand, he interested himself in the politics of that colony, and for eight years had a seat in the Legislature.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES,

whose work was the subject of a charming essay by Mr. Howells which appeared in the October number of the REVIEW, has been before the public for nearly thirty years as a dramatic author. Among the plays produced by him during that time are "Saints and Sinners," "Middleman," "Judah," "The Masqueraders," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Liars," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "Whitewashing Julia" and "The Hypocrites."

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON,

son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, was born on April 24th, 1862, and educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. From 1885 to 1903 he was a master at Eton, and at present he is a Fellow of Magdalene College. He is the author of a number of books, including "From a College Window," "The Upton Letters" and "Beside Still Waters."

HERMAN ROSENTHAL,

a Russian by birth, came to the United States in 1881. In

Louisiana he started the first agricultural colony for Russian Jews in America, and later he organized two more colonies in South Dakota and New Jersey. He is the author of a number of works on various subjects, and is connected with the New York Public Library.

LOGAN G. MCPHERSON

has been connected for many years, in various capacities, with some of the leading railroads in the United States, and has made a serious and comprehensive study of the conditions pertaining to the welfare and the efficiency of transportation companies. He is the author of several works on economic subjects, and he has contributed frequently to the magazines and the general press. In 1905-06 he was lecturer on railroads and their environment in Johns Hopkins University.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBERT L. BULLARD,

one of the best-known officers of his grade in the army, was born in Alabama in 1861, and graduated from West Point in 1885. He was assigned to the Tenth Infantry as a Second Lieutenant, promoted to First Lieutenant in 1892, and assigned to the Sixth Infantry, but soon transferred to his old regiment. He commanded the Third Alabama Infantry during the Spanish-American War. He served with great credit in the Philippine Islands as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-second United States Volunteers. In 1898 he was appointed a Captain in the Commissary Department, and three years later he was promoted to the grade of Major in that Corps. The following year he effected a mutual transfer back to the Infantry, and was assigned to the Twenty-eighth Regiment, and was promoted to his present grade last year and assigned to the Eighth Infantry, but has been continued on special duty with the Army of Cuban Pacification.

JOAQUIN MILLER,

the name by which Cincinnatus Heine Miller is publicly known, was first signed by him to his earliest collections of poems in commemoration of his defence of Joaquin Murietta, a noted Mexican brigand. Mr. Miller was born in Wabash District, Indiana, in 1841, and when a boy moved with his parents to Oregon. After mining for several years in California, he returned to Oregon in 1860. In 1870 he went

abroad, and travelled in Southern Europe and in England. For several years he was engaged in journalism in Washington, and he returned in 1887 to California, where he has since resided. Among his best-known works are "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sun Lands" and "Shadows of Shasta."

CHARLES E. RUSSELL

has been connected with journalism for many years. He was publisher of the "Chicago American" until 1902, and since then he has been editorial writer for the "New York Journal," "Chicago American" and "The San Francisco Examiner." Among his published works are "Such Stuff as Dreams" and "The Twin Immortalities."

A. SCHADE VAN WESTRUM

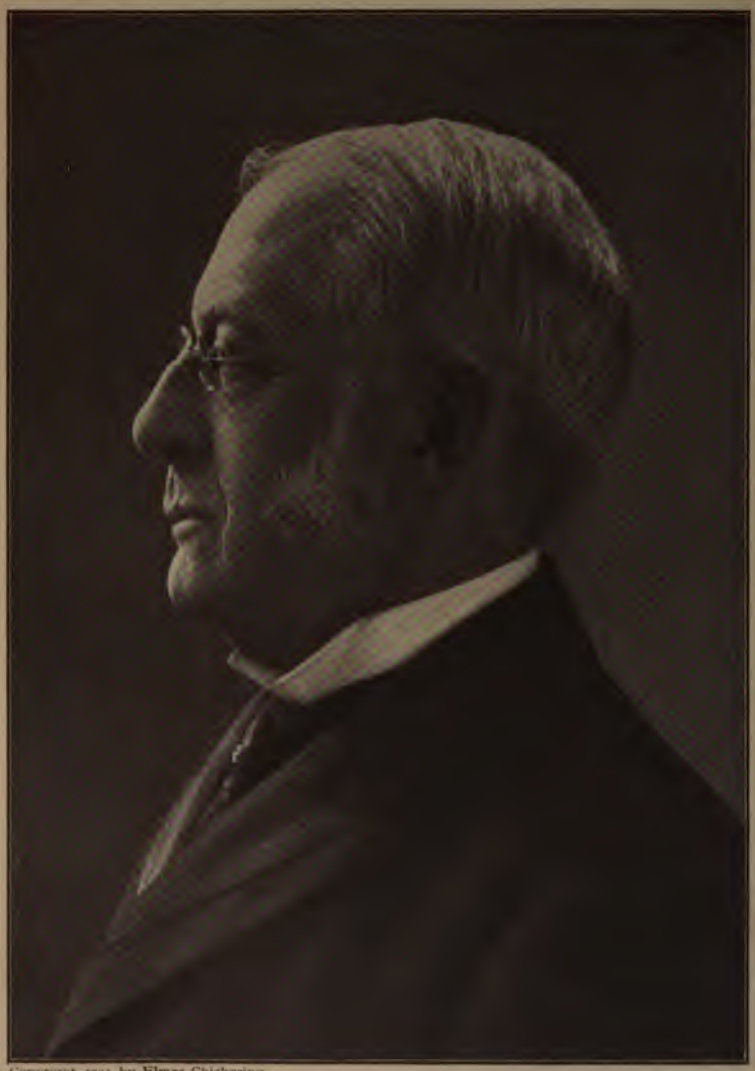
was born at Amsterdam, Holland, in 1865, and came to this country in 1885, taking up literary work two years later. He was for seven years editor of "Book Chat," then assistant editor of "The Critic," and assistant literary editor of "The Mail and Express," succeeding, on the death of Richard Henry Stoddard, to the literary editorship. Since April of this year he has been in charge of the literary department of "The New York Commercial." He has written two novelettes and a number of short stories.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

was born at Ballykilbeg, County Down, Ireland, in 1867, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. For several years he was Assistant and, later, Deputy Magistrate at Murshidabad, in Lower Bengal, and afterwards at Cuttack, in the District of Orissa. In 1891 he returned to England from India, and spent the subsequent four years on the Continent, travelling in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia, Austria and France. Since 1896 he has resided in the United States.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

was born at West Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and graduated from Smith College in 1894. After several years of newspaper work in Massachusetts and New York, she devoted herself to fiction and critical work. She has contributed to the "Century," "Harper's" and other magazines.



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Charles W. Eliot

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THE GREAT MINDS OF AMERICA.

II.—CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

THE most important possession of a democracy is not its government, but its educated freemen. The university, the college or the school may exist without the aid of government and irrespective of its form—indeed, it flourishes best the slighter its connection with the state; but without education the democracy cannot attain, or nearly approach, its ideals. Education has been enormously diffused by democracy, and it is itself necessary to the proper working of the government of democracy.

Education not only imparts information, but, in the very act of doing this, if it be done properly, it trains the powers of the mind and thus gives to the individual intellectual effectiveness which is of moment not only to himself, but to his country; it develops and ennobles the character; it makes human life a joy to its possessor, and a benefit to its time. The highest product of our schools is the educated gentleman, who serves his fellows with all the power of his trained mind, and with the willingness of his gracious unselfishness. He may fill public place, but, in our democracy, this would be unusual. In democracy and in modern life, government is most important; but those who direct the workings of the government and apply the law, or who legislate, need not be, and usually are not, men of the foremost intellectual

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rank. Richer and more enticing, and essentially nobler, opportunities are offered to the private citizen than to the public servant.

President Eliot has written that "real leaders of American thought in this century have been preachers, teachers, jurists, seers and poets." In exposing the fallacy that "the educated classes become impotent in a democracy, because the representatives of those classes are not exclusively chosen to public office," he says that, in the United States, public offices are conspicuously not the places of greatest influence; that "political leaders are very seldom leaders of thought; they are generally trying to induce masses of men to act on principles thought out long before. Their skill is in the selection of practicable approximations to the ideal; their arts are arts of exposition and persuasion; their honor comes from fidelity under trying circumstances to familiar principles of public duty."

It is well for the democracy, as it is well for its government, when its servants are "men of intelligence, education and honor," who will pay that deference to its thinkers which is, at once, a recognition of the value of the "familiar principles of public duty," which they have declared, and which they maintain by exposition, and, more important still, by teaching.

President Eliot himself is one of the foremost men of influence that this country has ever possessed; but, while he exerts influence, he has no political authority. He is one of our leaders of thought, and because he is so, and because of men like him by whom the country has been influenced, and will be influenced again, our democracy has attained its present position. Whatever hope there may be for the permanence of the republic is based mainly upon the achievements of men in private station whose thoughts have been embodied in our laws, or in the conduct of public men, and upon the influence of men whose inspiring eloquence and poetry have deepened our patriotism.

As we have said, President Eliot is one of those great citizens whose influence is of larger value to us than the authority exercised by public officers—presidents, or governors, or lawmakers. In the university, and out of it, or beyond it, he has been the constant teacher of the great truths which are essential to virtuous citizenship and to efficient and enduring democratic government, and it is well to inquire as to the nature of his teachings.

As President of Harvard University, he has revolutionized the

system of higher education in this country; and, in the nearly forty years during which he has held this office, he has seen adopted in nearly every American university and college of importance his system of training the aptitudes of youth, a system which recognizes the truth that all minds are not alike and cannot, therefore, be properly developed in the same way, by the same studies. The system has its critics, as well as its admirers; but it is, after all, the system which affords the best opportunity to the best minds, the opportunity which was denied by the old practice of prescribing a single curriculum for all minds—minds which rejected the proffered entertainment, thereby failing to receive the nutrition which they needed, as well as minds which assimilated the nourishment with the delight that waits upon good digestion.

Thus much President Eliot has done for the improvement of the character of the American instrumentalities of education, for the increase of the powers of the American mind. In so brief a sketch as this is to be, however, it is necessary to hasten on to a consideration of his utterances on the state, on the citizen, on the spirit which should animate both.

Eliot emphasizes the superiority of the intellectual man, and of his place and work. He naturally sets a smaller value upon the deeds of the man of action than upon the plans, the theories, the discrimination, the sense of proportion, the prescience, the beliefs and the achievements of the scholar and man of reflection. He asserts that the instruction of the schools of the democracy should not only "stand for the brotherhood and unity of all classes and conditions; it should exalt the joys of the intellectual life above all material delights; and it should produce the best constituted and most wisely directed intellectual and moral host that the world has seen."

There is no one living who more than he has given evidence of being dominated by a very noble and inspiring patriotism. Few public men have ever possessed his clear intellectual view of the meaning and possibilities of democracy, or held so high the torch of liberty—possibly because the mental vision of public men is likely to be obscured, or distorted, or even destroyed, by partisanship or personal interest. Eliot does not count the gains of commerce, or the deeds of man, or the bustling of the multitude, or piled-up riches, or increase of population, or the lucky possession of natural wealth, as the sign of the greatness of the Republic.

He holds that the first great achievement of the Republic is the advance which it has made towards the abandonment of war. At the time he wrote this, the United States had been a party to forty-seven arbitration treaties—"being more than half of all that had taken place in the modern world." War he counts as hostile to individual freedom, which it crushes, as the "school of collectivism, the warrant of tyranny." He speaks of the declamations, which we have heard so often, in eulogy of war as a developer of noble qualities, and considers them the outgrowings of "perverted sentimentality." War is the "most horrible occupation that human beings can possibly engage in. It is cruel, treacherous and murderous." It does not, in fact, afford the most abundant opportunities for the display of courage, of self-sacrifice, of loyalty, of devotion to duty. Many occupations of peace demand as much heroism as is required of the soldier, and much more independent responsibility, and, it may be added, intelligent conduct. He names the locomotive engineer, the electric lineman, the railroad brakeman, the city fireman and the policeman, as the heroes of peace. The free laborer, who will not obey the behests of a union, who persists in working for the livelihood of himself and those dependent on him against the commands and threats, and despite the violence of strikers, Eliot counts as one of the heroes developed by the nineteenth century. Thus he treats the labor problem of his time with the honesty of courage. He has no time to palter with the enemies of civilization; he has no votes to ask of them; he has no dread of their enmity, if, indeed, they are inclined to visit it upon him. He clears the air of the fog of doubts created largely by the timidity and cupidity of politicians. He includes also among his civic heroes the public servant who "steadily does his duty against the outcry of the party press, bent on perverting his every word and act." Such a public servant is of immense value to a democracy, whose "very breath of life" is "free discussion, and the taking account of all opinions honestly held and reasonably expressed."

"Civilized life," he says, "affords plenty of opportunities for heroes, and for a better kind than war or any other savagery has produced."

Also above the material gains of the democracy, Eliot puts religious toleration, the freedom of opinion being established here more firmly than in any other nation. This is "an unexampled

contribution to the reconciliation of just governmental power with just freedom for the individual, inasmuch as the partial establishment of religious toleration has been the main work of civilization during the past four centuries." It appears to him that the idea of great centralized power in church or state is inimical to freedom.

Another idea which he advances is, that the gains of the individual in the democracy, through the education afforded by its widely diffused suffrage, are among the greatest of the country. The free opinion uttered freely, the public discussion of questions upon which all must act, all this presents to the intellectual and educated class an opportunity for power and influence, and, consequently, stimulates the desire for education, with which come "better powers of argument and persuasion, a stricter sense of honor, and a greater general effectiveness."

"Peace-keeping, religious toleration, the welcoming of newcomers, and the diffusion of well-being," Eliot holds "to have been eminently characteristic of our country, and so important that, in spite of qualifications and deductions, which every candid citizen would admit with regard to every one of them, they will ever be held in the grateful remembrance of mankind. They are reasonable grounds for a steady, glowing patriotism. They have had much to do, both as causes and as effects, with the material prosperity of the United States; but they are all four essentially moral contributions, being triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith and justice, over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity and distrust. Beneath each one of these developments there lies a strong ethical sentiment, a strenuous moral and social purpose. It is for such work that multitudinous democracies are fit."

This democracy, which has made these great moral contributions to civilization, is likely to endure by reason of the dominance of ethical principles in its life, because of its freedom of opinion, of religious toleration, of its better domestic relations; of the discipline of its exceptionally extended corporation service which leads to mutual trust and helpfulness, all of which together give "the greater hopefulness and cheerfulness to man's outlook on man, the earth, the universe and God." Excellence in sculpture and architecture, painting and literature; vast systems of intercommunication, and other immense public works, no more

than great armies, make republics stable, for Athens, Rome, Venice, and the Italian republics fell notwithstanding such possessions. Eliot teaches that the causes of permanence must be moral and intellectual. The American Republic is strong in its achievements and by reason of them. The price of liberty and union is the costly expenditure which goes on without ceasing, all over the country, the expenditure of willing effort. The "success of the United States as a federal union has been and is effected by the watchfulness, industry and public spirit of millions of men who spend in that noble cause the greater part of their leisure, and of the mental force which can be spared from bread-winning occupations." The good works thus accomplished include the working of the "federative principle, which binds many semi-independent states into one nation," a system which demands not only vital force at the heart of the state, but a diffused vitality in every part." The generous voluntary support of religious institutions; the development of our system of education, also, by voluntary gifts; the freedom of incorporation, making "possible great combinations of small capitals"—and "this, while winning the advantages of concentrated management, permits diffused ownership"—"all this illustrates the educational influences of democratic institutions."

Beyond this bare outline, it is unnecessary to go. We have sufficiently indicated the place which the thinker occupies in the democracy, while we have also pointed to the President of Harvard University as an illustration of the power of influence, a power larger, wider, more complete and necessarily more intelligently gained and exercised than is the power of official authority. He is the teacher who has said that "what is virtue in one human being is virtue in any group of human beings, large or small—a village, a city or a nation; that the ethical principles which shall govern an empire are precisely the same as those which should govern an individual; and that selfishness, greed, falseness, brutality and prejudice are as hateful and degrading in a multitude as they are in a single savage"; moreover, that to succeed, the methods of our democracy "must be representative—which means that they are necessarily deliberative, and are likely to be conservative and slow."

CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—XXIV*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the present year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

***From Susy's Biography of Me* [1885–6].**

Mamma and papa have returned from Onteora and they have had a delightful visit. Mr. Frank Stockton was down in Virginia and could not reach Onteora in time, so they did not see him, and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge was ill and couldn't go to Onteora, but Mrs. General Custer was there, and mamma said that she was a very attractive, sweet appearing woman.

[*Dictated October 9, 1906.*] Onteora was situated high up in the Catskill Mountains, in the centre of a far-reaching solitude. I do not mean that the region was wholly uninhabited; there were farmhouses here and there, at generous distances apart. Their occupants were descendants of ancestors who had built the houses in Rip Van Winkle's time, or earlier; and those ancestors were not more primitive than were this posterity of theirs. The city people were as foreign and unfamiliar and strange to them as monkeys would have been, and they would have respected the monkeys as much as they respected these elegant summer-resorters. The resorters were a puzzle to them, their ways were so strange and their interests so trivial. They drove the resorters over the mountain roads and listened in shamed surprise at their bursts of enthusiasm over the scenery. The farmers had had that

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scenery on exhibition from their mountain roosts all their lives, and had never noticed anything remarkable about it. By way of an incident: a pair of these primitives were overheard chatting about the resorters, one day, and in the course of their talk this remark was dropped:

"I was a-drivin' a passel of 'em round about yisterday evenin', quiet ones, you know, still and solemn, and all to wunst they busted out to make your hair lift and I judged hell was to pay. Now what do you reckon it was? It wa'n't anything but jest one of them common damned yaller sunsets."

In those days—

[*Tuesday, October 16, 1906.*] . . . Warner is gone. Stockton is gone. I attended both funerals. Warner was a near neighbor, from the autumn of '71 until his death, nineteen years afterward. It is not the privilege of the most of us to have many intimate friends—a dozen is our aggregate—but I think he could count his by the score. It is seldom that a man is so beloved by both sexes and all ages as Warner was. There was a charm about his spirit, and his ways, and his words, that won all that came within the sphere of its influence. Our children adopted him while they were little creatures, and thenceforth, to the end, he was "Cousin Charley" to them. He was "Uncle Charley" to the children of more than one other friend. Mrs. Clemens was very fond of him, and he always called her by her first name—shortened. Warner died, as she died, and as I would die—without premonition, without a moment's warning.

Uncle Remus still lives, and must be over a thousand years old. Indeed, I know that this must be so, because I have seen a new photograph of him in the public prints within the last month or so, and in that picture his aspects are distinctly and strikingly geological, and one can see he is thinking about the mastodons and plesiosaurians that he used to play with when he was young.

It is just a quarter of a century since I have seen Uncle Remus. He visited us in our home in Hartford and was reverently devoured by the big eyes of Susy and Clara, for I made a deep and awful impression upon the little creatures—who knew his book by heart through my nightly declamation of its tales to them—by revealing to them privately that he was the real Uncle Remus whitewashed so that he could come into people's houses the front way.

He was the bashfulest grown person I have ever met. When there were people about he stayed silent, and seemed to suffer until they were gone. But he was lovely, nevertheless; for the sweetness and benignity of the immortal Remus looked out from his eyes, and the graces and sincerities of his character shone in his face.

It may be that Jim Wolf was as bashful as Harris. It hardly seems possible, yet as I look back fifty-six years and consider Jim Wolf, I am almost persuaded that he was. He was our long slim apprentice in my brother's printing-office in Hannibal. He was seventeen, and yet he was as much as four times as bashful as I was, though I was only fourteen. He boarded and slept in the house, but he was always tongue-tied in the presence of my sister, and when even my gentle mother spoke to him he could not answer save in frightened monosyllables. He would not enter a room where a girl was; nothing could persuade him to do such a thing. Once when he was in our small parlor alone, two majestic old maids entered and seated themselves in such a way that Jim could not escape without passing by them. He would as soon have thought of passing by one of Harris's plesiosaurians ninety feet long. I came in presently, was charmed with the situation, and sat down in a corner to watch Jim suffer, and enjoy it. My mother followed a minute later and sat down with the visitors and began to talk. Jim sat upright in his chair, and during a quarter of an hour he did not change his position by a shade—neither General Grant nor a bronze image could have maintained that immovable pose more successfully. I mean as to body and limbs; with the face there was a difference. By fleeting revealments of the face I saw that something was happening—something out of the common. There would be a sudden twitch of the muscles of the face, an instant distortion, which in the next instant had passed and left no trace. These twitches gradually grew in frequency, but no muscle outside of the face lost any of its rigidity, or betrayed any interest in what was happening to Jim. I mean if something *was* happening to him, and I knew perfectly well that that was the case. At last a pair of tears began to swim slowly down his cheeks amongst the twitchings, but Jim sat still and let them run; then I saw his right hand steal along his thigh until half-way to his knee, then take a vigorous grip upon the cloth.

That was a *wasp* that he was grabbing! A colony of them were climbing up his legs and prospecting around, and every time he winced they stabbed him to the hilt—so for a quarter of an hour one group of excursionists after another climbed up Jim's legs and resented even the slightest wince or squirm that he indulged himself with, in his misery. When the entertainment had become nearly unbearable, he conceived the idea of gripping them between his fingers and putting them out of commission. He succeeded with many of them, but at great cost, for, as he couldn't see the wasp, he was as likely to take hold of the wrong end of him as he was the right; then the dying wasp gave him a punch to remember the incident by.

If those ladies had stayed all day, and if all the wasps in Missouri had come and climbed up Jim's legs, nobody there would ever have known it but Jim and the wasps and me. There he would have sat until the ladies left.

When they finally went away we went up-stairs and he took his clothes off, and his legs were a picture to look at. They looked as if they were mailed all over with shirt buttons, each with a single red hole in the centre. The pain was intolerable—no, would have been intolerable, but the pain of the presence of those ladies had been so much harder to bear that the pain of the wasps' stings was quite pleasant and enjoyable by comparison.

Jim never could enjoy wasps. I remember once—

From Susy's Biography of Me [1885–6].

Mamma has given me a very pleasant little newspaper scrap about papa, to copy. I will put it in here.

[*Thursday, October 11, 1906.*] It was a rather strong compliment; I think I will leave it out. It was from James Redpath.

The chief ingredients of Redpath's make-up were honesty, sincerity, kindliness, and pluck. He wasn't afraid. He was one of Ossawatomie Brown's right-hand men in the bleeding Kansas days; he was all through that struggle. He carried his life in his hands, and from one day to another it wasn't worth the price of a night's lodging. He had a small body of daring men under him, and they were constantly being hunted by the "jayhawkers," who were proslavery Missourians, guerillas, modern free lances.

[*Friday, October 12, 1906*] . . . I can't think of the name of that daredevil guerilla who led the jayhawkers and chased

Redpath up and down the country, and, in turn, was chased by Redpath. By grace of the chances of war, the two men never met in the field, though they several times came within an ace of it.

Ten or twelve years later, Redpath was earning his living in Boston as chief of the lecture business in the United States. Fifteen or sixteen years after his Kansas adventures I became a public lecturer, and he was my agent. Along there somewhere was a press dinner, one November night, at the Tremont Hotel in Boston, and I attended it. I sat near the head of the table, with Redpath between me and the chairman; a stranger sat on my other side. I tried several times to talk with the stranger, but he seemed to be out of words and I presently ceased from troubling him. He was manifestly a very shy man, and, moreover, he might have been losing sleep the night before.

The first man called up was Redpath. At the mention of the name the stranger started, and showed interest. He fixed a fascinated eye on Redpath, and lost not a word of his speech. Redpath told some stirring incidents of his career in Kansas, and said, among other things:

"Three times I came near capturing the gallant jayhawker chief, and once he actually captured *me,* but didn't know me and let me go, because he said he was hot on Redpath's trail and couldn't afford to waste time and rope on inconsequential small fry."

My stranger was called up next, and when Redpath heard his name he, in turn, showed a startled interest. The stranger said, bending a caressing glance upon Redpath and speaking gently—I may even say sweetly:

"You realize that I was that jayhawker chief. I am glad to know you now and take you to my heart and call you friend"—then he added, in a voice that was pathetic with regret, "but if I had only known you then, what tumultuous happiness I should have had in your society!—while it lasted."

The last quarter of a century of my life has been pretty constantly and faithfully devoted to the study of the human race—that is to say, the study of myself, for, in my individual person, I am the entire human race compacted together. I have found that there is no ingredient of the race which I do not possess in either a small way or a large way. When it is small, as compared with the same ingredient in somebody else, there is still enough of it

for all the purposes of examination. In my contacts with the species I find no one who possesses a quality which I do not possess. The shades of difference between other people and me serve to make variety and prevent monotony, but that is all; broadly speaking, we are all alike; and so by studying myself carefully and comparing myself with other people, and noting the divergences, I have been enabled to acquire a knowledge of the human race which I perceive is more accurate and more comprehensive than that which has been acquired and revealed by any other member of our species. As a result, my private and concealed opinion of myself is not of a complimentary sort. It follows that my estimate of the human race is the duplicate of my estimate of myself.

I am not proposing to discuss all of the peculiarities of the human race, at this time; I only wish to touch lightly upon one or two of them. To begin with, I wonder why a man should prefer a good billiard-table to a poor one; and why he should prefer straight cues to crooked ones; and why he should prefer round balls to chipped ones; and why he should prefer a level table to one that slants; and why he should prefer responsive cushions to the dull and unresponsive kind. I wonder at these things, because when we examine the matter we find that the essentials involved in billiards are as competently and exhaustively furnished by a bad billiard outfit as they are by the best one. One of the essentials is amusement. Very well, if there is any more amusement to be gotten out of the one outfit than out of the other, the facts are in favor of the bad outfit. The bad outfit will always furnish thirty per cent. more fun for the players and for the spectators than will the good outfit. Another essential of the game is that the outfit shall give the players full opportunity to exercise their best skill, and display it in a way to compel the admiration of the spectators. Very well, the bad outfit is nothing behind the good one in this regard. It is a difficult matter to estimate correctly the eccentricities of chipped balls and a slanting table, and make the right allowance for them and secure a count; the finest kind of skill is required to accomplish the satisfactory result. Another essential of the game is that it shall add to the interest of the game by furnishing opportunities to bet. Very well, in this regard no good outfit can claim any advantage over a bad one. I know, by experience, that a bad outfit is as

valuable as the best one; that an outfit that couldn't be sold at auction for seven dollars is just as valuable for all the essentials of the game as an outfit that is worth a thousand.

I acquired some of this learning in Jackass Gulch, California, more than forty years ago. Jackass Gulch had once been a rich and thriving surface-mining camp. By and by its gold deposits were exhausted; then the people began to go away, and the town began to decay, and rapidly; in my time it had disappeared. Where the bank, and the city hall, and the church, and the gambling-dens, and the newspaper office, and the streets of brick blocks had been, was nothing now but a wide and beautiful expanse of green grass, a peaceful and charming solitude. Half a dozen scattered dwellings were still inhabited, and there was still one saloon of a ruined and rickety character struggling for life, but doomed. In its bar was a billiard outfit that was the counterpart of the one in my father-in-law's garret. The balls were chipped, the cloth was darned and patched, the table's surface was undulating, and the cues were headless and had the curve of a parenthesis—but the forlorn remnant of marooned miners played games there, and those games were more entertaining to look at than a circus and a grand opera combined. Nothing but a quite extraordinary skill could score a carom on that table—a skill that required the nicest estimate of force, distance, and how much to allow for the various slants of the table and the other formidable peculiarities and idiosyncrasies furnished by the contradictions of the outfit. Last winter, here in New York, I saw Hoppe and Schaefer and Sutton and the three or four other billiard champions of world-wide fame contend against each other, and certainly the art and science displayed were a wonder to see; yet I saw nothing there in the way of science and art that was more wonderful than shots which I had seen Texas Tom make on the wavy surface of that poor old wreck in the perishing saloon at Jackass Gulch forty years before. Once I saw Texas Tom make a string of seven points on a single inning!—all calculated shots, and not a fluke or a scratch among them. I often saw him make runs of four, but when he made his great string of seven, the boys went wild with enthusiasm and admiration. The joy and the noise exceeded that which the great gathering at Madison Square produced when Sutton scored five hundred points at the eighteen-inch game, on a world-famous night last winter. With practice, that champion

could score nineteen or twenty on the Jackass Gulch table; but to start with, Texas Tom would show him miracles that would astonish him; also it might have another handsome result: it might persuade the great experts to discard their own trifling game and bring the Jackass Gulch outfit here and exhibit their skill in a game worth a hundred of the discarded one, for profound and breathless interest, and for displays of almost superhuman skill.

In my experience, games played with a fiendish outfit furnish ecstasies of delight which games played with the other kind cannot match. Twenty-seven years ago my budding little family spent the summer at Bateman's Point, near Newport, Rhode Island. It was a comfortable boarding-place, well stocked with sweet mothers and little children, but the male sex was scarce; however, there was another young fellow besides myself, and he and I had good times—Higgins was his name, but that was not his fault. He was a very pleasant and companionable person. On the premises there was what had once been a bowling-alley. It was a single alley, and it was estimated that it had been out of repair for sixty years—but not the balls, the balls were in good condition; there were forty-one of them, and they ranged in size from a grapefruit up to a lignum-vitæ sphere that you could hardly lift. Higgins and I played on that alley day after day. At first, one of us located himself at the bottom end to set up the pins in case anything should happen to them, but nothing happened. The surface of that alley consisted of a rolling stretch of elevations and depressions, and neither of us could, by any art known to us, persuade a ball to stay on the alley until it should accomplish something. Little balls and big, the same thing always happened—the ball left the alley before it was half-way home and went thundering down alongside of it the rest of the way and made the gamekeeper climb out and take care of himself. No matter, we persevered, and were rewarded. We examined the alley, noted and located a lot of its peculiarities, and little by little we learned how to deliver a ball in such a way that it would travel home and knock down a pin or two. By and by we succeeded in improving our game to a point where we were able to get all of the pins with thirty-five balls—so we made it a thirty-five-ball game. If the player did not succeed with thirty-five, he had lost the game. I suppose that all the balls, taken together, weighed five hundred pounds, or maybe a ton—or along there

somewhere—but anyway it was hot weather, and by the time that a player had sent thirty-five of them home he was in a drench of perspiration, and physically exhausted.

Next, we started cocked hat—that is to say, a triangle of three pins, the other seven being discarded. In this game we used the three smallest balls and kept on delivering them until we got the three pins down. After a day or two of practice we were able to get the chief pin with an output of four balls, but it cost us a great many deliveries to get the other two; but by and by we succeeded in perfecting our art—at least we perfected it to our limit. We reached a scientific excellence where we could get the three pins down with twelve deliveries of the three small balls, making thirty-six shots to conquer the cocked hat.

Having reached our limit for daylight work, we set up a couple of candles and played at night. As the alley was fifty or sixty feet long, we couldn't see the pins, but the candles indicated their locality. We continued this game until we were able to knock down the invisible pins with thirty-six shots. Having now reached the limit of the candle game, we changed and played it left-handed. We continued the left-handed game until we conquered its limit, which was fifty-four shots. Sometimes we sent down a succession of fifteen balls without getting anything at all. We easily got out of that old alley five times the fun that anybody could have gotten out of the best alley in New York.

One blazing hot day, a modest and courteous officer of the regular army appeared in our den and introduced himself. He was about thirty-five years old, well built and militarily erect and straight, and he was hermetically sealed up in the uniform of that ignorant old day—a uniform made of heavy material, and much properer for January than July. When he saw the venerable alley, and glanced from that to the long procession of shining balls in the trough, his eye lit with desire, and we judged that he was our meat. We politely invited him to take a hand, and he could not conceal his gratitude; though his breeding, and the etiquette of his profession, made him try. We explained the game to him, and said that there were forty-one balls, and that the player was privileged to extend his inning and keep on playing until he had used them all up—repeatedly—and that for every ten-strike he got a prize. We didn't name the prize—it wasn't necessary, as no prize would ever be needed or called for. He

started a sarcastic smile, but quenched it, according to the etiquette of his profession. He merely remarked that he would like to select a couple of medium balls and one small one, adding that he didn't think he would need the rest.

Then he began, and he was an astonished man. He couldn't get a ball to stay on the alley. When he had fired about fifteen balls and hadn't yet reached the cluster of pins, his annoyance began to show out through his clothes. He wouldn't let it show in his face; but after another fifteen balls he was not able to control his face; he didn't utter a word, but he exuded mute blasphemy from every pore. He asked permission to take off his coat, which was granted; then he turned himself loose, with bitter determination, and although he was only an infantry officer he could have been mistaken for a battery, he got up such a volleying thunder with those balls. Presently he removed his cravat; after a little he took off his vest; and still he went bravely on. Higgins was suffocating. My condition was the same, but it would not be courteous to laugh; it would be better to burst, and we came near it. That officer was good pluck. He stood to his work without uttering a word, and kept the balls going until he had expended the outfit four times, making four times forty-one shots; then he had to give it up, and he did; for he was no longer able to stand without wobbling. He put on his clothes, bade us a courteous good-by, invited us to call at the Fort, and started away. Then he came back, and said,

"What is the prize for the ten-strike?"

We had to confess that we had not selected it yet.

He said, gravely, that he thought there was no occasion for hurry about it.

I believe Bateman's alley was a better one than any other in America, in the matter of the essentials of the game. It compelled skill; it provided opportunity for bets; and if you could get a stranger to do the bowling for you, there was more and wholesomer and delightfuler entertainment to be gotten out of his industries than out of the finest game by the best expert, and played upon the best alley elsewhere in existence.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

THE NATURE OF PRAYER.

BY THE REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, MONCURE D. CONWAY
AND THE REV. DR. W. R. HUNTINGTON.

I.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will not expect from any one of its contributors a philosophy of prayer: only from each one some thought on prayer, some expression of his own experience, out of which the reader may, if he will, evolve a philosophy, or in which, without any philosophy, he may perhaps find an interpretation of his own experience.

Prayer is often treated as though it were an asking for things. Then the question is raised, Do we get the things we ask for? But prayer is something far more and greater than asking for things. It is communion. There is no better definition of prayer than Tennyson's

> "Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
> Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands or feet."

A boy comes to his father after breakfast in a great hurry. "Father," he cries, "give me a nickel to ride to school; I am late." The father gives him the nickel, and the boy darts out of the door for the passing car. Doubtless, that is a kind of prayer. He has a hard day at school; things go wrong; he suffers some real or fancied injustice; he is guilty of some lapses and neglects; he comes home discouraged. At night he sits down by his father's side before the fireplace, and begins to tell his father the story of the day. His father listens sympathetically; puts in, now and then, a question or a word of appreciation; but he is mainly silent, saying only enough to enable the boy to perceive that his father understands him. Then the boy goes to bed comforted, helped, cheered, ready to take up the next day's tasks with a new spirit. This also is prayer, and of a much higher kind. That this

is possible, that "spirit with spirit can meet," that souls have been cheered, encouraged, invigorated by such communion, is a truth as well illustrated and enforced by human experience as any truth on which we base our daily conduct.

But prayer is more than conscious communion with the invisible spirit of God: it is also expression to that Spirit. Adoration, reverence, worship, confession, all are prayer, even although the soul may not be conscious at the time of any response. Some of our prayers are letters which we write to express ourselves, and in the mere expression we find a succor or a gladness quite irrespective of any reply. To commune with oneself may be prayer. So at least the Hebrew Psalmist thought: "The Lord will hear when I call upon Him. Stand in awe and sin not. Commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still."

> "My God, I thank Thee Who hast made
> The earth so bright,
> So full of splendor and of joy,
> Beauty and light.
> So many glorious things are here,
> Noble and right."

That is prayer, though it asks no answer and expects none. It is prayer because it is the expression of thanks to one's Father; while Robert Louis Stevenson's

> "The world is so full of a number of things
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings"

is not prayer, because it is only an expression of gladness, not of gratitude. But this expression of gratitude may be a prayer, even though it is not expressed to the All-Father, if it is really an expression of a grateful heart though to an unknown Benefactor. When Leslie Stephen, after his wife's death, writes to James Russell Lowell, "I thank—something—that I loved her as heartily as I know how to love," he is uttering a prayer, though he did not know it. I believe that the Father accepted the thanks, though the thankful heart knew not whom to thank.

There are two objections to prayer which the pastor often meets with, neither of which seems to me to be weighty. The first is the immutability and uniformity of law. This is equally an objection to asking anything of any one. In fact, it is the immutability and uniformity of law which makes nature do our bidding. It is because her laws are uniform that we can send the electricity to

do our errands or harness it to pull our trolley-cars. If in our comparative ignorance of nature's laws we can use her so effectively, why should we think that the Lawmaker cannot do so? The other objection is that God knows what we have need of before we ask Him. This consideration seems to me conclusive against a certain type of praying which is borrowed from pagan philosophy. God is not an unjust judge who can be moved to consideration only by importunity. He is not an absentee God who can be reached only by shouting. But the best gifts can only be given when they are asked for. It is generally only an added provocation to ill-temper to proffer forgiveness to an enemy who does not request forgiveness. It is usually worse than useless to offer unasked advice. Fathers, mothers and intrusive friends often make this mistake. The gift cannot be given unless it will be received; and it will not be received unless it is asked for.

But prayer is not only asking, communing and expressing life; it is also readiness to receive life. Listening to God is as truly prayer as speaking to Him. "Be still and know that I am God"—this also is prayer. Savonarola said that, in his time, the saints were so busy talking to God that they had no time to listen to Him. In our time there is danger that the saints will be so busy serving that they have no time to listen. Perhaps one reason why we do not get more answers to our prayers is that we do not wait in a quiet, receptive mood to learn the answer.

To sum all up: reverence, penitence, love, are the highest phases of our life. To express this life to God, to express it even to an unknown God, and to welcome the influence which quickens and inspires that life is prayer; and it is prayer, although the God may be unknown, and the expression only an aspiration.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

II.

A SCHOLARLY French publicist of warm religious sentiment was recently seized with a desire to inquire into the actual feeling and ideas of the people in his country with regard to religion. He travelled through many regions of France and had interviews with persons of all ranks, of both sexes, the rich and the poor. Among the many incidents that struck me in his report, one impressed me by its simplicity. In conversation with an humble woman at her wash-tub outside the door of her cabin, he finally

inquired what feeling or conception she had of God. She quietly answered: "He has never seemed to concern Himself about me, and I can't see why I should concern myself about Him." It is probable that, if this learned gentleman had inquired her sentiments toward her heavenly Mother, or toward some familiar Saint of the parish, there might have been less indifference or even none at all. There is little doubt that the philosophical and scientific discussions about the First Cause, the Unknowable and Cosmic Forces, have gradually formalized the exercises of religion even for the multitude, and that many of them have reached, albeit unconsciously, the phase of Voltaire's theism. Walking with a friend in Paris, and meeting a religious procession, Voltaire removed his hat. His friend said, "Are you then reconciled with God?" He replied: "We salute, but do not speak!"

When one has no longer any sect or system to build up, and is entirely outside of the competitive creeds, he is able to consider them all impartially, and is apt to form some opinion as to their respective relations to mankind. He will feel some tenderness for a dogma, however discredited by himself, which seems to console the human heart amid its sorrows, and to cause happiness in the home. The severe logic of modern theology, equally with that of science, carries the idea of deity into a region of ideas where salutation may be admissible, but not prayer. Is it logical to make any suggestion to Omniscience, or to propose any modification of action to Omnipotent Wisdom? Very few minds, however, even of those fairly educated, ever analyze closely such words as "omnipotence" and "omniscience," and the people generally have not been trained by the religious instructors to habits of exact reasoning. Prayer, therefore, has not been so much affected in that direction as by the immense developments of science, which has brought not only the leading intellects into the presence of universal laws, but gradually impressed the unlearned masses with the sense of fixity in outward nature. This is proved by the general transformation of the idea of prayer. There is now a sort of agreement among prayerful Christians that they should not pray for material things, but only for spiritual and moral graces. Of course, in moments of anguish and fear, in the presence of illness and peril, and in trials that move the heart and the affections, prayer for the beloved has a

character of its own, and is not consciously included in the general pious sentiment against prayer for material things. But this sentiment is the product of the advancement of science. The origin of prayer was to coax some being, as in remote regions the folk still coax fairies, for some material benefit. In eras when the best minds in the East believed that sun and moon and planets were lifted and conducted by angels, it was not incredible that the laws of nature might be suspended by some favorable agent. And even after those pre-scientific notions of nature had disappeared in more civilized regions, the angels becoming gods, the chief aim of prayer was to secure material things. Cicero and Horace maintained that men should pray only for things external, which are not under the control of man, but only of God; and that they ought not to pray for internal qualities—contentment, courage or any virtue—it being man's duty to secure virtues by his own effort. That view of those great and devout men is in striking contrast with the views of prayer now usually held by devout people—that is, so far as these devotional feelings in our time can be included in any general definition. In fact, however, every religious usage is connected with some larger system of faith and ethics which has travelled through the ages and gradually absorbed something from each one of them, so that it contains something for each separate heart. An ancient Persian prophet said: "The paths leading to God are as numberless as the breathings of created beings." There is a striking passage in George Sand, who says of her Pauline: "She found in Catholicism the *nuance* adapted to her character, for all the shades *(nuances)* possible are found in the old religions; so many centuries have modified them, so many men have had a hand in the building, so many intelligences, passions, and virtues have borne to it their treasures, their errors or their lights, that a thousand doctrines are ultimately stored in one, and a thousand different natures are able to draw thence the palliation or the stimulant suited to them."

The eagerness of theologians, ecclesiastics, eminent defenders of the faith, to harmonize their creeds with science, has militated against this interior multiplicity in every religious system. Eloquent divines bring their congregations into the presence of the Immensities. Protestant childhood is brought up on ideas of the worship of creative might and majesty:

"Great God, how infinite art Thou!
How frail and helpless we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee."

But why, O Dr. Watts, why should one bow to infinitude? Because we are frail and helpless? On that account we have need rather to dread any giant, especially when we see in the convulsions of nature intimations that the Power uses its strength like a giant. Add two centuries of experience, and Watts turns to Browning, affirming that

"A loving worm within its sod
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amid His worlds."

Assuming that prayer is real and sincere—not rhetorical, like that of a famous preacher which a gentleman declared to be "the finest prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience"—the prayer of those who have entered their closet and shut the door, one can hardly criticise such prayers any more than the songs of birds. One feels that here we pass out of the region where scientific theology declares that the Lord is in the earthquake, in the tempest and the fire, into a simply human region where the still, small voices alone are audible. I have reverence for these prayers of the simple, because I feel that the love in them is human love, and that they are really petitions to a heart like our own. They are unconscious relics of, and surviving witnesses to, the unsophisticated faith which abhorred evil and loved good, and recognized these in beneficent and in cruel nature the same as in human hearts. The petitions and requests and grateful expressions passing from one to another in the home and in the commune might pass to supposed invisible benefactors or enemies, just as to this day they pass in children's minds to Santa Claus. In Germany in earlier times Santa Claus was accompanied by a sinister form called Klaubauf. Santa Claus came with a great collection of gifts for the good children, but Klaubauf with a basket to carry off the children who had been naughty. This little judgment-day by masquerading relatives caused such terror and convulsions among the naughty ones that it was prohibited by law.

So far as the Cosmos imagined by science is concerned, the masses of mankind are children. They have inherited certain

forms of expression for certain feelings. Prayer is one of these. But in a country where education is universal old forms cannot always serve the spirit that originated them. The planet has wheeled into another intellectual and moral region, and the forms of antiquity have waxed old as a garment, and are consumed by the moth of doubt. Men no longer pray for what really concerns them, for the best gifts and blessings of the world. Temporal and actual things used to be prayed for, and they ought to have been, for it is with and amid temporal and material things that an individual mind and heart have to grow and embody themselves in fruit. The fact that people no longer venture to pray for what their hearts do secretly most desire,—what their whole energies are seeking every day,—but devote their prayers to vague and pallid sentiments, is a confession that this old form no longer represents the real forces which made that unceasing prayer which was in some sense fulfilled. It is essential to real prayer that it shall be made in perfect faith; that which is uttered with a doubt in the mind is no real prayer, but only a reverent gesture. The litanies possess literary, antiquarian and some poetic value; they are a kind of scriptures by which our sentiment is connected with that of the human family; and the increasing use of such litanies —chants and responses uttered by processions of monks and pious people, with fear and anguish in their hearts, in a time and region desolated by battle, murder and sudden death—implies the growing difficulty of extemporaneous collective prayer. The old liturgic phraseology and perspective being abandoned, public prayer has the attitude of expecting response and help from a supernatural Power,—a miracle, in fact. But as we have ceased to expect any miracle, of the old kind, that attitude seems to endanger the sincerity and the poetic elevation of the individual mind.

Saint-Beuve says: "There is in most men a dead young poet whom the man survives." I cannot help feeling that the fact that we must needs look into the past for our greatest poetry is due to the failure of Christianity to raise its conception of the universe, out of a discredited supernaturalism, into alliance with the real forces which are steadily mastering and bending the laws of nature to moral and human purposes. It is disheartening to think of a world growing prosy and pessimistic for lack of any such inspiration as that which filled the ancient Buddhists and He-

brews, although they had no vision of a life after death. In an early recension of Matthew, the Arabic, a beatitude reads: "Happy are the pure in heart, for they have vision of God." For how many millions has life been terrified by visions of God, not discovered by their own hearts, but forced on them by external authority? There are enough agonies and horrors in nature to justify the dogma that all evils are providential, while all the forces nearest the miraculous—learning, genius, enthusiasm of humanity—are engaged in a steady siege against nature. Thus is illustrated in our time the old saying, "*Laborare est orare.*" However much the old formulas and ceremonies may be preserved, the vision of God in the pure hearts will always be in exaltation of that same human heart. Before me is a poem written by an English lady in view of life's close, in which, after acknowledging her Father's "mightier order" in the giant forces of Nature, she writes:

> "Yet, I beseech Thee, send not these to light me
> Through the dark vale;
> They are so strong, so passionlessly mighty,
> And I so frail.
>
> "No! let me gaze, not on some sea far-reaching
> Nor star-sprent sky,
> But on a *Face* in which mine own, beseeching,
> May read reply."

Is this anthropomorphic? Ah, what a miracle is the human face! All that is mystical or poetic in the universe draws near to us only in that face. For multitudes, their life-journey is nearly all through a dark vale, and when the weary wayfarer hears in his dream a voice of early faith saying, "Seek thou My face," his heart replies, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek!" There can be no love nor prayer where there is no face. Never did heartfelt prayer ascend to the Unknowable. We ascribe faces to abstractions—Charity, Justice, Truth, Mercy—longing to give objective reality to qualities and sentiments we revere. But the source of prayer is deeper than reverence; it is love; and in the personified Beloved is imaged every face—of child, parent, lover, friend—that ever smiled upon that kneeling spirit, to be shaped at last in that face which lightens the Dark Vale with devotion and tenderness.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

III.

THE essence of prayer is to be sought in man's instinctive longing for companionship. In most discussions of the subject, the petitionary element in prayer is emphasized to excess. Tyndall's famous challenge contemplated that side of it alone. But to make prayer merely a form of mendicancy is to degrade it. Prayer is primarily not so much an asking as a seeking. When it is affirmed of a certain Old Testament worthy that he "walked with God," it is only another way of saying that he had a habit of prayer. His temper was such that he could not abide isolation; he must have some one to walk with, and he found God. What we know, in religious terminology, as the kinds of prayer—confession, thanksgiving, request, intercession, adoration—all of them postulate access. Without the sort of contact which a poet has described as "spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost," no one of the several varieties could be put into use. In psychics it is true of prayer, as in physics it is true of force, that it acts only where it is.

Primitive man seems to have thought approach to the divine presence impossible apart from localization. This was natural enough. Mecca and Lourdes attest the survival of the feeling to this day; but it is steadily losing, both in prevalence and in intensity. Modern astronomy has given the death-blow to the shrine and pilgrimage doctrine of prayer. The likelihood that, in so large a universe, the Deity would confine residence to a few favored spots on the surface of so small an earth daily diminishes. It is becoming evident that the soul must be "full of eyes within," if it would really see God, see Him in his innumerable aspects, see Him as He bears down on all the sides of human life.

Here we touch what is incontestably true in the so-called "new theology." God is to be effectually sought, not at the ends of the earth, nor in the country of the stars, but in the background of the individual consciousness, that spiritual hinterland familiarly known as "the ground of the heart." Where the new theology errs, when it does err, is in confusing the personality of the seeker with that of the Sought. When contact becomes merger, we have pantheism pure and simple; but only insist that man shall stay for ever man, no matter how closely tangent to the God who is for ever God, and the more the intimacy possible between the two is emphasized, the better for the interests of religion.

Under the doctrine that "the all is God," prayer becomes nothing better than the echo of a cry. Under the very different doctrine that "God is all in all," it is found to be perfectly possible to pray. So much is St. Paul better than Spinoza.

Paul could no more have prayed to Spinoza's God than he could have seriously invoked the atmosphere. To Spinoza, on the other hand, Paul's conception of a God to whom one must "give account" was foolishness. Both men were of Hebrew stock, but it is easier to pray after listening to the Jew of Tarsus than after sitting at the feet of the Jew of Amsterdam. We "roll the psalm to wintry skies" with a vengeance, when every trace of personality has been washed out of our idea of God and Deity has come to be esteemed only as a more attenuated ether.

To concede, as I have already done by implication, that the petitionary power of prayer has limits, no more nullifies that power than does a like concession in the debate over free will compel acquiescence in determinism. A man's inability to do all the things he would like to do is no proof that none of the things he would like to do can he do. Christ's apparently unlimited promises of answer to prayer are found, under scrutiny, to have been carefully conditioned. On the other hand, the supposed demonstrations of the impossibility of any such answer, in view of the fixity of the "laws of nature," are less frequently pressed upon us now than they used to be forty years ago. There is far more reserve among experts than there once was as to the limits of the possible. Where it is a question of setting bounds to the Power that lies back of nature, the present-day masters of science observe a wise caution. It is for the most part the apprentices that make the noise. That there is anything that can, in the strict sense of the word, be called mandatory in natural "law," no competent scientific thinker will allege. Formulas are not commandments, sequences are not statutes. "Law" is a figure of speech when applied to cosmic processes.

The system of nature may be not unfairly likened to a Jacquard loom, of which the upper portion, where the perforated cards which regulate the pattern hang, has been concealed from view. Replacements and variations in that part of the mechanism would not be discoverable by the observer watching the movements of the shuttle down below; but, all the same, there would be departure from what, immediately before, had seemed to the looker-on the

inevitable sameness of design in the output. There may be some similar relation between the pattern of our lives, as worked out at "the roaring loom of time," and that night side of nature as respects which the wisest of us are agnostics. Answers to prayer may prove to have been in process of evolution, even while we were gazing at the wheels and levers of the huge nature-machine and crooning mournfully to ourselves the old refrain, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be . . . and there is no new thing under the sun." Our ardent wishes are our most real prayers, and that men often see the fulfilment of these, either to their health or to their hurt, is matter of common observation.*

One more point in connection with the Christian doctrine of prayer may well be noted, and that is the stress which Jesus laid upon the importance of asking in his Name. There is nothing that at all answers to this in any other religion. The very uniqueness of the requirement gives it interest.

It seems childish to suppose that this condition of efficacious prayer is fulfilled by merely going through the form of appending to such petitions as we may offer the words "through Jesus Christ our Lord." As a matter of fact, we pray in the name of Christ, then and only then, when we pray in the spirit and power of Christ.

Praying in the spirit of Christ means praying filially, as He invariably did. Praying in the power of Christ means praying in what we honestly believe to be the line of God's purpose. The Synagogue shares with the Church the doctrine of the heavenly Fatherhood, and the Mosque approximates it; but neither in the Old Testament nor in the Koran do we find any such omnipresent recognition of and insistence upon the filial relation between God and man as pervades the Gospels. Lacking, as they do, the doctrine of the eternal Sonship, both Judaism and Islam fail to do full justice to the eternal Fatherhood. Alike with Hebrew and

* More people and more kinds of people pray than is commonly supposed. Witness the following extract from a letter lately received by the present writer from a negro youth earning the money for his next year's schooling by service in a "Summer hotel." "Aside from the kinds of work, the personal contact with different kinds of men has been also beneficial. Though there were men who were indecent in character, yet I saw men who dropped on their knees both in the morning and in the evening when they were going to bed and when arising. These men did not pretend to be religious either. They were ordinary men of the world. At this hotel I am rooming with a Spaniard, a Russian Jew, a Roumanian and an American."

Moslem, God is primarily King, and only secondarily Father. Under Christianity, God is King because He first was Father; the right to rule derives from the fact of parentage. The bearing of this article of faith upon the possibilities of prayer is manifest. Drawing near to God in the spirit of the little children who run down the path from the cottage to the roadway, intent upon pouring out their hearts to the father whom they see returning from his work, is a very different affair from presenting timid petitions at the lowest step of a secluded throne. In brief, the symbol of the heavenly Fatherhood meets and answers more of the difficulties which "the intellectuals" find in prayer than any philosophy of the subject has ever begun to do.

Praying in the power of Christ, I defined as trying, under his leadership, to get into line with the divine purpose. The ordinary mechanic who brings wonderful results to pass by his handling of the materials in which he works, does so in the power of the inventor who first found out the process. This is the order always—first, the discoverer, and then the great army of those who bring the discovery to bear and make it tell upon the multitudinous interests of human life.

The humblest drudge in the boiler-room of an ocean liner reaches the haven where he would be because he is working in line with those high intellects whose insight into nature's secrets first made steam navigation possible. In the realm of religion, Christ heads the list of the revealers; we pray in his Name, therefore, whenever, over and above drinking in his Spirit, we make a definite effort to utilize his Power.

WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON.

EUROPE IN TRANSFORMATION.

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

To the student of history and politics there is something specially fascinating about the perennial youthfulness of the European continent. This is, of all regions of the world, the one in which fresh elements and unforeseen developments are always arising; and, side by side with institutions which date from the days of remote antiquity, it exhibits continually unmistakable signs of youth and vitality. That this view of a continent which they are wont to respect chiefly on account of its hoary age will surprise some Americans I am well aware; but the majority of them, who visit Europe chiefly for the sake of the past, are, perhaps, not sufficiently interested in present history to form a just estimate. I shall endeavor to justify my opinion by giving an impression of the great movements which, at the present moment, are casting Europe once again into the melting-pot, and thus showing that she is capable of renewing her youth indefinitely.

In the first place, we find that, despite the assimilating and levelling tendencies which are at work throughout the world obliterating the landmarks of race, Europe is still the home of those fresh and primitive emotions known as national pride and racial sympathy. It is becoming increasingly fashionable to decry these sentiments; and to the denizen of the United States, who sees all races fusing beneath the Stars and Stripes, there must be something strange in the mutual jealousies and rivalries of the same races in their European homes. Europe is more youthful than America in this. She exhibits the individualism of the nursery and schoolroom rather than the studied collectivism of adult life, in which peculiarities of character and taste are concealed by education. This individualism has proved too strong for more than one conqueror who desired to form a United States of Europe.

Charles V in the sixteenth century, Louis XIV in the seventeenth and Napoleon in the nineteenth, failed to obliterate the boundaries of European states and combine them into one empire. One of the great reasons for these failures is the fact that Europe was, (and is) sharply divided as to race, although a process of fusion has been going on for so many centuries.

I am aware that it is no longer considered scientifically accurate to attempt an ethnical division of the races of the world, except on such a fundamental basis as the shape of the skull, but in speaking of "races" in Europe to-day one is bound to adopt a linguistic distinction. Modern Europe contains many fragments of ancient peoples whose languages are distinct from those by which they are surrounded, but broadly speaking, if we take language as the distinguishing feature, there are in modern Europe three great families. These are the Slavs in Central and Eastern Europe (whose influence extends through the Balkan peninsula and is to be found even in Greece), the Teutonic peoples of Northern and Central Europe, and the Latin-speaking races of Italy, France and the Spanish peninsula. Great Britain is a conglomerate, in which the original stock of these islands has been overlaid by successive conquests. After the decay of the Roman Empire the Teutons swarmed over Europe; and even in the central portions, already occupied by the Slavs, they established a political domination. They displaced the Latins in Northern Italy and spread even to Spain. By degrees, however, they were absorbed by those they had conquered in Spain, Gaul and Italy, and the purely Teutonic empire continued to have its centre on the Rhine. The struggle between Slav and Teuton, and between Teuton and Latin, makes up the history of mediæval Europe. The Slavs were weakened by the fact that, in the tenth century, they were cut in two by the Magyars, and, later, by the subjugation of the Southern Slavs by the Turks. For long centuries they remained in thrall; and not till the nineteenth century did the Slav begin to resume the place he had formerly occupied on the European stage. During all this time, the Teuton race was expanding, checked only by the rise of a great Latin-speaking power in France. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, this power was predominant. The German-speaking nations had no political coherence; one by one, they went down before Napoleon, and the conquests of the Latin seemed as sure as in the days of Rome.

But, almost outside the European pale, a Slav power had been slowly growing; and when Napoleon, feeling his conquest incomplete without its subjugation, threw himself unsuccessfully upon Moscow and retired in such disorder, Russian national self-consciousness awoke. The Slavs owe many debts to France. The Revolution had awakened echoes throughout Europe, among the submerged Slavs as well as among the disunited Germans; French philosophy and literature were the fount of inspiration during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Among the southern Slavs, their temporary inclusion in Napoleon's empire was the beginning of their national renascence, for to counteract German influence he encouraged their indigenous languages and began a literary revival. Even the crumbling of his empire could not undo this work.

The next period—almost the whole of the nineteenth century—was the gradual apotheosis of the Teuton. The Germanic writers, philosophers and savants took the place of the French in leading the intellectual world. Prussia gradually emerged from the welter of German states, and little by little the awakening of a true national consciousness among these states led up to the events of 1866-1870 and the founding of a new empire. No period of history is more packed with youth and enthusiasm than this, unless we except '48, with its abortive but splendid revolutions. All Europe seemed to be seized with a passion of national fervor, and the Slavs shared in the general reconstruction. Servia had set up a national dynasty in 1829, but both she and Bulgaria only blossomed into full national independence in the seventies. Two other Slav kingdoms, Bohemia and Croatia, had been fighting their way slowly but surely during the whole century, not to independence, but to the recognition of their national character and the restoration of their language, and the seventies saw the first real fruition of their hopes. Greece had thrown off the Turkish yoke as early as 1830, but Hungary gained recognition as a kingdom only in 1867; and Italy, relieased from the German-Austrian yoke and unified under the House of Savoy, emerged as a modern kingdom in 1870. It will be seen, therefore, that, although the Teutonic races entered a new and glorious phase when the German Empire was founded, they had to deal with a very different Europe from that in which Napoleon found such an easy prey. The tendency towards consolidation was as strong as the revival

of national individualism, and indeed the latter owed much of its power to the former. Austria, for instance, lost many points of weakness in Italy, as she had already in the Low Countries, and emerged far more compact than before, a fact which, although it has not yet produced an "Austrian nation," has certainly assisted the foundation of a genuinely "Austrian" parliament. Russia helped to establish the German Empire by her attitude in the period 1866-1870, and for a time there seemed to be an alliance between those hereditary opponents, the Slavs and the Teutons. It is always necessary, however, to differentiate between the feeling of the Russian people and the attitude of the Tsar and his government. Personal friendship bound the latter to William I, even when their interests diverged; while the cultural bond between France and the Slavs has always been a strong feature in the development of the latter. The attempts of Bismarck to isolate France, and to group the states of Europe in such a way that Germany had the casting vote in any decision, was for a time successful. But he could succeed in retaining Russia's friendship only by giving her a free hand in the Balkans, and that was by no means his desire. Nominally, he did so, and he attempted, with much success, to embroil her with Austria in the Balkans; but, when Bulgaria was struggling in the folds of the Russian embrace, it was more than suspected by the Tsar that Bismarck had done what he could to checkmate Russia through his faithful henchman, Austria. Accordingly, the Slav power, little by little, inclined to an alliance with France—not without misgivings, for republican France had exercised an influence over the Russians which was by no means agreeable to the autocracy. The Russian face, however, was now turned eastward. French gold was needed, and so, at last, Eastern and Western Europe were united in the Dual Alliance as a counterpoise to the Triple Alliance of the Central European Powers.

The Triple Alliance, which has recently been renewed, was considered one of Bismarck's masterpieces, though apparently he did not place much faith in it himself, for he immediately began to attempt reinsurance by secret understandings with Russia. Austria was, and still is, bound to Germany by ties too strong to break. Italy sought security, and for a time desired revenge on France for a long series of injuries terminating in the occupation of Tunis. But she was by no means attached to either of her allies

and became an increasingly lukewarm supporter. Thus we find the Teuton and the Latin in one camp, and the Slav and the Latin in another. The pivot on which European policy has chiefly turned since the formation of these groups is that knot of mountainous country, with its renascent Slav populations, known as the Balkan Peninsula. Besides the states of Bulgaria and Servia, defined by the Berlin Treaty of 1878, there is the debatable land of Macedonia, and the intrigues of European Powers, small and great, to secure the reversion of this last remnant of Turkish power in Europe, have kept that unfortunate region in a condition of seething unrest. Here is the principal battle-field between modern Teuton and Slav, and the struggle is no less deadly because it is waged, not openly, but through diplomacy. The genuine fighting is as yet done chiefly by the Slavs among themselves, with assistance from the Greeks.

The Slavo-Teuton struggle is one of the main factors in the transformation of Europe now taking place. Despite the political conquests and the growing power of the German Empire, the wave of Teutonism seems to be rolling back, just as the Latin wave has been repelled in former days. In the summer of this year, I had an opportunity of seeing something of one aspect of that Slav revival which is likely to mean so much to Europe. It may be well, before describing it, to give some idea of the character and principal divisions of the Slav family. I am aware that it is now fashionable to decry the power of mere race on the fate and future of nations, and to ascribe their development to geo-political, rather than ethnic, influences. But, if we abandon the strictly scientific definition of "race" and content ourselves with studying the tendencies of those families of mankind which have linguistic affinities, we cannot fail to be struck with the family likeness, modified but not obliterated, which obtains even when there is no geographical connection. Evolution, both religious and political, is largely governed by these family characteristics, and in no race are they so pronounced and so persistent as among the Slavs. The Slav is the imaginative element in Europe—an imagination quite different from that of the keenly perceptive Celt or the ratiocinative Teuton. He is a dreamer, a poet, an idealist. Not for him the achievements—through a mingling of technical skill, industry and inspiration—which have given the Latins their pre-eminence in art and literature. Nor has he, like them, traditions on which

to mould himself. Of all Europeans, he is nearest to Nature, to the primitive man, and to the soil which he adores. His virtues are his patience, persistency, and a kind of dogged courage; his greatest fault is a lack of that supreme self-belief which is so necessary to success. The Slav is self-conscious, like a child; he knows his own weakness and too often accepts it fatally, even while he may deceive others about it. His political tendencies are communistic, and he is curiously lacking in initiative, organization and concentration. He is a better follower than leader. The Slav peoples have long been unequally matched against the practical, if philosophical, Teutons, but by sheer weight of racial tenacity and persistency they are now bearing back their former conquerors. A word must be said here as to the peculiarities of the national movement in Russia. For political purposes it pleased the Tsar Alexander III to make the words "Slavophil" and "anti-European" synonymous. He and those who have followed him strove to crush down those truly national movements from below for freedom and liberty of conscience, by representing them as the bastards of Europe and no true product of Russian soil. In short, they have attempted to reverse the policy of Peter the Great and some of his successors (who wished to make Russia an European state) by emphasizing her Oriental character. By so doing they hope to prevent the incursion of those liberal tendencies which are playing so great a part in modern Europe. That this view of "Pan-Slavism" and "Slavophilism" was not always current it is needless to say. Bulgaria and Servia were encouraged by pan-Slavonic societies in Russia, and a network of these societies has spread through all the Slav countries. It would seem natural that Russia should take a foremost place in the Slav revival in Europe, but, unfortunately, her policy was so obviously selfish that, between 1878 and 1885, she succeeded in alienating from her all the liberated Balkan States. Her action in Bulgaria, particularly, was so aggressive that it resulted in stimulating the national consciousness to an extraordinary degree. Moreover, the "nationalism" and "Slavophilism" of Alexander III, which he translated into a desire to "Russianize" both in political and religious life, led him to a fierce repression of all his non-Russian subjects, and the treatment of the Poles could not fail to arouse sympathy among the newly liberated Slavs of the south. Consequently, the Russo-Japanese war and the subsequent preoccupation

of Russia with internal troubles, although they weakened the Slav race as a whole and gave fuller play to German ambitions, have not been regarded as an unmixed evil by the smaller Slav nations, any more than they were deplored by many within the empire itself. Despite the apparent reaction there is no doubt that the weakening of the autocracy by the Japanese victories has helped forward the day when the Russian people will achieve their emancipation, and step by step they are moving forward towards the goal of constitutional government. In Russia the transformation is coming from below; slowly but surely it comes—the hands of the clock cannot be permanently held fast. In their neighbor, Austria, the influence of the Slavs has been largely instrumental in securing representative government, and each section of the race is gradually but surely improving its position.

As a political propaganda Pan-Slavism has been of little use in forwarding this consummation, but as an instrument for quickening national sentiment it has been all-powerful. Mutual jealousies and ancient feuds separate the different branches of the Slavs. They are grouped by their linguistic variations into three families—Russians, Poles and Czechs, and Southern Slavs. Despite dialectical differences, the languages spoken by the members of these three groups are substantially the same, and, as I had an opportunity of testing for myself, a common Slav origin makes it possible for the educated of all these families to communicate with each other. The educated Montenegrin, who speaks the same language (practically) as the Servian, Bulgarian or Croatian, can make himself understood by the Bohemian or the Russian; and the Czech, although he may not know the Cyrillic character in which Russian is written, can also get along with the Russian or Bulgarian. The principal organization for keeping these people in touch is a system of gymnastic societies, known as *Sokols,* from the falcon's feather worn in the caps of the members. Branches numbering over a thousand are established in all Slav countries, and in communities of Slavs in foreign countries like Germany, France and the United States. In 1907 they held a meeting at Prague, at which 23,000 of all nationalities attended (five hundred from America) and manœuvred in a manner which surprised the Austrian and Russian staff-officers who were present. In 1885, when Bulgaria threw off Russian tutelage, there was no native organization save the *Sokols,* which, however, numbered 40,000

men, all trained and disciplined, and largely helped to save the situation. The object of these *Sokols* is primarily anti-German—their basis is the homogeneity of the Slav race, the preservation of Slav languages and culture, and the stimulation of racial patriotism. They exhibit an amount of organizing and concentrating power at variance with the accepted character of the Slavs. A Russian, asked at Prague what his country could do if the *Sokols* were well developed there, replied: "She would have a constitutional government to-day." Naturally, these organizations are not smiled on by the officials in Russia, but a few exist. There are a large number in Galicia, which sent delegates to Prague. Alas! because the Russians came, the Poles remained away! The Emperor of Austria, out of deference to his German ally and his many German subjects, does not favor the *Sokol* movement and was not present at the Prague meeting. In that city—a German city to all intents and purposes less than half a century ago, the capital in the sixteenth century of the Germanic Roman Empire—the Slav reunion was held amidst scenes of the wildest enthusiasm and the most ardent patriotism. No word of German was heard, and at the national theatre a significant tableau was displayed which represented the *Sokols* releasing the spirit of the Slav from the fetters imposed by German influence.

To realize the true position to-day in this struggle between Slav and Teuton, one needs to comprehend the change which has come over German ambitions since the accession of William II and the dropping of "the old pilot." Bismarck's policy of controlling the destinies of Europe by an intricate system of alliances was not possible for the impetuous Kaiser, with his predilection for telegrams which blurt out diplomatic secrets. At one time he gave open countenance to the wildest schemes of the Pan-Germanic league, which aim at nothing less than a United States of Europe under Prussian hegemony. The growth of his country in wealth and power since her unification has given him boundless ambitions, and the necessity for an outlet both for trade and population has forced him to embark on a colonial policy. For the furtherance of this policy two things are necessary—a first-class fleet and an outlet on the Mediterranean—and in his efforts to secure these the Emperor is shaking Europe to its foundations, because the balance of power, once established by the Dual and Triple Alliances, is entirely disturbed by the growth of German strength and

ambitions. The great obstacle to the realization of the last is Great Britain, which both as to white men's colonies and the control of the Mediterranean, is right across the track. Accordingly, it is to a fight with Great Britain for the supremacy of the sea that William II presses. The naval expenditure has grown since 1898 from four to fourteen millions, sterling, and the Navy League, with its 900,000 members, does yeoman service in creating and fostering national enthusiasm. The Emperor William is able, at the same time, to keep France on the rack by his enormous military preparations. All the while, on the flanks of his empire, the Slav revival is steadily at work undermining the Teutonic domination which, at one time, appeared to be an accomplished fact in Central Europe. Austria, Germany's ally, is the scene of the most successful Slav revival; and Hungary, with its Magyar government which might well be a useful tool for Germany, is also torn by the claims of Slavs and Latins. The Baltic provinces of Russia have been purged of their German element, and the Polish provinces of Germany resist any attempt to Germanize them. Holland, Belgium and Denmark may be forced by economic considerations into the empire of Germany; but I noticed a deputation from Flanders and another from Luxembourg to the Slav demonstration at Prague, and the Dutch have held their own against overwhelming odds for too many centuries to be easily frightened. In some regions where the Teuton and Latin are in racial conflict the pendulum is swaying towards the latter. This is particularly noticeable in certain cantons of Switzerland, the Tyrol, and along the Trentino and the Adriatic coast. Bohemia is, of course, the classic example of what a Slav people can do, and it is only necessary to remember that the German language, once paramount, is now practically superseded by that most difficult tongue, the Czech, which had fallen into disuse except as an illiterate *patois*. It is abundantly evident that this check to Pan-German aspirations in Europe will merely stimulate German activity on the sea and towards colonial expansion; and, as Great Britain is her natural rival in these spheres, it is especially interesting to find that, in the last few years, the latter Power has descended from her pedestal of isolation, and has, by means of her *ententes* with France, Spain and Italy, and her convention with Russia respecting certain Asiatic questions, created a new political situation in which Germany is threatened with isolation.

As a contrast to the individualistic tendency among the European nations, we find, from beneath, a movement which is apparently international. Without going to the extreme with the international Socialists, it is not difficult to imagine that the democratic wave which is passing over Europe is likely to react on national rivalries. Germany, however, declared against this view, when at the last elections a Socialist majority voted to confirm the Imperialism of the Emperor. Great Britain is essentially democratic in her government, despite the King and the House of Lords; Italy, under a constitutional monarchy, is permeated with the most advanced Socialistic ideas, to which her aristocratic classes are yielding converts; Spain, on the surface Catholic and aristocratic, is a hotbed of anarchy and Socialism; Austria has granted the most liberal franchise in Europe; and the Magyars, essentially an aristocratic ruling body, are sitting on the safety-valve in Hungary. Servia and Bulgaria are peasant states; Sweden and Norway are the homes of an educated proletariat; Russia, as has been said already, is sowing the seeds of future liberty with the blood of martyrs. France alone, nominally republican, is essentially *bourgeois,* and despite the windy declarations of French Socialists she will remain so. As a result she is losing power and prestige, for, while autocracies and democracies may strive, your *bourgeois* state is too conservative to do anything but exist.

The question of the moment is whether, in this transformation scene now in progress, the forces from below or the forces from above will prevail. I call national patriotism "a force from above," because it is essentially something outside a man's ordinary ken. It animates him—why, he hardly knows—frequently to the detriment of his immediate personal comfort and welfare. Sometimes it seems dead against his economic existence, as in Bohemia and Hungary, where, both by the individual and by the state, poverty has been preferred to German patronage. The attempts at assimilation, as exhibited in the latest of "isms," internationalism, are founded on a conception of society and of statecraft which are still in the experimental stage. We do not yet know whether the Socialist ideal is realizable, or whether universal peace would be possible so long as terrestrial passions remain. On the other hand, the national revivals in Europe have stimulated literature and art, have quickened the pulse and fired the eyes of

millions of people, and have spurred them to achievement. Evils have come in their train, but they have not been the negative evils of sloth and indifference.

Here, then, is Europe, at the beginning of the twentieth century, full of life and vitality, seething with change, questioning everywhere as to the why and wherefore of things, instead of—as is the way of old age—accepting what seems to be inevitable. That perennial youthfulness in European blood which has given us, in the last half-century, a new Germany, a new Italy, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and a new Norway and Sweden, will give us a new Russia. The age-long struggles, intellectual as well as political, will continue to be waged with renewed vigor, to the stimulation of endeavor and the generation of fresh ideas. New nations and new aspirations have been, and still are, fighting their way up and modifying the conditions of life even among the ruins of so many empires and societies.

No! Europe is not decadent, with so much young blood coursing in her veins. She is transforming herself afresh, and her future history will be as full of thrilling pages as her past.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

THE MODERN REVOLT IN MUSIC.

BY REGINALD DE KOVEN.

DURING the past few years, the works of a group of ultra-modern composers, foremost among whom is Richard Strauss, have attracted an attention, and compelled a consideration, which, in view of their inherent characteristics, and revolutionary tendencies, are in the highest degree significant. Throwing musical tradition and convention over the moon, and all previously accepted theory and practice of the art to the four winds, these composers, by works so far, perhaps, more remarkable for manner than matter, have succeeded in arousing among their admirers a spirit of extravagant enthusiasm, a rabidly zealous partisanship, which bids fair to become a Cult, and recalls the early days of frenetic Wagnerism.

It is not the intention here to discuss Richard Strauss—the Max Regers and Debussys are not yet individually to be reckoned with—as a melodist or a harmonist; to extol his marvellous orchestration, or decry his little less marvellous cacophony; to assign him a present place as a composer among the great ones of the earth, or to predict his particular niche in some future Temple of Fame. Critics, alive to-day, who characterized as "*Katzen Musik,*" and cacophonic, passages in Wagner which now appear almost obvious in their simplicity, stand as a warning to the dangers and pitfalls of premature critical judgment; while, in view of recent developments, the term "cacophony" is one to be handled with extreme caution and reserve. The endeavor here will be, therefore, rather to point out and discuss the real significance of the theories of Richard Strauss as set forth in his works, and their bearing and far-reaching effect on the theory and practice of modern music, if carried out and developed to their logical conclusion.

Having climbed the ladder of harmonic development, with Wagner up to Strauss, we can but admit that the terms "concord" and "discord" are purely relative, and as far removed from absolute as are the cognate ones of "right" and "wrong." We have shuddered in times past at so-called Wagnerian discords which now charm us as mellifluous; and, while it can hardly be denied that Strauss's harmonic vagaries may now sound abnormal, even repellent, to many, it may well be that future musicians will regard these, to us, extraordinary manifestations as simple, and even elementary, if and when his apparent theories reach their logical and seemingly inevitable development. We must attribute to Richard Strauss both sincerity and purpose. His daring challenges criticism; his mastery of expression commands thoughtful consideration of what he has to say. To admit anything fortuitous about the new musical Gospel he has begun to preach, would be to write him down the colossal musical fakir he certainly is not. His work is there to speak for itself. Vivid, virile, vital, it is pregnant with that forceful creative energy which makes for progress and development, which leads great movements; and to-day it waves the red flag of revolution and revolt over the musical world.

An art would seem to differ from a science in its greater empiricism, its greater susceptibility to radical and organic change within its own boundaries, and in that elasticity of possible development which ensures the vitality on which its very existence depends. It is true to a certain extent that each art carries in itself the limitations which define it; but this is less true of music, the one purely creative art, whose inspiration, being purely subjective and from within, is not tied down by external limitations, and is therefore free to find ever new forms and methods of expression. But in art there is no standing still; when once a boundary-line is reached, beyond which future progress and development under existing conditions seem impossible, one of two things must happen: either a way to change or modify existing conditions must be found, or the art becomes moribund, and ceases to exist.

That such a boundary-line had long ago been reached in music, was the opinion of Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley, an eminent English theorist, late professor of music at Oxford, who, many years back, declared music to be a dead art. In his evident attempt to change and modify existing conditions, it may well be that Strauss is actuated by a similar idea and theory. To understand the

forces against which Strauss has chosen to array himself, and to appreciate the bearing and possible results of his vigorous effort to change existing conditions which seem, in his opinion, to limit the development of his art, one must, at this point, take up and explain certain technical aspects of the theory and practice of music, which control and govern the situation to an extent which makes even an attempt to call them in question appear subversive, heterodox and iconoclastic—almost, indeed, sacrilegious.

What the foot or yard measure is to the surveyor, the octave is to the musician, the basis and standard of tonal measurement the musical world over; and even in those countries whose musical system differs from our own. According to the tonal relations established by the so-called "equal temperament," a system of tuning invented by Bach, who thereby practically invented modern music, the octave is arbitrarily divided into twelve semitones, each represented by a note on the piano. These twelve semitones, repeated in varying pitch, higher or lower, form our chromatic scale of about seven octaves from the high B of the piccolo, to the low D of the contrafagotto, giving an aggregate of some eighty tonal units which the composer has at his command to express his thoughts. Now, mathematically the possible combinations of these units are absolutely limited; while the laws of harmony, key, tonal relation and sequence, the varying compass of the human voice and of the different orchestral instruments, not to speak of the endless restrictions of convention and tradition, impose still further limitations. Bound by these various limitations, and so believing that a boundary-line of development had been reached, Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley, a scholiast himself and deeply imbued with the spirit of the schoolmen, declared music to be a dead art, because all the possible combinations of these tonal units had been exhausted, and an entirely new and original musical thought was therefore an impossibility.

And then came Wagner!

In the Middle Ages, knowledge of any kind was a precious possession, a secret almost, jealously kept and guarded and rendered as difficult of approach to the neophyte as possible, and so, in the spirit of the age, the early musicians, with apparent purpose and seeming delight, bound down their art with chains and fetters of often arbitrary formalism which it has taken two centuries of constant progress and development to unloose. But, while ring-

ing the death knell of music, Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley lost sight of the fact that merely arbitrary limitations, which like the laws of the Medes and Persians alter not, could have no lasting place in art; that, had the self-imposed restrictions of Palestrina and his compeers been allowed to stand without protest, there would have been no John Sebastian Bach; if no Bach, then no Beethoven; and, without Beethoven, no Wagner. The advent of each of these musical epoch-makers was marked by a removal of some of the pre-existent limitations, by a change in existing conditions; and, lo! the boundary mark was moved on, a wider range and freer scope were obtained, and once more the art progressed. And so by degrees, and little by little, the chains of tradition were loosened, the fetters of convention and arbitrary theory broken; this limitation disappeared, that restriction ceased to bind; and, failing any generally recognized law as to what constitutes beauty in music from a purely æsthetic standpoint, the theory of "*Wohlklang,*" or whatever sounds well, is right, became of almost universal acceptance among musicians.

But this doctrine of Wohlklang, once accepted, carries with it a further corollary, namely: Whatever sounds *at all* is right, when one is accustomed to it.

And this is no extravagant statement; for the most advanced thinkers claim that the human ear may be trained and cultivated to the extent of receiving a pleasurable sensation from any sound or series of sounds, so long as an emotional impression is conveyed thereby; that, psychologically considered, concord and discord are meaningless terms, musical form superfluous, and all harmonic theory a delusion and a snare. And after Strauss's "Salomè," who shall say them nay?

Let us admit, then, that all the possible combinations of the tonal units forming our present scale have been exhausted; let us admit, further, as we may, that all other restrictions imposed by previously accepted tradition, convention, theory and practice, have been removed and set aside as arbitrary and unnecessary—and a glance at the score of "Salomè" will be sufficient to prove that they have been so set aside—what then? Are we to say that this score represents the last word in music; that another boundary-line has been reached to bar further development in the art? Not so; for this score in itself contains evidence pointing to possibilities of further development that are practically limitless; to a

still further change in existing conditions—a change so radical, so momentous, that, like a second Deluge, it bids fair, if carried out, to alter the face of the musical world.

For many years, the most modern thinkers have looked upon Bach's "equal temperament"—which, by sharpening some notes and flattening others, produces a systematic concordant relation between the series of sounds which form our chromatic scale—as a clever compromise, an ingenious makeshift, that would, in time, inevitably be superseded by a different order of things; and musicians who have spent their lives at the keyboard have realized the deficiencies and limitations of our present tonal system from an æsthetic standpoint. When, for any reason, the existing concordant relations of the degrees or intervals of our present scale are disturbed or falsified, we say that the instrument on which it occurs is out of tune, simply because our ears, having been trained to things as they are, refuse at first to accept new sound relations. But for that reason are such new relations an impossibility? Certainly not; for Wagner surely proved that the human ear can become accustomed to almost anything. The tendency of modern music for years past has been in the direction of chromatic harmonies, and the subdivision of intervals thereby secured; and it would certainly seem as if Strauss were meditating, or at least paving the way for, a revolutionary attack on the last stronghold of music as we know and have known it, the very basis and foundation of our entire system of harmony, the relations between the intervals which form our scale.

The division of the octave in our present system of music into twelve equal semitones, referred to above, is more or less arbitrary, for the purposes of practical harmony. Acoustically, the octave is divided into some forty-eight parts appreciable to the ear called "commas," which when played consecutively produce continuous sound. In Eastern countries, and more particularly in India, there are a number of scales in use which differ so radically from our own that their intervals are not reproducible on any of our keyed instruments, though possible on the violin or any stringed instrument. The reason for this is found in the fact that, while using the same basis of tonal measurement, the octave, this tonal space is differently and variously subdivided. For purposes of illustration and to avoid technicalities in acoustics, it may be said that the intervals forming our scale of twelve semitones proceed regularly

in groups consisting of four commas each, while the Eastern scales, recognizing the possible subdivision of the semitone, move in irregular groups of more or less than four commas; so that there are scales in use in India containing as many as thirty or more tonal units in the same octave space where our scale has but twelve. The peculiar emotional effect of this more minute subdivision of the scale has been remarked and vouched for by many who have made the music of the East a study. There can be no question as to the possibility of such a subdivision. The notes obtainable by subdivisions of the semitone all exist, and are appreciable to the ordinary ear. Indeed an instrument exists to-day, called an Enharmonic Organ, the invention of Mr. R. H. M. Bosanquet, of St. John's College, Oxford, now in the South Kensington Museum, where each comma is represented by a key, and on which any one of these curious Eastern scales can be accurately reproduced.

The conclusion seems obvious. If all the possible combinations, melodic and harmonic, of a scale containing twelve tonal units, are exhausted, and we expand that scale so as to contain, say, twenty-four tonal units—which could be done in several ways by varying the number of commas in each successive group forming a tonal unit or note, and so arriving at not only one new scale, but many—would not the number of possible combinations be immediately doubled, and the scope of melodic invention broadened and enlarged by just so much? The fact also must not be lost sight of that the builders of our present scale were forced to recognize and provide for the existence and the subdivision of the semitone; and in this way. The two notes, C sharp and D flat, to instance one of the five enharmonic semitones, while represented on the piano or organ by a single key, are by the orchestra played as separate and distinct notes, according to the tonality employed. But the scientific and acoustic aspect of a more minute subdivision of our present scale, its possibility, or effect on our present systems of tuning by equal temperament, mean tone, or unequal or just temperament, is not so much the question as its effect on the melodic material which the composer has at his command. Melody is beyond question the starting-point and the end, the root and basis, of all music; harmony and everything else must follow in its train, for without melody there would be no music. If, therefore, we enlarge the scope of melodic invention by giving to

the composer an increased number of what might be termed units of musical expression, the possibilities and value of the new melodic combinations thus secured can hardly be estimated.

The effect of a recognized adoption of the idea of a subdivision of the intervals of our present scale would mean revolution indeed; an upheaval which, Samson-like, would overthrow the entire Temple of Musical Art; and who should say who or what might not be overwhelmed in its fall, or buried in its ruins. It would involve a reconstruction, *ab initio,* of our entire system of harmony and tonal relations, if, after the latest inroads of Strauss *et al.,* there is any system left to reconstruct, which is doubtful; as well as a complete change in the method of construction of all keyed instruments, including the harp, piano and organ. One may well stand aghast at the bare contemplation of such a possibility. But such radical changes would, of necessity, be wrought out gradually; two centuries were needed to bring music to its present stage of development, so that the imminence of the possibility need not alarm one.

In this connection the question may well be asked: "What are the indications of intent and purpose in the works of Strauss, or others, which would warrant the assumption that a movement toward a subdivision of the scale was a dominant tendency of the most recent development in musical thought? And, admitting its possibility, which can hardly be denied, is such a movement either practical or probable?" An exhaustive answer to such a question would involve a critical analysis of the works of most modern composers since Wagner, and an amount of technical disquisition hardly interesting, if intelligible, to the average layman. Speaking generally, as noted above, the marked tendency in all modern music toward chromatic progressions, both in melody and harmony, shows at least an instinct among composers toward a subdivision of the scale quite as significant and fruitful of result as a deliberate and acknowledged intent; while, in the latest works of Strauss, who is cited typically in this argument as the most modern, the most daring, and the most successful exponent of the modern revolt in music against tradition and for an entirely free and untrammelled expression of musical thought, the intent to the musician is so evident that he who runs may read. A single instance, in itself so conclusive as to explain and justify the entire point at issue, may be adduced for the layman. Several

times in the score of his opera "Salomè," which, whatever its defects, must be classed as an epoch-making work, Strauss has made his orchestra play in several different keys or tonalities simultaneously, thereby securing absolutely new tonal relations and sound values, and approximating in effect the intervals of the subdivided Eastern scales hitherto unknown to, and unheard by most of us. Here is not alone palpable intent, but also notable result; for it must be confessed that these are the most thrilling, impressive, and original moments of a score so original as to be absolutely unique. And when we admit this, we also admit the practical downfall and wiping out of all previous traditional theory and practice, and the beginning of a new musical era, when, all limitations and restrictions to the entirely free expression of musical thought having been removed, what is now a revolt will become a revolution that will sweep all before it.

Again, however, the question may be asked: "Were this astounding revolution actually accomplished, the theories of Richard Strauss and all that they imply recognized as the new musical Gospel, and the subdivided scale a generally accepted fact, would the music composed under these conditions continue to be music as we now understand it?" To this, reply may be made that, in view of what has been said above regarding concord and discord, and the fact that the human ear will ultimately accept and enjoy any sound or combinations of sound conveying a definite emotional impression; and, furthermore, failing any definite and recognized canon as to what constitutes in music, from an æsthetic standpoint, that beauty which must be inherent in any art, the experience of the past alone can teach the lesson of the future. Wagner's "Music of the Future" has, in a single generation, become the music of the present; far less revolutionary in tendency than the present revolt headed by Strauss, its beginnings were marked by uproar and the din of critical battle, while the new movement strides ahead, helped rather than hindered by respectful critical comment. The world moves rapidly these days. The musical world learned much from Wagner, and accepted it—finally; it may learn more from Strauss, and there seems no good reason to doubt the same final acceptance for the newer knowledge. Strauss is the logical development of Wagner, as Wagner was of Beethoven. Art, to remain vital, must develop; and will develop as long as the development is logical and sequential.

But there is another aspect of what we have styled the modern Revolt in Music, a psychological, emotional and temperamental aspect, which has been, perhaps, the most powerful factor in determining the scope and direction of the revolt against hidebound tradition and formal theory now under discussion. Music is first and foremost an emotional art; and those who practise it are more often swayed by their feelings than by their faculties. Who among the army of brain-workers in many fields has not felt and writhed under the lash of the arbitrary "Thou shalt not." Who has not felt the despair of the inevitable, the tragedy of routine, sink like iron into his very soul? Some such feeling as actuated the man who committed suicide because he was tired of getting up, and going to bed, has come to every brain-worker possessed of even a spark of the divine fire. Imagine, then, the creative musician, with soul afire, seeking an outlet for thoughts beyond words, hemmed in, bound down by forbidden intervals and prohibited progressions, harmonies not allowed, chords interdicted, and resolutions proscribed; the chains and fetters, centuries old, of monastic scholiasts. Imagine a poet, or essayist, compelled to end each verse or paragraph with some set phrase such as "This is the end"! And yet this is what the musician who adheres to the stereotyped antiquated formula of the Cadence is forced to do daily. The writer may terminate his thought where, when and how he pleases; while the musician must declare his thought ended forty times during its expression, by a cadence, tacked on much after the fashion of the "Q. E. D." of a problem of Euclid.

But, now that the archaic bugaboo of consecutive fifths and octaves, and the like, has been safely laid by the heels in the limbo of musty tradition, may not the musician inquire: "If consecutive fifths and octaves, why not consecutive augmented fourths or any other interval either in harmony or melodic progression?" And the answer must be: "Why not, indeed, when the whole question has been shown to be one of aural adjustment and assimilation?" We must again insist that no purely arbitrary restrictions proven such by practice and experience, which contain no inherent and self-evident elements of æsthetic right or wrong, can be permanent in a purely emotional art like music. Hence a revolt against all such restrictions was sooner or later inevitable. That it has taken the direction of absolute and untrammelled liberty, not to

say license—and be it remembered that license has been ever the attendant of successful revolutionary movements—cannot be wondered at, when we consider the temperamental and emotional aspects of the men involved, and the essential character of their work. And after license, greater or less, comes reaction; and when the ear, tortured beyond the possibility of endurance or acceptance, refuses further acoustic vagaries or experiments, we may be in a position to formulate definite canons of what is or is not æsthetic beauty in music, and govern the art accordingly.

One may scoff, sneer at and deride even the idea of the revolution foreshadowed in this modern Revolt; may call it impossible, impracticable and useless. The same was said of the electric telegraph little more than half a century ago; and to-day the phonograph and wireless telegraphy are but ordinary incidents in our daily life. But, say what we will, think as we may, believe or doubt as our attitude of mind is liberal or narrow, progressive or reactionary, the modern revolt in music, as typified in the works of the arch-innovator Richard Strauss, is with us, and advancing in importance and influence with giant strides.

And because of it, the musical world to-day is confronted with an unusual dilemma. Either we must accept the music of Strauss and all that it implies, and thereby admit the possibility, at least, of such consequent organic changes in the art as have been outlined above; or we must reject it as outside the proper limitations of music, and admit that the boundary-line which cannot be passed has been reached, the last word in musical form and expression spoken, and that, after two centuries of constant sequential development, music has become a dead art.

No; a thousand times, no!

Even a cursory glance at existing musical conditions is sufficient to show that, at the present moment, music is farther than ever from being a dead art. The whole musical atmosphere is charged with the unrest of progress, the desire of new things; and, unless all signs fail, it can hardly be doubted that we stand to-day on the threshold of a revolution involving a reconstruction of our present scale, so important and far-reaching that it bids fair to change the face of the musical world.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

BY FINANCIER.

ALMOST every one appreciates the difficulty of accumulating money; a constantly increasing number are learning that the wise investment of funds after their acquisition is not an easy task. There is a growing inquiry for information regarding the best use to which to put funds, in order that not only may the repayment be assured, but also that the yield may be as large as is consonant with safety.

The United States Census Bureau estimates that the wealth of the United States increases about four billions of dollars a year; in other words, every time the sun sets, our wealth is about $10,000,000 greater than it was at the close of the day before. The reinvestment of this enormous accretion, or at least of that part of the increase which is available for reinvestment, constitutes an enormous task and one in which more and more people are interested each year.

The simplest form of investment is a loan. The borrower agrees to return to the lender, after a certain period, the amount advanced, and, in addition, a specified sum called "interest," which represents to the borrower the value of the use of the money borrowed for the time agreed upon.

Nearly every form of investment, even under the complex development of modern economic conditions, if properly analyzed, resolves itself into a loan of some sort. If one deposits money in a savings-bank or trust company, he but loans the money to the bank; if he buys a mortgage, he loans to the owner of the mortgaged property, while if he buys a bond he becomes the creditor of a corporation.

This classification of investors as lenders neglects investments in real estate, in stocks or in business enterprises, because, when

one makes a purchase of this kind, he does so, not with the idea of receiving his principal back after a certain time, *plus* interest for its use, but he anticipates more particularly a profit from the venture. He anticipates that this profit will be more than would be the interest on his outlay. So he assumes a greater risk than he would have incurred had he desired an investment only.

It is the purpose of this article to consider the relative value of some of the more common forms of pure investment.

For the man who has a small sum of idle money which he wishes to use in such a way that it will bring him in some return, there is probably no better place for his funds than a savings-bank. Many people, however, have savings-bank deposits aggregating thousands of dollars each, and it is something of a question whether or not such individuals have made the wisest choice in placing their funds. Savings-banks are, as a class, conservatively managed, and therefore the risk attaching to a savings-bank deposit is not great. Savings-banks in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and some other States are especially noted for their strength. In New York, a savings-bank is a philanthropic institution. It has no capital stock and the depositors are entitled to the benefit of all the earnings. The trustees, or directors, serve without salary. Moreover, the character of the investments, in which the deposits may be placed, is carefully prescribed.

In many States, however, saving-banks are stock corporations and are organized primarily to make money for their owners. They are not restricted as to their investments. The owners, in order to pay dividends on the stock, and, at the same time, to allow an attractive rate on the savings deposits, occasionally make hazardous or speculative investments with the hope of obtaining large profits. Such ventures not infrequently end in disaster, with a resulting loss to the bank-depositors.

There are each year some instances of defalcations on the part of savings-bank officers or employees. While the aggregate amount of losses due to such peculations is small, the depositor, in entrusting his savings to the officials of the bank, always risks the possibility of a betrayal of the trust.

Savings-banks, if conservatively managed, cannot pay a high rate of interest, and the depositor—if he will take the trouble to investigate—will find, in many cases, that there are other suitable forms of investment, which, while offering equal or superior

security to that afforded by the bank, at the same time yield a better return than the interest paid by the bank.

Loans, secured by real-estate mortgages, pay, as a class, higher rates than savings-banks deposits, but this form of investment offers certain difficulties to the average investor. Before the lender can be assured as to the safety of the loan, he must know all about the property, he must be able to appraise its value and he should also know something about the character of the borrower. Even if the value of the property offers adequate security, the investor does not wish to go through the tedious and technical process of foreclosure in order to collect his loan. Mortgage loans are not readily marketable, nor are they easily divisible, and therefore a lender on a mortgage, if he wishes to use a part or all of his money prior to the maturity of the loan, runs the risk of encountering much difficulty in trying to dispose of his security. A mortgage loan cannot readily be used as collateral should the owner desire to borrow on it. The lack of convertibility or "marketability" is one of the chief objections to mortgages as investments. Their lack of availability is another. It is not easy, ordinarily, to obtain a mortgage for just the amount you may wish to invest, running just the length of time you desire, and, at the same time, secured by a piece of property such as you care to loan upon.

Companies have been organized during the past few years whose business it is to make large loans on mortgages, and to sell small participations, of $100, $500 or $1,000, in the larger loans. Some companies add their guarantee to the loans when they sell them. The interposition of such a company between the borrower and the lender, if the company is honestly and wisely managed, is of great assistance to the latter. For its services the company, of course, charges a fee in one form or another, and this reduces the yield of the mortgage loan correspondingly. The lender is compensated, however, by the additional security and the more convenient form in which the loan is available.

Investment bonds form another and most important outlet for surplus funds. In many ways bonds constitute the most satisfactory investment available for the ordinary man. They are issued in convenient denominations, they are readily convertible into cash, and, if properly selected, the payment of the principal and interest is as sure as any future events well can be.

The convenience with which the interest and principal of a bond are collected offers a further advantage. If the bond is registered in the name of the owner, the interest is mailed to him by check, periodically, usually twice a year. If he has a coupon bond, the semi-annual interest coupons may be collected through any bank. The principal, likewise, may be collected through a bank or by presenting the bond at the agency of the issuing corporation.

The usual denomination of a bond is $1,000. Some bonds are issued in $500 pieces, and a few of $100 each are obtainable. It is probable that more and more of the smaller bonds will be issued in the future, as the small investor becomes better acquainted with the advantages of bond-purchasing.

In France, which is known as a nation of investors, and where the custom of bond-buying is more general than in any other country, the usual denomination of securities is 500 francs, the approximate equivalent of $100.

With the bewildering assortment of railroad bonds, government and municipal bonds, public corporation bonds and industrial bonds available in the markets, the investor, even if predisposed to purchase a security of this class, naturally finds considerable difficulty in making a selection.

Generally speaking, there is no safer security than a first-mortgage bond of an established railroad which serves a well-settled section of the country.

Railroad bonds are better than the bonds of an industrial corporation, for instance, because the earnings of a railroad are more stable, more even, in good times and bad, than are the earnings of almost any other form of industry. If a railroad's earnings are fairly well maintained, even though the country in general may be suffering from a period of business adversity, of course the road will be able to continue the payment of its bond interest. Railroad earnings are adversely affected during periods of business depression, but to a less extent than other lines of business; and, if the road is conservatively bonded, the payment of the interest on its obligations is not jeopardized.

The steadiness of railroad earnings is due to the economic necessity of transportation under all conditions. To realize this fact, imagine what would happen were all of our railroads to stop running for a single week. Our cities would be devastated as by a famine. If it were winter, thousands would freeze to death. Life

for those who survived would be revolutionized. It is not necessary to pursue this line of thought further, because such a condition will never be experienced.

The transportation industry differs from other industries in the diversity of its business. It is not dependent upon the demand for any one thing. During business panics, some industries languish, some almost entirely suspend operations, but this is never true of all lines of business. However much one industry may be reduced or even if all are depressed, what business remains is carried on only with the aid of the railroads and by supplying them traffic.

A first mortgage on a railroad, serving a well-populated territory, the business of which consists of supplying a necessity, offers unquestionable security for a loan, and for that reason the bonds of such a corporation rank high among investment securities.

FINANCIER.

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL.

BY HUGH H. LUSK.

It is now some years since a note of alarm was sounded in Europe in connection with the future of the Mongolian race. The credit of this warning was given to the German Kaiser, who was supposed by some to have reasons of his own for turning public attention to possible dangers at a distance rather than to actual complications nearer home. It is needless to dwell on these speculations now. The possibilities of fifteen years ago have in this, as in many other things, given place to the experiences of the last three or four, and the question of the future of the peoples of eastern Asia in their relations to the rest of the world has made an immense stride from the realm of abstract discussion towards that of actual world politics.

The evolution of Japan, and her sudden leap into prominence as a naval and military Power, have been the immediate cause of this change; yet it may be doubted whether it has not tended rather to mislead than to enlighten many of the public in this country on some of the larger aspects of the question. To most of us Japan stands to-day for Mongolia, and her interesting and energetic people for the Mongolian race. Japan's ambitions and projects in the Western Pacific, her designs on Korea, and the covetous eyes she is supposed to have cast on the Philippines: for most people in America these are the really important, as well as the immediately interesting, questions of the Orient to-day. There is an uneasy feeling abroad that The Yellow Peril may turn out to be real enough, but it is supposed by many that instead of a repetition of the Middle Age invasion of Europe it will take the form of a naval war in the Pacific Ocean, and a possible bombardment of American cities on the western coast of this continent. Looking at the recent history of eastern Asia and the adjacent islands,

Japan, with her naval, military and industrial activities, seems very naturally, to most people, to embrace everything worth considering—for the present, at any rate—in the political movements of the Mongolian race. This impression, however, is certainly a mistaken one. Only half a century has passed since Japan began to awaken to some perception of the conditions and possibilities of modern civilization; and since then she has accomplished enough in various directions to leave the Caucasian world almost lost in speculation as to what she will do next. From an old-world civilization, easily confounded by our own people with barbarism, they have awakened with a rapidity that was startling to a modern life of commerce and industry, of applied science and liberal politics, of practical economics and advanced national organization, such as a dozen centuries have been hardly sufficient to teach the nations of Europe. The phenomenon is sufficiently startling to make us lose sight of the fact that, while they are undoubtedly a remarkable people, the Japanese are by no means unique in any of the characteristics that have gone in their case to the rapid development of a great national progress. These characteristics are not so much Japanese as Mongolian. The same dogged pursuance of a purpose once taken up; the same remarkable faculty for imitating the arts and learning the methods of other nations that appeal to them as useful; the same capacity for organization, and the same readiness to sacrifice the individual for the advancement of the common object, are to be found in the whole race occupying eastern Asia, as truly, if not yet to our eyes as conspicuously, as in the people of Japan itself.

Should there exist anything that may be looked on as a peril for the civilized world in the awakening of the peoples of Mongolian race, therefore, from the sleep of so many centuries, it is one that is by no means confined to Japan. We might even go farther and say that it is one in which the place of Japan, though prominent, is comparatively a small one, after all. Japan herself, it must be remembered, is but a small kingdom, and her people stand by no means in the front rank of the nations in population. It is true that her islands are crowded, and that her people would be glad of more room for expansion; and this, as all history bears witness, is the primary cause of national aggression. But as yet, at any rate, this need of room for expansion exists on no large scale in the case of Japan. She has already, within the last few

years, acquired the large island of Formosa, and she is now engaged in arranging for a still larger outlet for her surplus population by the annexation of the Korean peninsula. It will be years before the new territory thus secured will have been fully occupied; and if it should be found possible, by a friendly arrangement with this country, for her to assume the protectorate of the Philippine Islands, a very considerable time would certainly elapse before Japan would feel to any considerable extent the strain of the problem of national expansion.

And in the absence of this there is very little cause to anticipate national aggression on the part of Japan. There is a spirit of unrest abroad among her people, it is true—the aftermath of the great awakening of the last half-century—but there is also a strong perception of proportionate values, characteristic of her public men, and by no means wanting in the nation at large, which rises to the level of that virtue of common sense so long valued as a special possession of their own by the race to which we belong. Under any ordinary circumstances, this quality may be depended on to prevent Japan from doing anything rash in the field of world politics. The Mongolian temperament is essentially a practical one, and neither Japan nor China will be found ready to sacrifice much to the merely ideal. It will be found that, even while they assert their claim to equal treatment, they will ask for nothing unreasonable in itself, and even this they will be in no hurry to demand at the cannon's mouth.

It may be asked whether, if this conclusion is correct, we may dismiss "The Yellow Peril" as a mere bogy man, terrible only to children? The answer must be in the negative. There is a real Mongolian peril in existence now: it is one that is growing, and is certain to continue to grow in the near future; it is one also that cannot be too carefully considered and provided against by all nations that value that form of civilization which is essentially Caucasion both in form and spirit. The peril is not, in the first instance, at any rate, one that can be measured by fleets and armies; it does not depend on the ambition of statesmen, or the longing of successful soldiers to achieve further conquests; it is, in fact, a more serious thing than these, and in the long run it may very well be found to embrace these among its incidents. The peril is the oldest and the most natural one that can arise to disturb human arrangements: the problem of population.

It is probable that to-day not very far short of a third part of the human race is Mongolian. The exact numbers are not known, it is true, but a sufficiently close estimate can be formed, and that points to the conclusion that somewhere about five hundred millions of human beings—probably more rather than less—live to-day in the countries of China, Korea and Japan, and belong practically to the same family of nations, with similar ideals, religious and social, with closely allied languages, and with an old civilization, once active and progressive, but for many centuries fallen into a curious lethargy. The example of Japan shows clearly that the long lethargy of the race has not indicated the final decay of its energy, and that an almost phenomenal awakening may be looked for when the race has been brought into contact with the newer Caucasian civilization. The feature of the case that is really vital, however, is that, while the increase of population among the races occupying China and Japan appears to be remarkable, the territory which they at present occupy is wholly insufficient in extent to support the people under conditions of improved civilization. Japan has awakened to this fact, and has already taken steps to remedy the evil by the extension of her territory: China is now in the very act of awaking, and the question which constitutes the peril of Western or Caucasian civilization is, how, and in what direction, her expansion will take place. That an expansion must take place is, it would seem, inevitable. All experience, as well as logical reason, points to the conclusion that, as only a certain number of human beings can be maintained by any country, the increase of population beyond that limit must mean migration. When—as in past ages—the world was largely unoccupied by mankind, the solution of the problem was comparatively simple: it meant only that the race moved on. In this way Europe, and more recently America, became the scene of racial expansion, and in every case recorded in history some weaker race had to give way before the newcomers, impelled by a pressure caused in some form or other by the increase of population. To-day the problem of racial expansion is complicated by the greater force and vitality of so many of the races that now occupy most parts of the globe fit for human habitation.

That which was easy in the times when Europe was young; that which was not very difficult when the surplus life and energy of Europe in its turn overflowed into America, must become difficult

in another way when the races of eastern Asia overflow their territorial limits, and come into collision with Caucasian civilization in the act of doing so. The real peril of the matter is not to be found so much in the mere competition for space—though that, in the long run, may be serious enough—as in the collision and competition of civilizations. We are already familiar in America with a collision of races in the case of our negro problem, and it is sufficiently serious, as all thinking men are aware; but, after all, that problem is only racial. The negro has no civilization and no fixed ideals of his own. All that he can possibly claim in this way he has got from ourselves. With the Mongolian races it is different; and therein lies the danger of the coming problem.

The countries most immediately interested in the problem are, of course, those most accessible to an overflowing Chinese population, and now occupied by peoples representing our own Caucasian civilization. These are, it need hardly be said, to be found either in America—chiefly in North America—or in Australia. The question of accessibility by land, which determined such questions in past ages, cannot be considered important in this case. The breadth of Asia, which recent events have shown to be an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of a successful invasion under arms, is for many reasons much more impassable to a wholesale immigration; and even were this less true than it is, the ocean to-day is in nearly every respect far more easy to cross for such purposes than the land. Half a century ago Japan had practically no ocean-going ships; even thirty years ago she had very few: to-day she has fleets of all kinds of vessels, from the ocean liner to the four-masted trading schooner, and her ship-building yards can produce as many more as may be required at short notice. What is true of Japan will in a few years be true of China, only the scale is likely to be a larger one in proportion to the extent of the empire, the numbers of the people, and the vast, though as yet undeveloped, resources of the country. When the surplus population of China fully awakens to the need and the possibility of expansion into new countries, there will be no difficulty in finding means of transport. And in the case of China, far more than in that of Japan, this need of greater territorial space will be one of the first discoveries of her awakened people. Already, as we know, the discovery is being made, though as yet on a scale that is trifling compared with what may be looked for

as soon as the new ideas of human and social betterment that have come with our modern civilization get a firm grip on the imagination of the mass of the people of China. The overflow of a population of four hundred and fifty millions, hitherto confined to a country which is certainly not capable of supporting three hundred millions in accordance with civilized ideas, must be a great one: the really practical question is, Where will they go to?

Like every other overflow of which we have any experience, it is safe to say that it will follow the line of least resistance. In the limited case of Japan, this line has been found so far to lead into Korea, on the one side, and into Formosa, with indications of a further extension to the Philippines and Hawaii, on the other. In the vastly larger instance of continental Mongolia, its tendency will inevitably be to go farther afield. It may be said that there are great islands to the south, and southwest of China that seem to invite such an occupation, and would probably be benefited by it on the whole. Borneo, and even New Guinea, are such islands, and they are at present sparsely occupied by savage tribes who would certainly have no civilization of their own that need object to intimate contact with the reanimated civilization of China. And it is more than likely that a large Chinese population will within the next twenty years finds its way into these islands. To a certain extent, such an immigration has begun already, and when the tide fairly sets in it will almost certainly prove irresistible. The most interesting question is, Will it stop there? So far as indications now existing are a guide, we may say with confidence that, unless conditions can be modified, it certainly will not. The island continent of Australia has for many years past been attractive to Chinese adventurers. Since the comparatively early days of gold-digging in Australia the Chinaman has been a well-known figure there. His numbers, indeed, were not comparatively large, but his industry was conspicuous, and his dogged perseverance, and consequent success under discouraging circumstances, commanded a kind of respect, in spite of the dead wall of separation always felt to exist between him and the rest of the population. With the gradual change that took place in the gold-mining industry of southern Australia from a manual to a machine-conducted industry, the original place of the Chinese adventurers seemed to be gone. Many of them turned to other pursuits, and to-day the market-gardening business for the supply of all Australian cities

is almost entirely in their hands; others, as in America, took up laundryman's work and some other trades in the towns, while many were scattered over the country as cooks on up-country stations. There exists to-day a Chinese quarter in Sydney and another in Melbourne, as characteristically Oriental as anything to be found in San Francisco.

But in the case of Australia this experience, which is, after all, familiar to our own Pacific Coast in most respects, was supplemented by something much more suggestive of future danger. Many Chinese gold-diggers were not disposed to accept a new sort of life, and these gradually drifted northwards along the coastal districts of Queensland on the east and West Australia on the west of the continent, in the hope of finding new alluvial fields on which to work. For some years they were successful, and the fields of northern Queensland and of northwestern Australia were largely frequented by Chinese diggers. None of these fields, however, proved eminently successful, and after a few years they were gradually abandoned by white men in favor of the new fields that were opened up, for the most part in southwestern Australia. In some instances the Chinese diggers followed their example, but by no means in all, and for years after the northern fields—especially in northwestern Australia—had been given up and deserted, both by diggers and Government officials, they were still frequented by roving bands of Chinamen.

Some years ago, the great territory known as the northern territory of South Australia, was formally surrendered by the State Parliament to the Federal Government of The Commonwealth, and accepted by the Federal Parliament on the ground that it was practically impossible for the State Government to deal with it. A glance at the map of Australia will explain the difficulty. The State extended from north to south through the centre of the continent, and, as the only settlement was in the extreme south, the northern half of the country was practically inaccessible from the seat of population and government, except by a voyage of fully four thousand miles. Had the country been absolutely uninhabited, it would have been immaterial what particular Government claimed authority over it; but, as a matter of fact, there had grown up an uneasy feeling that such was not the case, and was becoming less so year after year. It was more than suspected then, and it is well known now, though little is said about it in

Australia, that Chinese immigration on a very considerable scale has for some years been secretly flowing into the country.

An examination of the map will make it evident how easily this could be managed, and will also suggest how very difficult it must be to deal with the problem which it raises. The north coast of Australia, situated, roughly speaking, between the eleventh and sixteenth parallels of south latitude, may be said to be an unknown land. Owing to the deep indentations of its coast, it represents a frontage to the ocean probably little short of two thousand five hundred miles in length, which, although the first discovered part of the Australian continent, has never been really explored. The whole gulf of Carpentaria, with a coast line of more than a thousand miles, as well as the greater part of Arnheimland, representing at least five hundred more, has the usual characteristics of a tropical region, with some variations that are specially Australian. Though little is known of the country lying inland at a distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles from the coast, there is every reason to suppose that, but for its climate—which is very hot—it is calculated to support a large population. The coastal rainfall is heavy; the land is apparently rich; and the fact that a number of considerable rivers flow to the sea seems to show that the well-watered district extends farther inland than it does in most parts of the continent. There have at various times been gold discoveries made at points on both the eastern and western sides of the district, and as the fields on both sides were frequented by a good many Chinamen, some of whom lingered when European diggers gave them up, it is easy to understand how these foreigners may have learned a good deal more of the country and its capabilities than was known to any one else. At any rate, it would seem to be evident they did so. From time to time reports have reached the southern settlements that coasting vessels have found Chinamen digging or prospecting for gold, during the last ten or twelve years, and of late these have become increasingly numerous, and have in some instances taken the form of reports of regular and apparently permanent settlements. One such report which reached the authorities nearly two years ago was to the effect that one settlement of this kind was employed in the cultivation of opium on a considerable scale, and that, unlike the former experience of Australia, the population was not confined to men, but included women and children. These people had no

communication with the European settlements, but it was evident that they had frequent communication by direct trading vessels with southern China.

The problem indicated by such discoveries as these is a serious one, involving the future of Australia, and it may be of more than Australia. The policy of the Commonwealth, it need hardly be said, is very markedly antagonistic to the introduction of cheap labor, and incidentally of what are known as the inferior races, into the country; the problem would seem to be, How is this to be prevented? In the presence of a redundant population an unoccupied country must always be a desirable country, unless it labors under some great natural disadvantages. This is certainly not the case with northern Australia. In addition to this the country is accessible—more easily accessible, indeed, than most others—from the most densely peopled part of China. Almost directly to the north—with nothing between but the islands of Borneo and Celebes—at a distance of eighteen hundred miles, lies the continental Mongolian country, overcrowded almost to the utmost point of endurance; to the south, the unoccupied coast of a continent, stretching 2,400 miles from east to west, offering freedom, well-being, and conditions of untrammelled prosperity such as the race has never known in two thousand years. The Government of the Commonwealth is aware of the danger, but it is placed in a position of unusual difficulty by its dependence on the Labor Party for its very existence, and that party is bitterly opposed to the introduction of such people as Italians, Spaniards, or any other inhabitants of southern Europe, who, while they might for the present occupy the northern coast, and so aid in the exclusion of Asiatics, might in the end create a cheap labor element in the country. Many suggestions have been made, but so far nothing has been done. Meanwhile, the danger presses, and will continue to press with ever-increasing severity. Southwestern America, perhaps even Mexico, may be exposed to a serious danger of this Asiatic invasion within a few years; but northern Australia is at once the nearest and the most sparsely populated of all the countries where an early conflict of the Mongolian and Caucasian civilizations is to be feared and guarded against.

HUGH H. LUSK.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF A NATIONAL DRAMA.*

BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

It would be generally agreed among educated persons, I suppose, that the measure of a people's advance in the fine arts is the measure of their distance from the brutes; that in reality art is not merely auxiliary to civilization, but may also be claimed to be civilization itself. Ruskin says, "Life without art is mere brutality." Even religion itself becomes a crude and hideous thing the moment it is separated from art. I need not affirm the value and importance of the fine arts generally, or show how little dignity, or beauty, or refinement, or even humanity, can belong to the nation that rejects them. In England to-day, the arts of painting, music, sculpture and architecture get a very scanty and grudging recognition from Government; the drama gets no recognition whatever. Now, I do not wish to put the drama into competition or comparison with the other arts, or to claim for it any preeminence over them. In any cultivated and well-organized society, all the arts should have their due and separate spheres of influence, and all should meet with equal marks of national recognition and esteem.

But I hope I shall be justified in saying that no other art is so intimately and vitally concerned with the daily national life as is the drama. No other art so nearly touches and shapes conduct and practice. No other art can so swiftly move our thoughts and feelings, or stir our passions, or inspire and direct our actions. In sheer momentum, in vitality of impulse, in present and penetrating power and persuasion, all the other arts are dead and imaginary things, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," compared with the drama. If we wish to inspire our millions of

* This article is based upon a lecture prepared for and delivered at the Royal Institution of England.

English-speaking citizens with enthusiasm for great national ideals; if we wish to persuade them to care for the things that are more excellent, for the things of the intellect and the spirit; if we wish to sweeten their manners, to refine their tastes, to create, in their lives, a daily beauty instead of a daily ugliness, what instrument could be so swiftly and surely operative to these ends as a wisely conceived, wisely regulated and wisely encouraged national drama? In the widest and truest sense I claim that, in a closely packed democracy, the drama is and must be an increasingly powerful teacher, either of bad manners or good manners, of bad literature or good literature, of bad habits or good habits. Potentially, it is the cheapest, the easiest, the most winning, the most powerful teacher of that great science which it so much concerns every one of us to know thoroughly—the science of wise living.

Consider for a moment the millions of people living sedentary, monotonous lives. The great majority of them have toiled during the day at desks, in factories, in shops, and warehouses, and offices, at some mere routine task, which, instead of quickening the powers of their minds, has rather clogged and deadened them. Now the dreary routine of the day is over, and these millions have gone forth to search for relaxation and amusement. I will ask you to enlarge the spaces of imagery in your minds until they contain seating capacity for hundreds of thousands of persons, perhaps millions. Try to conceive all the vast audiences at a particular moment assembled in all the theatres and music-halls of the English-speaking world. Summon them all before you. Multiply row after row, tier above tier, crowd upon crowd, listening, watching, laughing, weeping, hushed, applauding; here, catching a moment of responsive rapture from some heroic sentiment; there, grinning and chuckling at some half-veiled indecency; here, tasting the fine flavor of a choice Shakespearian passage; there, working themselves into a frenzy of vicarious valour by the cheapest jingo bluster; here, melting and sobbing over some scene of domestic pathos; there rolling and roaring over some piece of stale buffoonery; here, mystified and awed by the tricks of the scene-shifter; there, startled and impressed by some searchlight flash into the human heart; here, peeping and leering at a ballet-girl's skirts; there, watching some vivid sketch of character; here, being stupefied, imbruted, coarsened and vulgarized; there, being charmed exhilarated, humanized, vitalized.

Again for a moment survey these myriads of amusement-seekers; catch the echoes of their "innumerable laughter"; the whirlwinds of their applause; put your finger on these millions of beating pulses. Consider how enormous, how far-reaching, how operative, not only upon manners, but upon conduct and character, must be the effect upon them of what occupies their evening hours of leisure. For the great majority of them the hours of the day are dull and lifeless with mechanical, uninspiring labor. It is only in these two or three evening hours that nine-tenths of our population can be said to live at all. Surely, it is a matter of supreme importance in the national economy whether a nation has a drama or no; whether it is fostered, organized and honored; or whether it is neglected, disorganized and despised.

For myself, outside the great permanent concerns of government—the defence of the country; the guarding of the national finances; the enforcement of law—outside a few such great matters, I cannot see what question has more intrinsic importance, or could so fittingly engage the attention of legislators. I will beg leave then to affirm, on behalf of these myriads of amusement-seekers, that it is desirable to have a national English drama and a national American drama; wisely regulated, wisely encouraged, thoroughly organized, suitably housed, recognized and honored as one of the fine arts.

Perhaps it will be advisable to inquire what a national drama is or should be, what it should do for the people. Clearly, the first function of drama is to represent life and character by means of a story in action; its second and higher function is to interpret life by the same means. But the first and fundamental purpose of the drama is to represent life.

If this sounds like a platitude, I will ask how many plays at the present moment on the English-speaking stage are representing life, or even pretending to do so? How many theatregoers trouble to ask themselves whether they are seeing a picture of life? How many theatregoers judge the play and the dramatist by that simple test? I will ask further, "Do nine out of ten of the present generation of English or American theatregoers look upon the theatres as anything but a funny place where funny people do funny things, intermixed with songs and dances, and where they are to be amused on the lowest intellectual level?"

If playgoers will carefully listen to the remarks and judgments

upon plays that come within their ear-shot during the next few months—even from cultivated men and women—I think that they will come to the conclusion that the playgoing public have for the most part lost all sense that the drama is the art of representing life, and that there is a keen and high pleasure to be got out of it on that level. By the representation of life I do not mean that the drama should copy the crude actualities of the street and the home. Very often the highest truths of life and character cannot be brought into a realistic scheme. The drama must always remain, like sculpture, a highly conventional art; and its greatest achievements will always be wrought under wide and large and astounding conventions. Shakespeare's plays are not untrue to life because they do not perpetually phonograph the actual conversations of actual persons. In the past, the greatest examples of drama have been set in frankly poetic, fantastic and unrealistic schemes. But whether a play is poetic, realistic or fantastic, its first purpose should be the representation of life, and the implicit enforcement of the great plain simple truths of life. Realistically, or poetically, or fantastically, it should show you the lives and characters of men and women; and it should do this by means of a carefully chosen, carefully planned and always moving story.

Now, let us take a glance at the London theatres and see what is being done there. They are fairly indicative of what is going on all over England. Gradually, during the last dozen years—gradually, but ever more boldly and more successfully—the greater number of the fashionable theatres of London have disassociated themselves from any attempts to present a picture of English life, or of life of any kind; and have given an entertainment more and more approaching to a series of music-hall sketches, songs and dances, threaded together by no rational, or plausible or possible story. The same dozen years have seen the bankruptcy of the leading Shakespearian theatre, and the dissolution of the aims and ambitions and hopes connected with it. At one or two other theatres there have been very beautiful and, one is delighted to say, fairly successful Shakespearian and poetic productions. But these Shakespearian productions have been mainly successful by reason of their pictorial elements; not mainly on account of their acting, or their poetry. The manager who, at great cost, with immense pains and research, puts on a play of Shakespeare, takes his managerial life in his hands. He thinks himself lucky if he

can run it for a hundred nights and get back his expenses; while his neighbor, who puts up the latest piece of musical tomfoolery and buffoonery, is sure of the immense and cordial support of the public, of enormous and universal good-will, and of a prosperous run of many hundred nights.

Turning to the drama of modern English life, we meet with corresponding tendencies and tastes on the part of the playgoing public. Here I must use some reserve, lest I be accused of making this a personal matter. First, let me gratefully acknowledge the immense favors I have received at the hands of the American and English playgoers. Next, let me disclaim that I speak with any sense of present soreness or disappointment. It is by the continued grace and favor of American and English playgoers, it is by virtue of the rewards and recognition they have bestowed upon me, that I am able to speak quite frankly and fearlessly on this subject. Disclaiming, then, any personal soreness and disappointment, I will say that I think we may all, playgoers, actors, critics, authors, feel great disappointment and very great apprehension on account of the present prospects of the modern English-speaking drama.

Ten years ago, we seemed to be advancing towards a serious drama of English life; we began to gather round us a public who came to the theatre prepared to judge a modern play by a higher standard than the number of jokes, tricks, antics and songs it contained. To-day the English dramatist, who pays his countrymen the compliment of writing a play in which he attempts to paint their daily life for them in a serious straightforward way, finds that he is not generally judged upon this ground at all; he is not generally judged and rewarded according to his ability to paint life and character; he is generally judged according to his ability to amuse the audiences without troubling them to think. And I believe that this tendency on the part of the English playgoers to demand mere titbits of amusement, and to reject all study of life and character in the theatre, has largely increased during the past ten years, and is still increasing. Insomuch we may say that the legitimate purpose of the drama—which is to paint life and character and passion—is to-day lost sight of in the demand for mere thoughtless entertainment, whose one purpose is, not to show the people their lives, but to provide them with a means of escape from their lives. That is to say, the pur-

pose of the entertainments provided in our most successful theatres is, indeed, the very opposite to the legitimate purpose of the drama, the very negation and suffocation of any serious or thoughtful drama whatever.

I do not say that one or two of us may not get in an occasional success of a hundred and fifty nights with a comedy, or even with a play of serious interest, if by a miraculous chance one can get it suitably played. But any play of great serious interest, such as would meet with instant and great recognition and reward in France or Germany, is most likely to be condemned and censured by the mass of English playgoers as "unpleasant." I am aware that it is useless to condemn a man for not paying to be bored or disgusted. But the fact that he is bored and disgusted raises the further question: "Why is he bored and disgusted?"

I question whether any subject has recently gathered around it such a thick fungus of cant and ignorance as that of the "problem play." For a number of years past the parrot-phrase, "problem play," has been applied to almost every play that attempts to paint sincerely any great passion, any great reality of human life. No doubt, great extravagances and absurdities were committed by the swarm of foolish doctrinaire playwrights who tried to imitate Ibsen. But the stream of just contempt that was poured upon these absurdities has run over its bounds, and has almost swamped all sincere and serious play-writing in England.

I was talking to a comfortable English matron some little time back. "Oh, I hope we sha'n't have any more of those dreadful problem plays!" she exclaimed. "I like a nice pretty love-story, where everything ends happily." I could not help inquiring: "My dear lady, have you ever read your Bible?" A day or two after that, I met a middle-aged man in a club, a member of one of our oldest families. "I don't like these problem plays," he said; "I like legs!" Now, these were representative playgoers, and they resented that the theatre should be used for its legitimate purpose of representing life. And, so far as one can judge, this feeling has been largely spreading amongst playgoers during late years, and is still gaining ground.

Now I do not decry popular entertainment. We may cordially recognize that nearly all our American and English theatres are well conducted and are clean and sanitary. There is scarcely a suburban theatre in London or New York that in its interior

arrangements does not put to shame the leading Paris theatres. Further, we may cordially recognize that, if most of the entertainments might more fittingly be described as "tomfoolery" than as "drama," yet a good deal of it is very excellent tomfoolery, and for the most part quite harmless. Some of it is, indeed, very ignoble, and one can frequently detect little witless and smirking indecencies and allusions. And these ribaldries seem to me far more degrading, far more poisonous to morality, than the broadest, frankest Rabelaisian mirth, or than that bold and fearless handling of the darker side of human nature which is so loudly reviled in realistic plays.

But, on the whole, it may be very cordially recognized that, granted it be the chief business of the English-speaking theatre to supply the public with bright and clever tomfoolery, then we may own that the theatres are doing their duty. I say there is a very considerable alloy of very ignoble stuff, and a great deal of funny business which strikes one as very dreary and mirthless. I have never been able to understand why a "funny" man is less of a nuisance on the stage than he would be in a drawing-room. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when the "funny" man will be esteemed as great a nuisance in the theatre as he is in ordinary life. But many of the artists who appear in these musical pieces have an alertness and vivacity, a way of sending their lines home, a power of keeping their audiences awake, which one rarely finds amongst our ordinary actors. And this is, doubtless, one of the causes of the comparative neglect of our spoken drama.

Meantime, let me again disclaim any feeling of anger or jealousy against popular amusement in itself. It is one of the first necessities of those who lead monotonous lives that they should be amused. But the point I wish to make is this: Popular amusement is not the art of the drama; it provides an entirely different and lower pleasure from that given by the drama. Yet the drama is hopelessly confused in the public mind with popular amusement, and has to compete with popular amusement by sinking its own legitimate aims and ambitions. The drama, which is the art of representing life, is not judged from that standpoint at all; it lives a fitful hand-to-mouth existence according as it happens to provide popular entertainment, and it is judged and rewarded almost entirely on that level.

Suppose that the English and American nations suddenly lost their taste for musical comedy and developed a passion for the game of ninepins. And suppose the rage became so great that all our fashionable theatres were turned into bowling-alleys. Suppose the confusion of ideas on the subject of ninepins and the drama was as great as that which now exists on the subject of musical comedy and the drama. A lover of the drama might have no objection to ninepins, might indeed be a lover of the game; but, if the drama were threatened with extinction on account of the rage, he would surely be right to urge: "There is nothing criminal in your love for ninepins, but it is not the drama; in your rage to spend an empty evening and amuse yourself, you are killing a fine art."

It is not entirely the fault of the public. Doubtless, some of the fault must rest upon the dramatists. Why don't we turn out a succession of masterpieces? In reply to this, I have to urge a fact that is scarcely suspected by either playgoers or critics—yet a fact that governs the whole art or business of playwriting. A dramatic author is mainly conditioned in his choice and treatment of subjects and themes by the possibility of getting them adequately played and adequately stage-managed at a theatre of repute. When a play is wrongly or inadequately represented, it is always the author who is held responsible. Now, it is useless to blame actors or managers for the state of things which, if it has not entirely killed serious dramatic art in England, has completely paralyzed it. The fault is our present system. It is almost hopeless under our present system to write plays of great passion or serious intellectual import. In the region of mere drawing-room comedy, in the reproduction of certain little aspects of daily life, we have attained a high degree of perfection. We have in England a number of actors and actresses who can faithfully copy the behavior of average persons in ordinary moments and situations, and the small mannerisms and habits of their different classes. We have a few very gifted actors and actresses who can do more than this; but many of our leading actors and actresses are wofully deficient in the technique of their art; some of them are barely acquainted with the rudiments of elocution; the best of them are scarcely on a level in this respect with the average members of a municipal theatre in France. So that, alike for the adequate representation of Shake-

speare and of our classical comedies, and for the adequate representation of any play of modern life that tries to deal in a great way with great emotions, great phases of our present civilization, or great intellectual ideas—alike for these two classes of play we have no trained body of actors ready to interpret an author in such a way that the public may get at his meaning. Nor have we a trained body of playgoers ready to appreciate and respond to the author and actors.

I hope from my arguments that it will be clear that it is desirable to have a national drama. It is also desirable for us to set about its organization in earnest. Let me state what the English and American people must do if they wish to have a national drama:

1. To distinguish and separate our drama from popular amusement; to affirm and reaffirm that popular amusement and the art of the drama are totally different things; and that there is a higher and greater pleasure to be obtained from the drama than from popular amusement.

2. To found a national or *répertoire* theatre where high and severe literary and artistic standards may be set; where great traditions may be gradually established and maintained amongst authors, actors, critics and audiences.

3. To insure so far as possible that the dramatist shall be recognized and rewarded when and in so far as he has painted life and character, and not when and in so far as he has merely tickled and amused the populace.

4. To bring our acted drama again into living relation with English literature; to dissolve the foolish prejudice and contempt that literature now shows for the acted drama; to win from literature the avowal that the drama is the most live, the most subtle, the most difficult form of literature; to beg that plays shall be read and judged by literary men who are also judges of the acted drama. To bring about a general habit of reading plays such as prevails in France.

5. To inform our drama with a broad, sane, and profound morality; a morality that neither dreads, nor wishes to escape from, the permanent facts of human life and the permanent passions of men and women; a morality akin to the morality of the Bible and of Shakespeare; a morality equally apart from the morality that is practised amongst wax dolls and from the moral-

ity that allows the present sniggering, veiled indecencies of popular farce and musical comedy.

6. To give our actors and actresses a constant and thorough training in widely varied characters, and in the difficult and intricate technique of their art; so that in place of our present crowd of intelligent amateurs, we may have a large body of competent artists to interpret and vitalize great characters and great emotions in such a way as to render them credible, and interesting, and satisfying to the public.

7. To break down so far as possible, and at any rate in some theatres, the present system of long runs with its attendant ill effects on our performers; to establish throughout the country *répertoire* theatres and companies, to the end that the actors may get constant practice in different parts; and to the end that the author may see his play interpreted by different companies and in different ways.

8. To distinguish between the play that has failed because it has been inadequately or unsuitably interpreted, and the play that has failed on its own demerits; to distinguish between the play that has failed from the low aims or mistaken workmanship of the playwright, and the play that has failed from the low tastes of the public, or from the mistakes of casting or production.

9. To bring the drama into relation with the other arts; to cut it asunder from all flaring advertisements, and big capital letters, and from all tawdry and trumpery accessories; to establish it as a fine art.

It will be noticed that many of these proposals overlap and include each other. Virtually, they are all contained in the one pressing necessity for our drama that it shall be recognized as something distinct from popular amusement. And this one pressing necessity can be best and most effectually met by the fostering of the drama as a national art in a national theatre. If such a theatre should be established and endowed, either by the Government or by private gift, I would very gladly offer it a new play without any consideration of fees whatever.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

THE LONELINESS OF SUCCESS.

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

I REMEMBER once having a conversation with a man of very great gifts—not only of intellectual power, but with some touch of that heavenly thing which we know as wisdom, that quality which, like Love, is both old and young, calm and fiery. He had not, however, been a conspicuously successful man—though he had achieved what many people would call success—because, I think, of a rather noble lack of the faculty of practical prudence; but he had been appointed, on the day on which I spoke with him, to a post of high dignity and leisure, worthy of him, and indeed singularly enviable. I congratulated him with heartfelt pleasure, and said something about the satisfaction of seeing a man for once ideally placed. He smiled very sweetly, but perhaps a little sadly, and said: "Ah, yes; but if you knew what my dreams had once been!"

I have since often reflected how clumsily and awkwardly the world interprets the thoughts and feelings of the people who are held to be successful; I believe that it very often happens that, when such are envied and congratulated, they feel far more in need of sympathy and even compassion; that, when we think of them as strong and secure, they are often conscious far more of weakness and anxiety. We reserve our sympathy for those who fail, for those who are afflicted. But I believe that success is sometimes a heavier burden than failure, and that it often brings with it a sense of loneliness and dismay rather than a sense of satisfaction. I may be allowed, I think, to give, as an instance, the case of a man whose life I saw very close at hand—my own father—because I have already told the story of his life as frankly as I could. He may be said, judged by ordinary standards, to have been a supremely successful man. He founded

and established a great public school, and a flourishing Theological College; he organized a new Bishopric, and in the prime of his life he was put at the head of the Anglican Church. I may say candidly that I never saw any one whose success was so little of a personal pleasure to him. He rejoiced in the prosperity of the institutions over which he presided; but he never manifested the smallest pride in his achievements; he enjoyed to the full the venerable traditions and the historical associations of the posts he held, but I do not think that he ever took to himself the smallest credit for the success of his organizations, nor felt the least proud of having attained, without wealth or influence or connections, his high office. In fact, his one feeling was a sense of deep, constant and anxious responsibility, that the great interests entrusted to him should not suffer in his hands. He enjoyed whole-heartedly much of his work; but one would have thought sometimes, to hear him speak of his task, that his chief feeling was that he was unequal to it, with a sense that was almost terror at his own inadequacy and unworthiness. He would gladly have remained all his life as a Canon of Lincoln; he would have even more gladly stayed at Truro, as Bishop; and he used to look forward at times, with a sense of relief, to a day when he might be allowed to lay down the burden of the Primacy.

This partly came from his sense of the unique significance and importance of the particular work in which he was engaged; so that he always felt like Atlas, in the old mythology, bearing the weight of the heavens upon his shoulders; and like Atlas, too, he felt terribly alone on the mountain-top, and hankered all his days after a quiet life of leisure and privacy—for which, I may add, he would have been wholly unfit.

But I am sure that he was painfully conscious at all times of his loneliness. He had many friends and trusted counsellors; but he realized that, after all, the responsibility of decision and action was his alone, and that whatever line he ultimately took, he would have to bear the brunt of opposition and possible misrepresentation. Yet he was essentially a strong man, with a personality which affected every one who came in contact with him. It was hard to differ from him, impossible to contradict him; and yet he was deeply sensitive to any coldness or hostility. It certainly could not be called a consciously happy life, though

his temperament was so eager and even buoyant that he had much unconscious happiness.

Of course, temperaments vary greatly, and there are no doubt many men who owe their success to a robust tranquillity of nature, who are not disturbed by criticism and who enjoy both influence and responsibility. Indeed, there is some truth in the comment made by one who had been spending an evening in the company of several highly distinguished men, and who, on coming away, said that he was led to believe that the only requisite for success was perfect physical health.

I once had a curiously frank and intimate talk with a leading statesman, who had just effected an extraordinary change in a complex political situation by a speech of great eloquence and persuasiveness. I ventured to say to him that it must be an immense satisfaction to have achieved what he had achieved, and to have made a speech that would be memorable in the annals of debate. The great man smiled and said, "Do you know, I think it rather the other way; to have reached a certain standard entails upon one the necessity of seeing that one never falls below it; and it is more depressing, I think, to fail where one has once succeeded, than never to succeed at all." I am sure that this is a very true statement. If a man has made a name as an orator, or an artist, or a writer, any subsequent failures are blamed rather than compassionated. It is supposed and freely said that he has no business to fail; that he could do better if he chose, and that the failure must be due to inadequate preparation or to undue self-confidence; and thus the successful man, if he is also a sensitive man, has the added strain of feeling that whatever happens he must not fall below his best, and disappoint his admirers.

Of course the philosopher would intervene, and allege that it does not matter what people say; but popular approval is a good rough test of all but the highest kinds of success; and the faint reverberation of distant plaudits is as pleasant a sound in the ears of the generous man, who would fain do something to serve and please his kind, as the phantom music that comes sweetly and cheerily out of the crags, when one sings aloud the notes of a chord in a valley shut in by tall precipices. We like, all of us, to feel that we move among friends, and it is a sore trial, and one which a man need not be ashamed of dreading,

when the voice of the applauding throng becomes the thin buzzing of wasplike foes.

There are two instances that come prominently before the mind. One is the case of Ruskin, when he turned aside from his light-hearted work of transforming public taste, by persuading men with all his armory of bright epithets and shining sentences that they believed in beauty, to the heavy task of trying to mend some of the crying evils of society. What a storm of insolent abuse and incredulous obloquy fell upon him! People were as much shocked by his becoming serious and socialistic, as the old Dean was by the clergyman who talked about religion at the dinner-table. We know now that much of Ruskin's art-teaching was erroneous, and that he only substituted one convention for another; while we see every day that his ideas about work and life, however fantastically arrayed, had a basis of true perception and sound sense.

Then again there is the case of William Morris, whose followers and friends were horrified when he left his looms and his dyeing-vats, his pretty tapestries of poetry and his charming upholstery, that he might write revolutionary tirades, and lecture at street corners to wholly indifferent audiences, who, so far from sympathizing with his views and hopes, did not even know to what he was alluding. It was a mistake, but a noble mistake; and Morris, who was essentially a dreamer, recovered his footing, and went back, we may be thankful, to what was his real work — to make life beautiful, and to set open unsuspected doors, leading straight into the old world of romance and chivalry, out of dusty streets and crowded thoroughfares. But Morris suffered, though not as Ruskin suffered; and what galled him most was the barrier that his theories erected between him and his closest friends, who, he says pathetically, instead of blaming him when he failed to follow truth and light, praised him for his failures, and made merry when he returned, like the household that welcomed the Prodigal Son in the parable.

But worse even than this kind of misunderstanding, which is perhaps inevitable in the case of all prophetic natures, is the isolation to which undoubted and unquestioned success often, in itself, condemns a man. He can depend on no one, he can take counsel with no one; none can help or sustain him; he is surrounded with envy, when he yearns for sympathy; he is

praised for his strength, when he desires to confess his weakness. He sees comradeship and generous love lavished upon feeble and struggling persons; but people tend to feel that the successful man, like the Scribe and the Pharisee, *has his reward;* and under the praise and honor lavished upon him by his warmest admirers there runs an unexpressed condition, that he shall continue to lead and guide and inspire. The sense of responsibility that this engenders is not infrequently attended with disaster to a man's best ideals. Instead of pursuing the single-hearted aims by which he won his praise, he tends to descend on to an *ad captandum* level; he comes to believe that he is not doing his best, unless it carries the popular verdict with it. Then, if he is a statesman, he has the grievous temptation of trying to see which way the current of popular feeling runs, and testing its strength, that he may be sure to sail along with it; if he is a painter or a writer, he begins to think what kind of art or what kind of writing will make a popular appeal. And in the case of an artist or a writer who belongs to the Anglo-Saxon race, the temptation often vitiates the aim of his art, because the Anglo-Saxon public are moralists at heart, love not artists but preachers, and do not care for pictures or books, unless they are of an improving or hortatory kind. Two instances which may be quoted are Millais and Tennyson. Millais, in his early days, loved art for its own sake, and produced pictures of the purest and most artistic beauty. But when he came to love art for the sake of success, he painted pictures in which he sacrificed art to melodramatic effect, and even to cheap sentiment. Tennyson too, whose early lyrics are of the purest gold of art, began to feel, as his audience grew, that he must deal with popular ideas, make science poetical and morality unimpeachable; by which he earned the gratitude of respectable people, and became a witness in the cause of orthodoxy.

But the true artist ought to be independent of such temptations. He need not assume that his art is deteriorating, because it is popular; but he must not be dismayed if he finds that it is unpopular. He must, as cheerfully as he can, be ready to suffer eclipse, if he diverges from popular tendencies. There is thus a special beauty about the work of such men as Keats and Shelley, who, it must be remembered, in their brief lives, never had the least popular success, a beauty which is absent from the

lives of artists who grow to feel the responsibility of their art, and cannot bear to sacrifice influence for the sake of art.

It is difficult to find, among men notable for idealistic expression, in whatever region of life or art they upheld it, any instances of characters whose lives have not been, to a certain extent, impaired by popularity, just as it is rare to find instances of successful men who have known when they have said their say, and done their work, and when they ought to stop. And the reason is that men cannot, as a rule, bear the loneliness to which the best success is almost bound to conduct them, but must purchase sympathy at whatever cost.

And yet the strange thing is that it is rare to find successful men who are not disappointed by the quality of success when it comes. It seems, before a man gains it, so radiant, desirable and sustaining a thing; but seen close, it is apt to prove both wearisome and paltry. Only if a man values the great things of life, such as love and friendship, above the lesser things, such as honor and credit, can he keep his heart tender and pure. Then he does not lose the balance and the proportion of life, but wears his success only as a robe of state which he is sometimes bound wearily to assume, while his real life is hidden from the world, the real life, that is, of simple human emotions. Such an one is more grateful for being a man than for being a successful man, and realizes that glory is not a thing to be ensnared and pursued and captured, but that it rather comes unasked and unsought, not as the reward, but the consequence of being simply and sincerely himself, and of daring to say what he feels, rather than what the world will congratulate him upon and envy him for feeling.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

ROUMANIA AND THE JEWS.

BY HERMAN ROSENTHAL.

It is with considerable diffidence that I write on any phase of the perennial "Jewish question," or voice to the public a new plaint of a much persecuted people; for experience has taught me that the periodicals, even when favorably disposed to the Jews as a race, are rather averse to discussing their wrongs in print. The general reader, it would appear, is bored by the very frequency of reports of anti-Jewish outbreaks.

Next to Russia, Roumania, during the last twenty-five years, has been the most cruel oppressor of the long-suffering Jewish race, and the oppression still continues. Only a few months ago, a peasant uprising directed against the Jews terminated in violent attacks on the Roumanian landlords, who were not aimed at by the instigators of the outbreak. The Jews, however, had to pay the penalty, more vigorous measures against them following the suppression of the riots by which they themselves had suffered.

It must be remembered that discrimination against the Jews is in direct contravention of the terms of the Treaty of Berlin, to which Roumania owes her very existence as an independent kingdom. This treaty, signed in 1878 at the close of the Russo-Turkish war, stipulated that the Jews of Roumania should be admitted to all the rights of citizenship. In practice, they have been saddled with all the duties and burdens of citizenship and denied all its privileges. Some show of compliance with foreign demands becoming unavoidable, the Roumanian Government finally consented to abrogate Article VII of its constitution, and to admit to citizenship, though only by special act of Parliament in the case of each individual, "aliens not under foreign protection"—by which pleasing phrase the native Roumanian Jews are significantly described. But this apparent concession is absolutely farcical.

The record shows that, in twenty-three years, 968 Jews were naturalized. Of these, 883 were men who fought in the war of 1877, and these were voted upon by the Chamber *en bloc,* the list of names having been made up by the ministry on their own responsibility. How many of them were the names of dead soldiers no one knows. Moreover, the certificates of citizenship were sent, it is said, to the regiment with strict confidential orders against their delivery, and more than half of them were subsequently annulled. The remaining eighty-five Jewish citizens bought their naturalization by cash payments to venal deputies. After this traffic had become too notorious, it was tacitly agreed that no more Jews were to be naturalized; and this "gentleman's agreement" the Roumanian finds it more easy to keep than his formal treaty obligations.

In 1881, the Parliament promulgated a law authorizing the Minister of the Interior to expel or remove from place to place, without giving specific reasons for his actions, any stranger likely to disturb the public peace. This law, consequent upon the assassination of the Emperor Alexander II of Russia, though originally directed against the Nihilists, was soon applied to the Jews. Then began a systematic persecution, which was relaxed only when the Roumanian Government needed loans from foreign Jewish bankers. The Jews were herded into the larger cities; then, by successive restrictive measures, the right to pursue the different vocations as yet open to the Jews was made practically dependent upon that Roumanian citizenship which was wrongfully withheld from the Jews. Worst of all, Jewish youths were effectively excluded from schools and universities.

In 1892, the United States Government addressed to the signatory Powers a circular note protesting against this violation of the Treaty of Berlin. In rejoinder, the Roumanian Government advanced that time-worn pretext, the alleged exploitation of the peasantry by the Jews. The emigration of the Jews in large number began in 1878, but this exodus has grown materially since 1892.

Over and over again, and until recently in reversal of the lower courts, the Supreme Court of Roumania has held that a Jew, though born on Roumanian soil, could be expelled as an "objectionable foreigner."

A typical example of Roumanian justice is the case of Cociu

Avramescu, a Jew, native to the soil, who had performed military service, and who was fined by the court for returning to his native heath after expulsion as an objectionable alien.

From the "*Curier Judiciar*" we learn the details of this case. Cociu Avramescu, having been expelled from the country under the law of 1881 on account of bad conduct, was, on returning without due governmental permission, fined by the Bucharest court of appeals, after two disagreements in the lower courts. On his appeal to the Supreme Court, that court, in June of this year (1907), affirmed his fine. In so doing, it classified as aliens all of those who had not been duly qualified as citizens, whether native to the soil and there reared or not. All of these were thus liable to the operation of the law of 1881. From the Attorney-General's speech we ascertain the following facts: Cociu Avramescu, a Jew, born and bred in Roumania, but still an alien, was expelled, under the law of 1881, in January, 1906. He returned in March, 1907, having been away about fourteen months. He was then arrested and arraigned, subject to the penalty called for by the fifth paragraph of the code.

The military court, though without jurisdiction, interfered and acquitted the prisoner, declaring him a Roumanian. Cociu, in all the courts, claimed that a decree of expulsion could not issue against him, because such could only hold against an alien, while he was not an alien, but a Roumanian born and bred; and, further, that Roumanian was the only language known to him, that he had served his time in the army and had always been under Roumanian protection and travelled abroad with a Roumanian passport. The Attorney-General remonstrated that there are colonies of persons of all nationalities born and raised in Roumania, speaking the Roumanian tongue better than any other, performing military duty there when not subject to foreign protection, travelling with Roumanian passports, etc., yet not Roumanians.

Now, in 1881, Nicholas Jonescu, a member of Parliament, opposed the law of that year, and suggested another measure clearly defining "alien under the protection of the law"—*i. e.*, aliens of native birth, as distinguished from those born abroad. With the latter, said he, I have nothing to do; I have only to do with those who are born here, who are subject to no foreign Power, and who only lack recognition in order to become citizens. He argued: "How can we be asked to classify the native aliens

with those just entering the country and also forced to ask domiciliary concession?" But Bratianu and Chitu met this with the pretence that Roumania extends its hospitality to foreigners and with the charge that they "in return but mock us"—their reference being to two Jewish vagrants who had established a newspaper and had dubbed the country's representatives "the mandarins of the Acropolis."

The Attorney-General pointed to preceding cases with a defence identical to that of Cociu, in regard to which the Supreme Court had already taken a similar stand and rejected their several appeals. The abrogation of the eighth paragraph of the civil code in 1879, which admitted to full citizenship on attaining their majority the children of foreign parents born on Roumanian soil on declaration of their wish to become Roumanians, this, he said, fended a danger from the country. For the large number of Jews born in Roumania would thus have endeavored to avail themselves of this right, and sought naturalization *en masse*.

All things considered, the Attorney-General conceded that the rights of citizenship had been tacitly extended to aliens born in Roumania who had been assimilated. But this was solely a matter of custom, and applied only to aliens of the Christian faith, and not to the Jews, who possessed their distinctive physiognomy and nationality, and thus could not fuse with the Roumanian element. When reminded that the constitution differentiated between Jews of native and Jews of foreign birth, and that in 1877 Vasili Borescu, on applying to the Powers for the recognition of the independence of Roumania, made this distinction, and that eventually even the Supreme Court at different times had affirmed it, he went on to say that, on the whole, all the privileges extended to the Jews were merely concessions and not binding precedents. He further remarked that the essential matter was not specifically the wish of Cociu to return to Roumania, but his intention to make his case a test case. In this he was but acting as the tool of Goldwurm, and many others who had been expelled, who wished to open wide the doors to those who, while professing to be Roumanian, had evinced the quality of their pretended patriotism during the peasant uprising by filling the Vienna papers with calumnies against Roumania, which they called the "Congo of Europe."

That the attitude of even the liberal statesmen toward the Jews

and the Powers has changed for the worse is evident from a letter written by the same Jonescu, formerly Minister of Education and Finance, to Mr. Turnball of London some years ago. He claimed that, once Roumanian independence had been recognized, no foreign Power could intervene on behalf of the Jews resident in that country, any more than on behalf of the Finns in Russia, the Poles in Germany or the Roumanians in Hungary. In these instances, those who complain of oppression are native-born. Jonescu further made the astonishing statement that, in Roumania, the outcry comes from a newly-arrived foreign people, whose relatively large numbers complicate matters very much. So far is this from being true that Jews, according to Roumanian historians, were there long before the hordes of Roman convicts who were brought thither by Trajan to populate the fertile lands of the Dacians. In 397 A.D., a decree of the Roman Emperor granted protection to the Dacian Jews and their synagogue. Further, in a total population of 5,912,590 only 269,016 were Jews, according to the census of 1899.

Despite its specific pledge to the treaty Powers not to make any distinction within its borders based on religion, Roumania, we see, like Russia, will avail itself of every opportunity to evade this obligation in its treatment of the Jews. And, since 1881, Roumania has been imitating the invidious example then set by Russia, its more potent neighbor and protector.

"A single fact is worth a cart-load of argument." So I shall not dilate unduly on the case thus presented. The problem involved, however, not only interests the Jews of Roumania, but concerns also every country which may become affected by the immigration of those Jews whom Roumania, for reasons of her own, may drive from her soil. As Americans, we ought to be interested. An international question would actually arise were Roumania to cast out, say, 200,000 of her Jews and other nations were to close their doors upon them.

Would such a breach of contract be a proper subject for the future Hague tribunal? If so, which country will bring it forward?

HERMAN ROSENTHAL.

THE FARMER, THE MANUFACTURER AND THE RAILROAD.

BY LOGAN G. MCPHERSON.

As the heart, the stomach and the lungs are vital and essential parts of the body, so are the processes of agriculture, manufacture and transportation vital and essential to the social organization. It is important that the nourishment absorbed by the body as a whole be distributed to the heart, the lungs and the stomach to renew their tissue and to maintain the energy with which each contributes to the body as a whole. So also is the national welfare promoted by each industry, under justly economical administration, obtaining adequate return over expenditure to provide for effective maintenance and operation, and to attract capital sufficient for its continuance.

It would seem that a comparison has not heretofore been made of the relative parts performed in the material activity of this country by these three factors, and at first glance there would seem to be difficulty in the way of obtaining a comparison adequate for effective deductions.

As, however, the foot is the unit of measure of length and the pound the unit of measure of weight, so, also, in this country the dollar is the unit of measure of value. In every industry—in agriculture, manufacture and transportation—there must be capital, and capital is measured by dollars. There must be expenditure, and expenditure is measured by dollars. There must be gross earnings and net returns, and gross earnings and net returns are measured by dollars. There must be workers in each industry, and their salaries and wages are measured by dollars. With the dollar is measured the value of such dissimilar things as a ton of iron and a physician's visit. That is, if the price of one is twenty dollars and the fee for the other two dollars, their rela-

tive value is ten to one. Likewise, with the dollar can be measured the diverse elements that enter into the industries of manufacture, agriculture, and transportation, which may not be so radically diverse as at first they may seem to be. Although the dollar may not be as inflexible a unit throughout time as the foot or the pound, it is a definite and exact unit of measure of value at any specified time.

The following tables express the measurement by dollars of the value of the intake and the outgo of these three branches of industry. The amounts for the railroad have been ascertained from the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the years 1905, 1900 and 1890; for manufactures, from the census for 1900, the census for 1890 and the special census of manufactures for 1905; for agriculture, from the census for 1900, the census for 1890 and the reports in the Year-Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1905. These latter reports have been analyzed and criticised by statisticians of the Division of Agriculture of the United States census, and subjected to certain modifications in accordance with estimates made by them. In the comparisons based on these tables the returns for 1890 are not used, as the census figures for that year are admittedly incomplete and the statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission are not so highly developed as for later years. To any one desiring to follow the details that have entered into the compilation of these tables, the writer will be glad to send a complete analysis upon request.

Manufactures.

	1905	1900	1890
Capital	$13,872,035,371	$9,817,434,799	$6,525,156,486
Number of salary and wage-earners	6,718,618	5,705,165	4,712,622
Gross value of products	16,866,706,985	13,004,400,143	9,372,437,283
Cost of materials used	9,497,619,851	7,345,413,651	5,162,044,076
Total salaries and wages	3,623,589,623	2,726,045,110	2,283,216,529
Miscellaneous expenses	1,651,603,535	1,027,755,778	631,225,035
Net returns from products	2,093,893,976	1,905,185,604	1,295,951,643

Railroads.

Capitalization	$13,805,258,121	$11,491,034,960	$9,437,343,420
Number of salary and wage-earners	1,382,196	1,017,653	749,301
Gross earnings	2,082,482,406	1,487,044,814	1,051,877,632
Cost of materials used	550,657,472	384,163,670	
Total salaries and wages	839,944,680	577,264,841	692,093,971
Miscellaneous expenses	75,538,597	53,765,267	
Net earnings	616,341,657	471,851,036	359,783,661

Agriculture.

	1905	1900	1890
Capital	$30,043,000,000	$22,939,901,164	$18,082,267,689
Number of farmers and farm laborers	10,900,000	10,381,765	8,565,926
Value of product	5,738,850,000	4,311,372,177	2,933,985,914
Wages paid labor	393,690,000	357,391,930	257,450,387
Fertilizer	61,366,300	53,430,910	38,469,598
Taxes	225,322,500	172,049,257	135,617,007
Interest on capital at 7 per cent.	2,103,010,000	1,605,793,081	1,265,758,738
Net return to farm owners	2,945,461,200	2,122,706,999	1,236,690,184

Because of the lack of absolute returns in the case of manufactures and agriculture, deductions cannot be made from the foregoing premises that will be of the clear-cut and exact nature required by an accountant in making up a balance-sheet. To repeat, caution must be most strongly given that the figures in the following comparisons, in the case of manufactures and agriculture, are not to be considered as definite calculations, but rather as indications so veiled with mist that the clear-cut outlines are obscured, but yet allowing sufficient perception of form and quantity to guide the pilot.

From the standpoint of the investor, the standpoint of the man whose money is in a business, a prime consideration is always what is the rate of return on the capital in that business. From the standpoint of the consumer, of the purchaser of commodities and services a prime consideration is the greatest satisfaction that can be obtained for the lowest price. The interest of the nation as a whole is that its citizens should obtain a fair return for their efforts, and should obtain at fair prices the commodities and services which they need. To revert to the simile with which this article began, if the equilibrium of the functions of the body be disturbed, if over-nutrition of one organ lead to the impoverishment of another, if the unduly accelerated functions of one lead to an impairment in the performance of another, there will, if such a condition continue, ultimately result the prostration of the body as a whole. So also it is with the social organism, the body politic.

From the foregoing table we ascertain the following to be the

Net Returns per Each $1,000 of Capital.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$151	$194
Railroads	44	41
Agriculture	98	92

The most extreme modification of the tables consequent upon the completest information would not, in all probability, alter the conspicuous deduction from this comparison. That is, the investor looking for the greatest immediate profit, in either 1900 or 1905, would have turned first to manufactures, then to agriculture and lastly to the railroad. The tremendous development of manufactures and the enormous prosperity of the farming regions of the west confirm this deduction.

If it be claimed that the low net return to the railroads is because of their inflated capitalization, the reply is made that the actual capitalization of the American railroads, including all cases of inflation, is only about fifty-two thousand dollars a mile, which is far less than that of the railroads of any other country. Recent reports of the actual expenditure for construction show that it costs, in this country, to build one mile of railroad from twenty-five thousand dollars over level country, where there are no obstacles, to over one hundred thousand dollars in places of dense population and where construction is difficult. This does not include buildings or equipment. A correct physical valuation of the railroads of the United States would, doubtless, confirm the statements of President Roosevelt, President Hadley and others of high authority that they are not as a whole overcapitalized.

The net returns are what remains of the gross returns after the payment of all expenses. The ratio of these gross returns and expenditures to capital is shown in the following tables:

Gross Returns per $1,000 of Capital.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$1,216	$1,324
Railroads	150	128
Agriculture	191	187

The excessive amount in the case of manufactures is largely due to the fact that, in selling a manufactured product, the manufacturer has to be reimbursed for the cost of all the elements that enter into that product, and these elements in large degree consist of commodities, which, although raw material to the final manufacturer, may be the finished products of intermediate manufacturers. For example, boots and shoes are a product of which manufactured leather is the raw material. Manufactured leather is a product of which tanned hides are the raw material, and raw hides are the raw material of the tanner.

Total Expenditures per Each $1,000 of Capital.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$1,065	$1,130
Railroads	106	87
Agriculture	75	77

In the case of manufactures these expenditures are 88 per cent. of the gross returns, the high ratio being caused by the high value of the products of intermediate manufacture that are included as raw material. The deduction of the value of such partly manufactured products from the gross value of manufactured products eliminates duplication. That is, the value of manufactured leather which appears in the gross value of products as an output of the leather-factory, disappears from the net return of the boot and shoe factory when the value of the raw material used by the boot and shoe factory is deducted from the value of its products.

In the case of agriculture, the expenditures are but 39 per cent. of the gross returns. This is due in part to the fact that the farmer's payment for raw material is low, and in part to the fact that the sun and the rain for which he does not pay are the farmer's most effective instruments.

The expenditure of the railroad is 71 per cent. of the gross returns, thirty-two points higher than the expenditure of agriculture and but seventeen points below the expenditure of manufactures, even although the expenditure account of the railroad for material contains no items similar to the partly manufactured products of manufactures.

Although the labor cost is not the total cost in any industry, it is a most important factor in that total cost, and in the analysis of any business is subject to rigid scrutiny. On nearly every farm, the farmer himself is an active worker, but the census returns do not show separately the farmers and the farm laborers. Therefore the labor cost in the case of agriculture is omitted from the following tables:

Total Salary-Wage for Each $1,000 of Capital.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$261	$277
Railroads	61	50

In the case of manufactures, labor received 73 per cent. greater return than capital; in the case of railroads labor received 38 per cent. greater return than capital. The ratio of labor cost to capital for the railroad was but 23 per cent. of that for manufactures, while the labor charge of the railroads per dollar of net

returns was but 78 per cent. of that for manufactures. The labor of the railroads, however, is applied through machinery to a far greater degree than the labor of either manufactures or agriculture, the horse-power of the machinery of the railroad exceeding the horse-power of manufactures and agriculture combined. It is, moreover, disclosed by the first of these comparative statements that the capital of manufactures received a net return 107 points higher, or 243 per cent. greater, than that of the railroad. That is, it required to produce one dollar of net returns $6.62 of capital in the case of manufactures, $9.44 in the case of agriculture, while it requires $22.40 of capital in the case of the railroads.

Average Salary-Wage per Worker.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$539	$477
Railroads	607	567

Total Salary-Wage per Each $1,000 of Expenditure.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$245	$245
Railroads	572	568

Total Salary-Wage per Each $1,000 Net Returns.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	$1,730	$1,430
Railroads	1,362	1,223

The average salary-wage paid by the railroads was 12.6 per cent. greater than the average paid by the manufacturers. The ratio of net return to the wage of the railroad employee was 27 per cent. greater than the ratio of net return to the wage of the manufacturing employee. That is, manufactures paid 27 per cent. more salary-wage to produce $1,000 net returns than the railroads. The salary-wage required to produce $1,000 of net returns increased in five years, 21 per cent. for manufacturers and 11 per cent. for the railroads. That the high average salary-wage for the railroads is not caused by the heavy salaries of the administrative officers is shown by the fact that, of the $839,944,680 paid in 1905 by the railroads in salaries and wages, but $15,155,278, or 1.8 per cent., went to the general officers. In the aggregate, the high salaries of the presidents are insignificant. It is conspicuous and significant that, of the total expenditure of manufactures, but 24 per cent. was for salary-wage, while of the total expenditure of the railroads, 57 per cent. was for salary-wage.

The tables that are given next cast further light upon the relation of labor to each of the three great branches of industry.

Number of Workers per $100,000 of Capital.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	48	58
Railroads	10	9
Agriculture	36	45

That is, for each $100,000 of capital manufactures give employment to 380 per cent. more workers than the railroad; agriculture, 260 per cent. more.

Number of Workers per $100,000 Net Returns.

	1905	1900
Manufactures	320	291
Railroads	224	215
Agriculture	370	489

That is, to produce $100,000 of net returns, manufactures require 43 per cent. more workers than the railroads, and agriculture 65 per cent. more. Not only is the ratio of labor charge to capital less in the case of the railroads, but the number of workers per given amount of capital is vastly less. Although their workers receive a higher average wage, a given amount of net return is produced by the railroads with 70 per cent. of the number of workers required in manufactures, and 60 per cent. of the number required in agriculture.

The comparisons brought out by the preceding tables and the deductions therefrom show that, while the administration of the railroads is far more economical than that of either manufactures or agriculture, the returns to capital are far less. This would indicate that the prices for the product of the railroads—that is, the rates for transportation—are relatively lower than the prices for the products of manufacture and for the products of agriculture. This deduction is borne out by figures which also are obtained from recent publications of the United States Government.

Bulletin No. 65 of the Bureau of Labor, issued July, 1906, contains the results of an investigation into the wages and hours of labor in the manufacturing industries from 1890 to 1905, and of an investigation of the retail prices of food from 1890 to 1905. It states:

"The average wages per hour in 1905 were 18.9 per cent. higher than the average for the ten-year period from 1890 to 1899, inclusive. The average earnings per week were 14 per cent. higher, and the average hours of labor per week were 4.1 per cent. lower."

The same report says:

"The average prices of wheat, bread, butter, cheese, chickens, cornmeal, eggs, fresh fish, salt fish, milk, mutton and veal were higher in 1905 than in any other year of the sixteen-year period. The advance in bacon since 1896 has been 43.5 per cent.; the advance in Irish potatoes, 43.1 per cent.; the advance in eggs, 41.8 per cent.; the advance in dry or pickled pork, 31.9 per cent.; the advance in fresh pork, 30 per cent.; the advance in flour, 29.3 per cent.; the advance in cornmeal, 28.6 per cent. The advance in food, . . . according to its consumption in the family of the working-man, has been . . . 12.4 per cent., when compared with the average for the ten-year period 1890 to 1899."

Bulletin No. 69 of the Bureau of Labor, issued March, 1907, contains a record of wholesale prices of all commodities from 1890. Taking the average wholesale price from 1890 to 1899, as 100 per cent., this record shows that wholesale prices increased as follows, for 1905: Farm products, 24.2 per cent.; food, etc., 8.7 per cent.; cloths and clothing, 12 per cent.; fuel and lighting, 28.8 per cent.; metals and implements, 22.5 per cent.; lumber and building materials, 27.7 per cent.; drugs and chemicals, 9.1 per cent.; house-furnishing goods, 9.1 per cent.; miscellaneous, 12.8 per cent.; all commodities, 15.9 per cent.

Turning to the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, we find that the average rate per ton per mile for 1890 was .941 cents—that is, nine hundred and forty-one one-thousandths of one cent; for 1900, .729 cents; and for 1905, .766 cents. Although the average rate per ton per mile for 1905 increased one-half of one per cent. over the average rate for 1900, the average rate for 1905 was but 91.2 per cent. of the average for the period from 1890 to 1899. That is, the average for 1905 was 8.8 per cent. lower than the average for the ten-year period.

The Auditor of the Interstate Commerce Commission said to the writer that it is impossible at the present time for the Commission to furnish an adequate, concrete presentation of the variation of rates over any considerable period, to so recent a year as 1905, as affecting the flow of traffic, even of the great staples in the great traffic channels. He stated, however, that the one typical example always cited is that of the grain rates from Chicago to the seaboard.

The various grains and grain products constitute from year to year, as there may be abundance or scarcity of supply, from twenty-five to forty per cent. of the tonnage of the railroads of the United States. The report submitted by the Industrial Com-

mision to Congress in 1901 states that "the competition of carriers and the rivalry of markets, in their constant efforts to control freight movement from grain territory, succeed in steadily lowering railway rates." The diagram accompanying this statement shows that the prices of wheat oscillated between one hundred and thirty-five per cent. in 1867 to sixty-eight per cent. in 1896; of corn, between 116 per cent. and 45 per cent., while railroad rates steadily declined from 105 per cent. to 45 per cent. This report gives table after table showing the declines in grain rates, which, on various roads, have ranged from 25 to 74 per cent. and states that "the American product meets the world's competition in foreign markets on favorable terms and usually with great success, with the result that, because of the cheapness of transportation and the acumen of the grain merchant, the American producer gets very much more for his labor than the inhabitant of any other country on earth." The story is told by these figures:

Wheat	1895	1900	1905
Average price on farm Dec. 1	50.9 cts.	61.9 cts.	74.8 cts.
Average price f. o. b. cars Chicago for Eastern shipment	62.1 "	70.7 "	100.8 "
Rail rates Chicago to New York for export	12.0 "	9.4 "	8.1 "
Average price at New York	66.9 "	80.6 "	103.1 "

Competition of the primary markets—St. Paul, Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, etc.—keeps up the price to the producer. The competition of carriers and markets keeps down the price to the consumer. Both forces tend to reduce the cost of distribution, including the rate of transportation and the charge for handling.

While the figures based on the Census tables concerning manufactures and agriculture cannot be used as a basis for definite calculation, it is believed that the premises and deductions set forth in this article approach accuracy within a margin of error so small that the conclusions in general are entirely valid. That these conclusions are not in accord with the popular impression of the past few years is no reason for rejecting them, but rather an incentive toward giving them the widest publicity, that the popular impression may be readjusted to facts. That the railroads have been unable to satisfactorily move all of the traffic that has been offered to them during this era of prosperity, and that they have asked for additional capital by the hundreds of millions of dollars, every one knows. The presidents of the railroads have

been telling us that the rate of wages and the prices of commodities have advanced far out of proportion to the rates for transportation, which, in reality, have declined, and that of late the rate of interest on new capital has been increasing. Their statements, which do not seem to have sunk very deeply into the popular mind, are here amply proved by the reports collected and records tabulated by the Government. That the products of agriculture and of manufacture have increased, both in quantity and in value, by leaps and bounds every one knows; but every one does not scrutinize the reports of the railroad companies, which month by month of late have shown that the increases in gross earnings, caused by the enhanced volume of traffic, are often more than offset by the increases in expenses caused by the advance in the prices of everything of which a railroad makes use. Do not the conclusions reached through the foregoing analysis indicate a tendency, while manufactures and agriculture have been nourished and stimulated, toward the impoverishment of the railroads and an impairment in the performance of their functions?

That the wide-spread popular prejudice against the railroads has its cause, or its causes, goes without saying; there is a cause for everything. The piratical practices of speculators have cast a shadow over the entire railroad world, even although the railroad pirates of this day can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and the exposure of their evil practices ever reduces the possibility of their repetition. For one buccaneer in railroad administration there are dozens and hundreds, even thousands, of able, earnest and honest men upon whom the burden of physical and economic conditions that have been of intrinsic extraordinary severity has fallen with the added weight of undeserved public obloquy.

As Secretary Root has recently pointed out, there has been a mighty impetus toward a fuller honesty in the conduct of business. Practices that were easily tolerated a generation ago are now under the ban of public opinion. Rebates that were once vigorously sought by every one who had a pretext for claiming them have been dug up by the roots. The principal shippers of to-day, the men who come in contact with the traffic officers of the railroads and pay the freight bills, have little complaint to make of freight rates. The outcry has been most vociferous from those who have not adjusted their business in accordance with changing economic currents. The outcry has been taken up by

politicians—who do not ship freight or pay freight bills—and their utterances have impressed the great body of the people, who likewise do not to any appreciable extent ship freight or directly pay freight bills. These people have been ignorant of the fact that the freight charges have been in constantly decreasing ratio to the cost of production and the cost of marketing the great commodities of daily need. The freight charge is so low that it is seldom a factor in the retail prices of these commodities. That is, the retail prices of the commodities of daily use, with but few exceptions, are determined without reference to the rate of freight; they would be neither higher nor lower if the commodities were transported by the railroads gratis.

Moreover, there has been general ignorance of the principles that underlie and must underlie the making of rates by the railroads. If every one would read the great authorities upon this subject, Acworth, of England, Fink, Hadley, Taussig and Seligman, in the United States, the clamor against the railroads would dwindle and fade. Indeed this ignorance of the principles that underlie rate-making has been the principal source of popular dissatisfaction.

Arbitrary enforcement of rules and a lack of courtesy on the part of railroad officers and employees in dealing with their patrons have here and there aroused personal resentment that alone has been a large factor in the popular prejudice. On the whole, however, it would seem that the railroads of this country deserve, and at this time peculiarly need, helpful encouragement. They should, at least, have fair play.

LOGAN G. MCPHERSON.

HOW CUBANS DIFFER FROM US.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. L. BULLARD, U.S.A.

AMERICA is face to face with a still unsolved Cuban problem. To know Cubans, therefore, and how they differ from us is now a thing of moment. In the wretched mess which we have made in handling our negro problem, we have warning against the policy of proceeding in ignorance, though we do it with intentions that would honor the angels.

Shall it be with us in Cuba, "The measure of your absurdity is your difference from me?" Since Cuba and the Philippines have pulled us out of our shell, Americans are broadening. We are beginning to be able to note, without pity or contempt, that all men are not even such as we.

To the eye of the observer, upon his first coming to Cuba, the differences between Cubans and Americans rise countless and loom enormous; but, upon acquaintance, many of the differences which at first sight appear so striking and vivid, strangely fade, and others completely disappear and are forgotten. These are mere surface differences of no consequence. But there are others that remain or come to light on after contact. These concern us.

Cuba is at our doors, has always been, but till now we have not noted her. Four hundred years ago she was discovered by Spain, only yesterday by America. Fresh from our shores entering her gates, we gaze at Morro and Cabañas castles on the left and La Punta, La Fuerza and Habana on the right, and feel that we are entering a new world. In the massive stones and frowning walls of her old forts, we see something of Rome, the Eternal; in their dungeons, dark passages, great ditches, towers, drawbridges and ponderous doors, the Middle Ages; in the narrow, tortuous streets, the heavy, unadorned, prison-like walls and enclosures we see the East—we think of the ancient cities of Asia Minor and of Egypt.

In the swarthy men and dark-haired, dark-eyed women, there is something of Northern Africa, and our thoughts turn back to the wonderful, dark Moor who long ruled Spain and left her his blood, aye, and much, too, of his character and ways, for all generations. It is new, it is different. Everything, the ships alone excepted, somehow suggests antiquity and the reverence of history, and—a past, of which America has none.

At the landing and throughout Cuba, there looms the great sign of equality between white man and black. To the American at home, the negro as a social, political or even industrial equal is an affront, an offence, nothing less; to the Cuban he is not. We resent him; the Cuban does not. We will not accept him; the Cuban does. To the Spaniard, from whom the Cuban sprang, the negro was never a *persona non grata.* In the colonies of Spain the two have ever easily mixed and crossed. In Cuba it was and is so. Schools, churches, theatres, hotels, baths, street-cars, steamers—all are the black man's and white man's alike.

Between the black and white, all over Cuba, one can but be struck with the gentler, more kindly, more considerate relations and feelings. One cannot fail to see quickly that the Cuban negro is unmistakably a milder and a gentler being than his American brother. For this there is but one explanation. It is to be found in his only really differing conditions, namely, his difference of status and treatment. It is because in Cuba the negro is politically, industrially and almost socially, in public and in private, accepted as an equal. It is because he is not everywhere confronted and made hard in thought and feeling by cold or resentful signs of contempt from the white man. There seems no way to avoid this conclusion. This thought, when we recur to the hardness and bickerings between the races with us, brings feelings of shame and regret. We think to mend the conditions; we feel that we would be willing to do much, to go far, to translate these gentler feelings to soften and better our own country; but in this thinking we are at last and unavoidably confronted and stopped by the true and only cause of these gentler feelings in Cuba—the mixture of races. From America to Cuba we can pass in hours; from the American view to the Cuban view herein, not in all time. Some have jeered the fear of a negroid race. Let them visit eastern Cuba. It is too late to fear; we must there face it.

"Naw, I ain't no Cuban," gloweringly answered me a Cuban-looking American whom I had asked as to his nationality. "No, sir, I have not the honor," answered me an American-looking Cuban to whom I had put a like question. The two answers illustrate a wide-yawning national difference. Politeness, a delightful readiness to please, is among the Cuban's most marked and pleasing characteristics. These are his everywhere and under all conditions. Consideration for the stranger is no less strong and characteristic. If you but inquire your way, the busiest Cuban in town or country will not only stop his work to tell you in full, but you can only with difficulty in most cases prevent him from coming with you to show you the whole road. Their affability and responsiveness are delightful. In the parks and cafés, in public, you need but speak to them. Travelling, everywhere, whether acquainted or not, they entertain each other, chatting pleasantly in groups, where Americans would be found glum, silent and alone. It may make them lose time, it may not let them go so fast or do so much—it has that effect—but it has another. It makes life easier and sweeter and pleasanter.

The Cuban imprisons his wife. Once married, it is for her the home, barred door and grated window. It is the Moor.

A remarkable strength and exuberance of feeling go with the Cuban's blood. His language alone, his tongue, is all inadequate to express his feelings. He talks with arms, hands, face and shoulders, with all his body. All passion is excessive, swelling, boundless. Perhaps it is the climate; one cannot say. Yet the self-contained American is at once the envy and the despair of Cubans. They are, and they know it without being able to amend it, over-emotional and over-excitable. The common cry of the newsboy makes every issue a thrilling extra, and you buy it to find—nothing. Wild cries startle you in the streets. With heart in your throat and expecting a scene of horror, an accident or a fearful runaway, you turn to find a driver halting in perfect control a sleepy mule that looks as if he had never been guilty of a quick movement in all his life. Hysterical public justice to-day imposes upon crime a severe punishment, none of which an equally hysterical public sympathy will, to-morrow, permit to be executed. It is a nation of vehement emotion, of vehement lovers, haters, actors and orators. If repressed, if obliged to contain themselves even a little, they explode. Right here, remembering the force and

repression that everywhere characterize governments of Roman-Spanish derivation, we find explanation, in large part, of Cuban revolutions in the past. That government alone can succeed with them that can provide, and with strength and equanimity allow, the daily use of a vent to their feelings. Let them storm, let them rant, let them rave; it is the safety valve.

There are certain differences which, though they early and everywhere attract our notice and call forth contemptuous criticism, are yet not strictly Cuban, but depend also upon the climate. Prime among these is the "mañana habit," procrastination. It is nothing less than a yearning to let things go, a willingness to rest on forever, to "sit around" humped in the shoulders and doubled in the chest, unmoved alike by sense of duty or natural inclination either to work or to think. Not the white man nor any man was made to work in Cuba at the American's straining rate. It is impossible. In colonial days it was attempted with the Cuban Indians. It killed them; the race was wiped out.

But if it is impossible, neither is it necessary for men to work so hard in Cuba. The Lord provides; He does it almost all.

In that gentle climate, too, after hours of complete inactivity, the body makes no demand upon us for that physical exercise upon lack of which elsewhere quickly follow ill-feeling and physical discomfort. Unprompted by the body, the mind also soon ceases to suggest the need of exercise. We live on, easily, deliciously and without care.

Cubans, again, are moved with no such anxiety as we for wealth, no impatience to get at and exploit at once and to the bottom the last resources of the land. Unlike us, they take time to eat; they do not hustle, shove or glare fiercely at you in the streets if you do not get out of their way.

But the non-rushing habit is not solely of the climate. They like the world's goods, but neither Cuban nor Spaniard has ever felt that possession is the main thing in life nor been willing to make the fierce struggle we make for money. Nor, having it, does he so value it. For anything he desires, if he have the money, he stops at no price; he buys it. To the American this way does not appeal. To him it is all but incomprehensible that a man will not put forth the last effort to acquire and pile up all wealth. This is his main subject of carping in Cuba. It is his point of least patience and last condemnation of the Cuban.

Close kin to this relaxation in physical and industrial is a certain relaxation in moral qualities. This will be denied, most by those who, longest in Cuba, have had most opportunity to judge and most opportunity—to fall into the same way.

The amount of government which Cuba carries and seems willing to carry is astonishing. All the relations of ordinary life, down to the minutest details, are regulated and hedged about by laws and watched by officers. In town or country, police and rural-guard uniforms are never out of one's sight, and the number of civic officials, public functionaries, secretaries and clerks seems endless. At least every tenth man is some sort of an officer. And yet in the general desire to hold public office (the last revolution was but a struggle for the offices), the people would perhaps be willing to see the number doubled.

Next to the amount of government they will stand comes the amount of taxation to which they will submit. In America, the politician's surest bid for popularity, his winning card, is the cry of "high taxes." In Cuba, where, from high duties, we may say it costs even to breathe, that cry is hardly heard.

From the long tutelage of so much law and goverment, the Cubans, in spite of their impulsive, revolutionary nature, have emerged a people with an awe of authority and a fear of the law unknown among Americans. "Guns" are as thick to-day in Cuba as in the West in her palmiest days; their deadly use is of the rarest occurrence.

The laws' close supervision, too, has worked some curious results. It has been so hard upon the use of force, even in self-defence, that this right in any adequate sense has been practically wiped out of Cuban law. The thief and the burglar, even when caught in the act, have been made safe from personal harm, and the officer of the law almost disabled in any arrest where he meets the least resistance. A rural guard was fired upon by a thief whom he was pursuing. He returned the fire, wounding and capturing his man. The thief got six months, the guard three years.

Rank and officialdom command an exaggerated deference, an obsequiousness even far outside the range of their authority. Be one but an officer, one can do anything, command anything. That it be known that one exceeds his authority, in general makes little difference if one but have a little rank. The influence of the official is so wonderful that his personal wishes and desires are

likely to be met even without motion on his part. This often makes the lower officers the mere toadies of the higher. "Make us," said a keen-observing Cuban, speaking of the present American intervention, "make us officers that will act independently, and you will have put Cuba on her feet."

This quality of obsequiousness is, further, the basis of caciqueism, the Cuban habit or tendency to refer and to defer in all things to some local leader. The cacique it was that in a few years split up into some twenty-four insignificant, wrangling boroughs the half-dozen provinces that once composed a single colony of Spain in South America. But, fortunately, he is slowly disappearing in Cuba.

"The worst and most general public graft in the world," we often hear charged by Americans upon Cubans. No, it is only that, from lack of experienced practice, it is crudely done, so crudely as to make it easily discoverable and more offensive.

A basic difference that accounts for much that we criticise in Cuban character, personality, government, politics and public life, that accounts for much of deficiency, much of weakness, is the fault of the Cuban's raising and training his children from birth to manhood to know not discipline—to know not what it is to restrain one's desires, control one's self, or deny one's inclinations if their satisfaction is attainable. It is the lack of this training that makes the difference between a child and a man, not in body, but in character. It is that which makes the full-grown savage, when denied his will, throw himself down like a little child to weep and cry before you in abandon of disappointment and anger. It is because of the lack of that which the Cuban is not taught, that, with the body of a man, he appears so much in the character of a child. This accounts for the Cuban emotionality and impracticability, their excitability and anger when opposed in any way, their wild rushing into revolutions when everything does not go to suit them, their lack of poise in government and public affairs. It makes them want to gratify every whim or desire; it takes from them the power of self-denial. It makes them ready to pay any price in money or anything else, except self-control, for whatever they desire. It keeps them children. It makes it necessary for a neighbor to take them in hand, control, direct and manage their government and public polity. It makes the Cuban a Cuban.

R. L. BULLARD.

THE RUINOUS COST OF CHINESE EXCLUSION.

A LABORING MAN TO LABORING MEN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

TRUE it is, skilled labor is getting higher wages than it received last year, in the city, but if it costs now much more than it cost then for bread and meat, where is the good or profit to the working-man? And is it quite equitable that the laboring man of the city should entirely ruin the laboring man of the country, without even saying so much as "by your leave"?

Last year, and I think my case a fairly average one among the small farmers, I was able to pay my taxes from the income of my land. I rented most of it to dairymen. At that time, they could get hay put in the barn for seven dollars a ton. This year they have to pay fifteen dollars a ton, and they find trouble in getting it delivered, even at that. They are moving out. And why can't they get hay at a fair figure? Simply because there is not enough labor in the land to harvest and deliver it.

There is more hay this year than in any one year in the last twenty. There are not only tons, but hundreds and hundreds of tons, of hay rotting and rusting in the dust only a few miles from my back door. And it will rot in the rain this winter, and cattle must die in herds. And then meat and bread and all things must take another leap upward.

A short time ago some friends came to see me from Fresno in a great rage, saying that the Japanese raisin-pickers were demanding two dollars and a half this year, instead of one and a quarter, as last year. And why not? Our chief objection to them, and to the Chinese also, was "Oriental cheap labor." And then, does not the white man demand all he can get for his labor?

"My friends," said I, "shall I tell you what to do in order to get cheap labor? Repeal the Chinese Exclusion Act, and also make it safe and agreeable for the Japanese, and you will have all the cheap labor you like, and at your own price."

I saw strong, tall and shapely white men piling bricks in the city, by thousands, not long ago. It was dirty, dusty, hard work for such men. Such work should be done by little yellow Cantonese. They grow close to the dirt and dust, and it does not hurt them to lean over and hold the head down all day. Besides, they will do the work at half or quarter the price. The white man should be doing something better.

The editor of a certain magazine has written me asking for an article on the Exclusion of the Japanese. After careful consideration, I have decided to answer directly to the laboring men, in whose interest, no doubt, the article is asked.

In the first place, then, I must decline to urge, or even entertain, the impossible. There can be no Japanese Exclusion Act; but there must be, and there should be, very soon, a repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act. I can remember, and so can some of my fellow laborers, when the most unpopular man in any community was an "abolitionist." At the first political convention I ever attended, at Eugene, Oregon, the two leading Democrats, afterwards United States Senators, in their heated rivalry violently and vociferously accused each other of "abolitionism." The same sort of reproach, even extending to personal violence in some quarters of California, rests on the man who dares say the Chinese Exclusion Act must and should be repealed. The change of sentiment in this matter must come, and it will come as suddenly as the odium passed from the abolitionist in the earlier time.

Let me quote a paragraph from a despatch from Washington, on September 13th:

> "The labor question on the coast, the Secretary said, was becoming more serious every day, and he instanced the fact that the navy-yards at Mare Island and Bremerton were working far under their capacity by reason of the labor famine. He pointed out that in the West farm-hands were being paid as high as six dollars a day."

Six dollars a day for farm-hands! I have only now returned from a three months' tour through Oregon, Washington and Idaho. I saw in that tour fruit of all sorts, in their season, rotting on the ground, not only by tons, but by hundreds and hun-

dreds of tons. I saw great machines in the harvest-fields, all kinds of traction-engines, mighty reapers drawn by as many as thirty-six horses. Yet, despite this energy and industry of the brave producers, there lay thousands on thousands of acres all going to waste. And the feeling of the honest tillers of the soil at such loss, after all their care and their great outlay, was at fever-heat. I promised them to appeal to the people.

The honest farmer is not the only sufferer. The world wants this bread. In some parts of the world it is needed, and needed badly. The Chinese people are starving for this bread, starving to death in multitudes. These people would be willing to work for fifty cents a day. This nation is going to say: "Let them come and work." They want the work, the farmer wants them to have it.

And is their work going to compete with you or me, my fellow laborers? Not in the least. On the contrary, it is the very thing we need, as much as the farmer needs it. To illustrate. I paid, the last time I was down to my grocer's, eighty cents for a twenty-pound sack of flour. A few years ago, before the Exclusion Act, I paid only seventy-five cents for a fifty-pound sack of flour. You all did the same. You are paying just about a triple price now. Why? Because the farmer is paying more than a triple price for his labor. This sort of labor does not at all conflict with the labor of any one in the industrial storm centres. No laborer in the city wants to get out to work on the farm, be he white or black. But the little yellow Cantonese laborer and the little brown Nipponese, growing close to the ground and able to get down to the work they so much need, want to get out into the fields by thousands and by thousands. They could, and gladly would, bring bread prices back and down to their old normal conditions. They could, and gladly would, not only reduce the cost of living at least one-half, but they would save many a good man, the real laborer, from bankruptcy; they could save many a beautiful farm of to-day from being turned back to chaparral to-morrow.

Last summer, the Japanese asked only one dollar and twenty-five cents a day in the raisin-fields. This season they demand double that wage. Last year we paid seventy-five cents a box for raisins; this year we will pay one dollar and a half. And for what? Solely to suit a few uninformed and short-sighted labor leaders of the city, who have decided that they don't like "an abolitionist."

California has survived in the interior, she has even prospered, not because of the Chinese Exclusion Act, but in spite of it. But with farm labor at six dollars a day, or even one-half, one-quarter, or one-sixth that figure, she is not going to prosper long, even if she survives.

Take my own little steep and stony ranch. The story of its unprofitable struggle will illustrate, in a small way, the whole situation. I wanted a home for my invalid mother in a mild climate, and bought about a hundred acres, and began to plant fruit-trees and grow garden-stuff. I first tried Portuguese, at forty cents a day. But these thrifty fishermen from the Azores soon got gardens of their own. Then I tried the nomadic, drunken tramp, tried to sober him up and set him to work. I need not recite the dismal struggle or the pitiful results. Then I got a Chinaman, whom I had known long ago in the mines, to get me five Chinese. This was when all things were at ebb-tide. Dennis Kearney was in command, so to speak, and Coxey's army was in embryo. This old Chinaman got five little Cantonese, to be housed and fed at my cost, for twenty-five dollars, five dollars each—that was all they asked—he to have ten, per month.

Then came the Exclusion Act. The rich folk must and would have Chinese servants. There was not a sufficient number for both rich and poor people, and my little yellow farmers, who could now get five times what I was paying, left my "quarters" empty on their very first pay-day.

By help of my first farm laborers, I had set the place into fruit and berries. But after two years' struggle, toiling with my own hands day and night, I had to let my Nova Scotia apples, Georgia peaches and all sorts of costly plants die where they stood, because, even when I could get white men to help me, they didn't know their work as Chinese do; besides, they were, sometimes, drunken and dirty, body and soul.

Leaving my orchards and gardens to die, as others are beginning to do for the same reason, I set most of the place in forest trees. I am now leaning on this grove of more than fifty thousand trees, hoping that I may yet be able to make the place pay taxes!

Meantime, after the orchards and gardens had been allowed to go to waste, a few Japanese students came and, between lessons, took generous interest in teaching me how to trim and make trees grow, as if they had been masters of forestry. Of course, they

were of the higher class; but I am bound to say that the dozen or more of these people whom I have had with me, more or less, for the past twenty years, have compelled me to regard this sort of fellow laborer with the greatest respect. The Japanese, at home or abroad, is entirely sober and temperate. Born and bred in the water, so to speak, he is as clean as the water can make him. He is industrious, beyond belief. He rises with the birds, as we all should; but he burns the "midnight oil" to excess.

And now, my fellow toilers, a serious word about those vast millions of acres now being opened up by irrigation in Nevada, Oregon, Washington and Idaho. If the lack of men to harvest fruit and grain this year has entailed the loss of millions on millions, what is going to happen next year, and the next year, and the next, with these millions of acres added to our present acreage. Think it out for yourselves. For you can think, and the time is at hand for you to think reasonably and humanely.

And now let me ask you of the San Francisco union laborers, who insist on the exclusion of Chinese labor, How do you compare, either in numbers or in strength, with the vast army of laborers in the interior who have neither time nor money to attach themselves to any sort of union? In the language of the Bible, you are, both in numbers and in strength, "as grasshoppers in their sight." Bear in mind that you and all your unions put together are only a very small part of San Francisco. Remember that all San Francisco put together is only a very small part of California, and that all California is only a small portion of the United States. And yet you, a small, contentious portion and faction of a single city, assume to say that California and all this vast interior of new homes shall let their crops rot to humor your blindness, which has already doubled, trebled the price of your own bread!

You remind me of a dear friend to whom I looked up with great respect when I was a lad in Oregon. He was a State Senator, a kinsman of the great Sam Houston, of Texas, and his one hobby was to keep people out of Oregon. He would cry aloud in the Senate: "Too many people in Oregon already! Wall up the passes! Wall up the passes! Keep the people out! They will trample down the grass! They will ruin the grass, and we want the grass for our cattle. We want the cattle for California. Wall up the passes! Wall up the passes!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

SWINBURNE AND MUSIC.

BY CHARLES E. RUSSELL.

AMONG the memorable influences of the Wagnerian music-drama should not be overlooked this, that it subtly redrew the attention of the world of art to the common basis of music and poetry, and tended towards the establishing of better relations in the somewhat estranged family of phonetics. In this, as always in such matters, it was only a part, no doubt, of a general movement, accelerated by the symphonic poems of Liszt and Saint-Saëns, towards a more formal alliance between two arts having a common origin and the same blood; a movement that in our day may be thought to have reached its climax on its musical side in the tone-poems of Richard Strauss.

The basis of this interesting reconvergence of lines is old, the outward shows are new. However far, at times, poetry may have gone astray in bloomless metaphysical wastes, it could never lose its heart of song, it could never lose the essential stamp of its rhythmical race. The service of Wagner, Liszt and Strauss, poet-musicians, has been to modify music towards a more poetic expression. The service of a musician-poet like Swinburne has been to bring back poetry to a recognition of its function as a purely musical art. On an impartial survey it is likely to seem that, allowing for individual prejudice as well as for individual shortcomings, music and poetry have been enormously the gainers by the twofold recognition of their common mission and common methods—not equally the gainers, very likely, as certainly the resulting pleasure has been unequally distributed, but still the gainers.

True, Mr. Swinburne is more distinctly the heir and the culmination of a movement that has stretched its slow length along in English poetry from Marlowe down, and he seems, therefore,

the less an innovator. Also his audience is small compared with the audiences of his brethren, the poet-musicians; that is true, because poetry, particularly the kind of poetry he has cultivated, has a narrower appeal than some other forms of music. Moreover, the whole subject of poetry as an art is so clogged about with confusions of a pseudo-classicism, with vague and commingled ideas of hymnology and philosophy, that its pure progress as an art is seldom shown contemporaneously. Worst of all, it suffers the lack of a definite, coherent and accepted system, such as notated music is blessed withal; and hence what it is and does is never to be announced with a certainty that will appeal to all classes, even of students.

Yet, despite all these untoward conditions, I think it can be shown that Mr. Swinburne has carried poetry at least as far towards a practical recognition of its strictly musical basis as the poet-musicians have carried music towards the higher poetic phases. Interest in Mr. Swinburne's poetry is now generally revived, not unreasonably in view of his almost half-century of singing and the prodigious output of his industrious life; and the time may be happy to try to discover what have been his additions to music-poetry. For it is conceded generally, even by those who do not like him, and by those who have not cared diligently to consider him, that his power to marshal words into mellifluous, resonant or melodious speech is very unusual; that, if nothing more, he is, at least, as Bayard Taylor defined him, "a great rhythmical genius"; and that this is easily the distinctive quality of his art.

To begin with, let us note that Mr. Swinburne, in his basic point of view, is really as much composer as poet, looking upon speech as music, using for his effects the sounds of speech as other composers use notes and chords. To see how this is, and to judge whether his theory of it be legitimate or even tolerable, it is useful to refer here for a moment to some of the familiar mental phenomena connected with musical impressions. All art is, of course, an appeal to the imagination, to which it seeks to impart the feeling that mastered and inspired the artist. Thus, the eye in the case of the plastic arts, and the ear in the case of the phonetic arts, are merely communicators and reporters of the inward sense that receives the message and is or is not infected with the required feeling. In music, the way of this com-

munication is direct and simple; in poetry, it is not so simple (except where poetry is heard and not read), because from this silent reading the imaginative sense must construct the sound, and the faculty that does this is sometimes inefficient, sometimes rudimentary from disuse. Nevertheless, it is a sense quite willing to work if opportunity be given it; and, since the terminus, the final seat of the message, is the imagination, it can make in the end no difference whether the sounds are real or suggested; whether, that is to say, they enter the physical ear or are heard only by the ear of imagination, receiving the impressions of sound as the eye traverses the printed page and the constructive faculty creates the illusion of a reading voice. What is reported from these imagined sounds may be treated as music with as much certainty as the sounds made by a violin or a piano.

This is the groundwork of the theory, which is not, of course, in any way of Mr. Swinburne's inventing, but has merely reached in him the present stage of its evolution. In all his practice, words have two functions as the media of poetic art. They have, first, their definitive use, as the symbols of ideas, by which thought is conveyed, design and purpose established, structure is built, imagery and figurework are added; and they have, second, but hardly inferior, certain distinct and multifold tone values, which, in his method, are woven into carefully wrought-out schemes of sound intended to emphasize, clarify, vivify the feeling conveyed by the definitive function or bare meaning of the words.

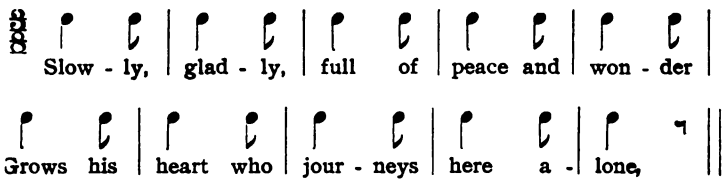
That concrete ideas and clearly defined feelings can be conveyed by the sound of words is really no more unreasonable than that there should be the like transference from other musical sounds, and that these word-sound meanings are of constant occurrence in daily life the smallest observation will show clearly enough. But, in the case of poetry, we hesitate a little to accept it, because poetry does not always seem to us a pure and glorious art, but often the handmaid, now of humor, now of religion, now of the didactic formulas of philosophic thought. Nevertheless, from any investigation of the poetry that seems to us to have a pleasing sound, we come straight home to the inevitable conclusion that it is pleasing because it is closely allied to the principles of music.

The strictly musical idea of the dual function of words spreads,

in the Swinburnian practice, into countless intricacies. Some of these need not be followed, but an outline of general principles is necessary to any fair understanding of the man's aim. Take, for instance, his use of rhythm or time-beat, the very foundation-stone of poetry as well as of music. We shall see clearly why this is called "a great rhythmical genius," and why, even at the very beginnings of his art, he is essentially of the order of musicians, if we submit his stanzas to rhythmical analysis on a basis of music. Here is a stanza from the third movement of his poem called "By the North Sea." The tempo is obviously slow, being so designed as to afford a contrast with the movements which have gone before; but how is it made so?

> "Slowly, gladly, full of peace and wonder
> Grows his heart who journeys here alone.
> Earth and all its thoughts of earth sink under
> Deep as deep in water sinks a stone.
> Hardly knows it if the rollers thunder,
> Hardly whence the lonely wind is blown."

The time bar of this, following the scheme of Sidney Lanier, may be shown thus:



the last time bar or foot of the second line consisting of a quarter note and an eighth rest. Resorting to the simple expedient of drumming this out with two pencils on a table, it will be noticed at once that the rhythmical device provides a somewhat slow and solemn sound, and that the two clefs represent a scheme very common in music. The slowness thus provided by the rhythmical basis is enhanced here by the verbalism; "slowly," with its full vowel sound, inducing an utterance slightly retarded and slightly emphatic, an effect that diminishes through "gladly" and "full of," where the voice naturally loses force a little and trips, in order to accentuate the important word "peace." We have here, then, united ingeniously with the rhythmical scheme all the effects of diminuendo and crescendo as used in music.

We can assure ourselves that these devices spring from a musical and no other purpose in the poet's mind, and that in the respect of such usage he stands alone among our poets. How? By a very simple experiment. Of Mr. Swinburne's predecessors in music-poetry it can be said that often their poetry is melodious as it is beautiful and effective; but he alone absolutely requires for an adequate reading or full understanding a perfect musical basis of time bars. As a rule, other verse yields quite as easily to the old semiclassical system of scansion as to Mr. Lanier's time-bar method. Many lines in Swinburne cannot be scanned at all except by the Lanier method, which reduces so-called feet to their purely musical equivalents of time bars. What, for instance, can be made by the formerly accepted systems of prosody of such hexameters as

"Full-sailed, wide-winged, poised softly forever asway"?

The usual explanation of this line is that Mr. Swinburne, carelessly, inadvertently or for some occult purpose, interjected one line of five feet among his hexameters and the scansion usually followed is by arrangement into a pentameter, thus:

"Full-sailed | wide-winged | poised softly | forever | asway,"

the first two feet being held to be spondees, and the third and fourth amphibrachs. It has also been proposed to make the third foot a spondee or an iambus, and the remaining feet anapests, thus:

"Full-sailed | wide-winged | poised soft- | ly forev- | er asway."

The confusion of these ideas is enough to mark them as unscientific and worthless, to say nothing of the severe reflection they cast on the poet's workmanship. We have not so known Mr. Swinburne; for, if there be anything he has taught us about himself it is his strenuous and sometimes absurd particularity about immaculate form. He would never overlook a line of five feet in a poem of hexameters. But—as will, I think, appear later and conclusively—the line is really of six feet, and is not iambic, trochaic, anapestic, the spurious spondaic that some writers have tried to manufacture for English verse, or anything else recognized in Coleridge's immortal stanza, or in the text-books. It simply cannot be scanned by classical rules; it cannot be weighed

justly, and its full meaning extracted, by any of the "trip-time" or "march-time" expedients of other investigators. It is purely music; and when read by the method of music appears perfectly designed and luminous with significance. Only a poet that was at heart a composer could have made such a phrase, based upon such intimate knowledge of music's rhythmical laws.

Or take what we vaguely call the mellifluous or resonant or melodious quality in Mr. Swinburne's verse. Take such lines as

> "And touched his tongue with honey and with fire,"
> "But in the sweet, clear fields beyond the river,"
> "Are kindled with music as fire when the lips of the morning part,"

chosen at random turning over his pages: it is most obvious that much of the pleasure of the sound is derived from the assonanting vowel notes in "touched," "tongue" and "honey," in "with" and "fire"; in "sweet, clear fields" and "river"; in "kindled," "music," "fire," "lips" and "morning." But this is merely the musical principle of assonance, the fundamental law of accordant sounds, and that Mr. Swinburne has, by common consent, shown an unprecedented mastery over these combinations is evidence that he has brought his art squarely within the laws of musical composition.

So far, all these effects are easily determinable and clear enough; but the next step is to be attempted with some diffidence. While all other music has been developed into a vast and intricate science in which the governing laws have been ascertained, weighed to the estimation of a hair, formulated, elaborated, mastered, and to be conveyed by invariable symbols, this commonest of all music, this music of human speech, remains an uncharted sea. We have some little knowledge of it, to be sure; we know, for instance, that in even the most ordinary utterance the voice continually changes its pitch, so that speech seems, on close attention, a kind of singing; and we know that from these changes we derive a considerable part of the meaning contained in utterance. We know that changing the key in which any word is spoken can change, or even reverse, its meaning. We know, for example, that if the utterance of any word ascend the scale two or three full tones a question is signified, but if it descend two or three tones an affirmation. We know, or a little observation will show us, that in any average sentence hardly any

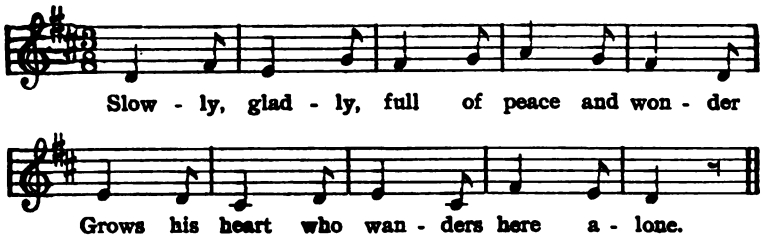
two words are spoken in the same key, and we know that all there is in what we call "inflection" is contained in these changing keys. These things are certain enough; but, so far, there is no system of notation wherewith to mark the minute difference in the keys of spoken words. To devise such a system would be difficult, because no two persons are likely to utter the same sentence in exactly the same way. The changes of keys are responsive to individual feeling, which slightly differs in each case. We can see, of course, that the true symbols of these voice-changes lie somewhere within the present system of musical notation; that the unnoted notes (if I may so term them), like those between A and A sharp, are answerable to the changes in the tones of speech, and we can easily believe that eventually these will be known and noted as definitely as piano scores.

But while so much of this subject is undiscovered country, and while at present the personal equation seems the impassable barrier to a system of speech notation that can be of universal application, some general principles can be discerned plainly and followed safely. We cannot, with perfect confidence, assume to tell how much the average voice will rise and fall in uttering any sentence, and we have no notes wherewith to express the rising and falling; yet experience shows that, for various reasons, the average voice will speak some words of any given sentence on a higher key than it will use for others. And here is a great matter in purely melodic poetry like Swinburne's.

Take, for instance, the first of the stanzas we have been examining. No one can say how much higher the voice will naturally pitch "gladly" than it will pitch "slowly," nor how much lower it will pitch "slow" than "ly"; and yet we know that "gladly" will certainly have a higher pitch than "slowly," even if there is no way accurately to denote the difference. We know, also, that "full of" will be spoken on higher keys than "gladly," and that in "and wonder" the voice will return, for three reasons, to something like the key original in "slowly": because the voice descends on emphatic words; because these words have open vowels, which normally demand lower tones than closed vowels; and because these words mark the end of a thought.

These are the certainties of utterance; and chiefly from such changes of key governed by such influences, with significance and

word-sound so blended, arises the sense of tune or melody in verse. We may, therefore, venture to indicate in a clef something of these melodic impressions, always bearing in mind that what we are attempting is only relative and symbolical, and that the real changes in the average voice would probably be much finer than anything we can make here:



It will be apparent, I think, that, however crudely it may be echoed, here is really the basis of a tune; and the suggestion I would urge is that, while similar tunes, or the materials for them, are found in other poets, Mr. Swinburne has most clearly recognized these potentialities and most persistently used them.

Before we go on to other examples of its use, it seems needful to digress here into another aspect of music-poetry and one more familiarly associated with his name. Common, and possibly somewhat inconsiderate, comment has settled upon alliteration as the distinguishing mark of the Swinburne technique; and, as this artful aid is often condemned by severe taste as something of a trick, or at least of an inferior and obvious device, Mr. Swinburne has doubtless lost a little in contemporaneous fame by his apparent fondness for alliterative phrasing. A workman so careful and judicious as he, and one, moreover, whose taste is usually impeccable about other things, would not be likely to fall into an error so gross as this is represented to be. But alliteration is not necessarily a trick; it is not necessarily stucco on the verse structure. Used intelligently and designedly, it is a musical value, not only unobjectionable, but absolutely demanded for certain harmonic effects, and having a descent the most legitimate from the primal stock of music. What we call "alliteration" is, in the hands of a melodist, nothing more nor less than the working out of the principle of harmonics contained

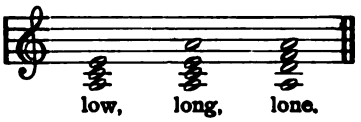
in the progress of the chord. Thus, in such a line as the first in "A Forsaken Garden,"

> "In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,"

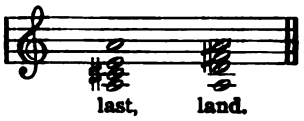
we can plainly see the harmonic value of the repetition of the hard "C" sound in "coign" and "cliff," and we can judge how much it means to us by substituting another word of a meaning much the same but out of the chord, as, suppose he had written "angle." Or take one of the lines that have been adversely criticised for excessive alliteration:

> "To the low, last edge of the long, lone land."

"Low," "long" and "lone" are really related minor chords based upon principles familiar to most students of music. To take an illustration at random, they might be typified thus:



"Last" and "land" have a similar harmonic reason, and might accurately be illustrated thus:



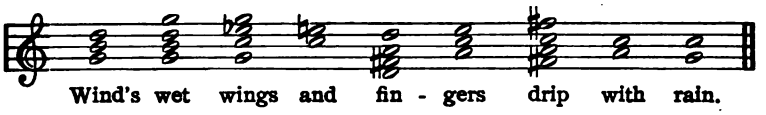
Probably the truth is that in this passage, and in many others like it in Mr. Swinburne's poetry, the words are answerable to the particular strains he had in mind at the moment; he seized them as forming the equivalent chords, and he did not lay them upon his work with the trowel of extraneous ornament.

Another pertinent illustration of chord values that will occur instantly to all Swinburnians is the line in "Laus Veneris,"

> "The wind's wet wings and fingers drip with rain,"

where the base of the chords may be regarded as the sound of W, the changing vowels supply the other notes, and the effects are identical with changed chords in a dominant key in music, a

device equally reasonable in poetry, and one that forcibly illustrates the essential unity of the arts. Taking note of the ingenious following of "wings" with an allied sound in the first syllable of "fingers," something like this on a piano would be:



Without the use of the repetition of the basic note of the chord, without "alliteration," that is to say, no such effect would be possible.

In another respect, also, it seems fair to concede that Mr. Swinburne has carried further than any of his predecessors a strictly musical view of poetry. Rhyme, again, is not merely of an office of ornament or a thing of custom, but has harmonic origin and purpose, being in fact the principle of assonanting sound. That is to say, rhyme outgrows from the fact that the ear recognizes with peculiar pleasure a sound that repeats, with variations, the characteristic tones of a sound heard shortly before, a fact leading back agreeably to natural laws and, even further, to the fundamental truths of physical evolution. Most musical compositions are written in quite obvious rhymes; and the array of familiar and classical works that have not only rhymes but distinct stanzaic arrangements exactly like those of poetry is worth remembering. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and Rubinstein's "Romance in E Flat" will occur at once as examples in which the stanzas are unmistakable. To observe how thoroughly Mr. Swinburne's rhyming sense is of the musician's order we need no more than a glance at the forms he adopted for such poems as "The Hymn of Proserpine," "We Have Seen Thee, O Love, Thou art Fair," or, still better, at the Tennyson "Birthday Ode" and Tennyson "Threnody." Here minor and internal rhymes are so used as to heighten the musical values and create the impression of one sound being evolved from and kin to another, which is the essence of melody. As thus:

"Two years *more* than the full four *score* lay hallowing hands on a sacred head,
Scarce one *score* of the perfect *four* uncrowned by fame as they smiled and fled:

Still and *soft* and alive *aloft* their sunlight stays though the suns be dead."

Rhythmical, rhyming and stanzaic forms followed by Mr. Swinburne sometimes bear rather startling resemblance to forms followed by famous composers. Thus the stanza of the first movement of "By the North Sea,"

"A land that is lonelier than ruin;
A sea that is stranger than death;
Far fields that a rose never blew in,
Wan wastes where the wind lacks breath,"

is very like a stanza in the second movement of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony beginning at the forty-sixth bar. And, in the second movement (Andante) of Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, the first twelve bars present a stanza almost identical with the stanza of Swinburne's "Epicede" in memory of James Lorimer Graham:

"Light, and song, and sleep at last—
Struggling hands and suppliant knees
Get no goodlier gift than these.
Song that holds remembrance fast,
Light that lightens death, attend
Round their graves who have to friend
Light, and song, and sleep at last."

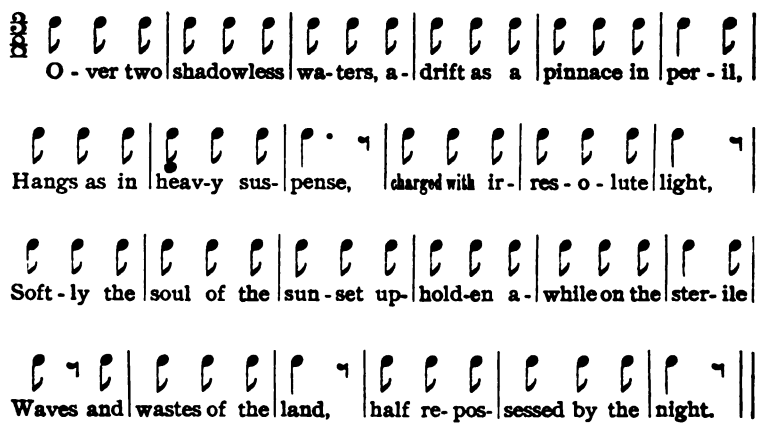
These similarities are the more significant because they are merely coincidental, the two artists evidently working along the same lines, each unaware of the other. Tschaikowsky and Swinburne have many characteristics in common; it is worth attention and suggestive of further analogies that, for the expression of profound sorrow, they should have chosen nearly identical forms.

In "Evening on the Broads," the purely musical phase of Mr. Swinburne's genius reached its highest expression; and it may be doubted if there is another poem in the language, or soon likely to be, that will equally endure musical tests. Some of the resources displayed in this truly admirable work seem rather astonishing when first come upon, they reveal so much of masterful design and coolly reasoned purpose. The artistic object of the poem is, first, to create a feeling of the solemn pathetic beauty of the fading sunset and the mood of rather sombre-hued meditation that the sunset may induce. Naturally, a very slow, stately

tempo is required, and this is secured by the time bar (which is dactyllic), by the long lines, by the use of open vowels and by the expression of grave emotions, but chiefly by the rhythmic structure which involves an extraordinary use of the rest. So entirely musical are design and method in this poem that, without some musical analysis, the truest beauties of the work and much of its significance are certain to be lost.

"Evening on the Broads" is written in hexameters—that is to say, there are six bars in each line; but, to insure a slow tempo, rests and quarter notes are used in a designed system, the last bar of each line usually consisting of a quarter note and an eighth rest. Still further to establish the adagio, the third foot in every other line repeats this figure of a quarter note and an eighth rest, making an arrangement without a precedent in our poetry.

The musical strength of this device can best be seen in this diagram of the opening lines of the poem, the accent, of course, falling upon the first note of each bar:

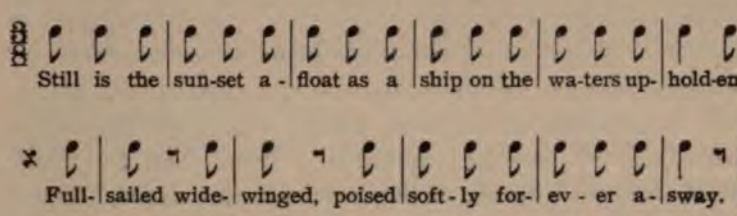


It is the last of these lines that exhibits most clearly the author's intentions towards tempo, and towards shading and emphasis as well; for the eighth rests after "waves" and "land" not only secure the necessary slowness, but produce in a musical way a certain standing out of "waves" and "land," in their strong poetic and figurative import, not less than in the value of their full sound to the current melody. This sound figure is repeatedly used.

Some of these arrangements are subtile and ingenious, and some are bold. In three or four places in the poem, Mr. Swinburne regards the first two syllables of a line as belonging to the last time bar of the preceding line, where they take the place of the usual rest, and then proceeds on that basis, calmly ignoring the rules of the prosodists in such cases made and provided—a device that only a musicianly mind would think of, and only a courageous mind carry out. The eleventh line is such an instance, given here with the tenth to show the connection:

"Hover the | colors and | clouds of the | sunset | void of a | *star*
***As a* | bird un- | fledged is the | broad-winged | night whose | winglets are | callow."**

It will be noticed that always the rests are fixed to fall at places where they can be most useful for rhetorical and poetic, as well as musical purposes, as, for example, in the thirty-eighth line, where they have unusual strength. I give the thirty-seventh line also to show the connection of the thought:



This seems to dispose of all the difficulties about this line, and to show how ably the poet has used musical resources for the enforcement of his thought, for the rests bring out the full sounds, and thereby give to the figures a clearness in relief not otherwise obtainable, and supply cumulative shadings in the progress of the melody.

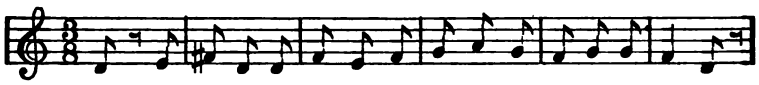
There is not only expert use of rest and time bar, but of phrasing and diminuendo and crescendo, plainly indicated in many lines, as, for example, in these:

"Still there linger the loves of the morning and noon in a vision
Blindly beheld but in vain; ghosts that are tired and would rest."

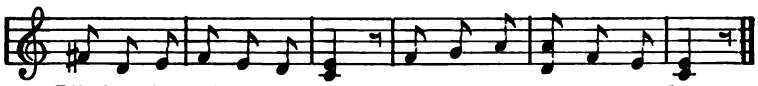
Here there is crescendo to about the middle of the last phrase, and diminuendo thence to the end.

If we bring to these lines such an experiment as we made on a previous page in search of a tune, we may note that "still,"

being of no unusual significance, would naturally be spoken in a middle register, but because of the inflection (in the elocutionary sense) it would be lower than the unemphasized word "there." On "linger" the voice falls because of the inflection, and thereafter it rises as far as "morning." "Vision," being an emphatic word, is naturally uttered in falling tones, while "vain" is the close of a phrase, takes a falling inflection and may justly be represented by a chord. A musical score of these lines on the plan previously adopted (bearing in mind always that the notes here are only relative symbols of tones the differences of which are mostly uncharted) would look like this:



Still there linger the loves of the morning and noon in a vis-ion



Blind-ly be-held but in vain; ghosts that are tired and would rest.

Similar analyses of others among Mr. Swinburne's poems would reveal other evidences of command over all the varied potentialities of musical expression. From that full-toned supernal chorus of Spring in the "Atalanta in Calydon," of his youth, to "The Altar of Righteousness," his latest work, he has covered the known field of melodies in poetry. To some of these studies clearly he has been led by Wagner. His own exalted tributes to that great soul do not indicate his close observation of the Wagnerian methods more certainly than the "Two Preludes," where, in incredibly few words, is reproduced the essence of the feelings in the *vorspiels* to "Tristan und Isolde" and "Lohengrin." But the plainest indication of Wagner's influence is in "Tristram of Lyonesse," for there the prelude is founded squarely on the *vorspiel* of the opera, and in the fifth division of the poem appears a *leit motif* used just as Wagner uses it, the continued recurrence at intervals of "the wind" and "the sea."

> "And swordlike was the sound of the iron wind,
> And as a breaking battle was the sea.
>
> "And as a full field charging was the sea,
> And as the cry of slain men was the wind.

"And all her soul was as the breaking sea,
And all her heart unhungered as the wind.

"And all their past came wailing in the wind,
And all their future thundered in the sea."

The very form (in a large sense) of his poems often shows the musicianly mind, the steady drift towards musical methods. "By the North Sea" is almost a symphony, with its movements of different tempi illustrating different aspects of the same subject, brought to a close by a powerful finale. The first and fourth of these movements even show some recognition of the principles of the sonata form, with their regular recurrence of the thematic phrase, "the sea." "Astrophel," "The Armada," "The Last Oracle" are of symphonic inspiration; the threnodies reveal a master's knowledge of the minor chords in speech-music; "The Litany of Nations," "The Song of the Standard" and many others display full command over sound combinations and rhythmical expedients that produce buoyant and swelling marches; and time would fail me to recount the poems wherein the tonal achievements must always move the student of music to pleasure and sometimes almost to awe. Whatever we shall think of Mr. Swinburne's poetry as a whole, surely in these studies, at least, he has had no fellow.

CHARLES E. RUSSELL.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY A. SCHADE VAN WESTRUM, CHARLES JOHNSTON AND OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

BIELSCHOWSKY'S "LIFE OF GOETHE." *

THE publication of the second volume of Mr. William A. Cooper's meritorious translation of Albert Bielschowsky's "Life of Goethe,"—which at once took its place as the definitive biography of the poet in Germany on its first appearance in the original, dethroning Lewes's Life from its till then undisputed supremacy in German literature and libraries, public and private,—enables the foreign reader to form a judgment of the nicety and balance of its proportions, the independent impartiality of its statement of facts, and the firm unity of its plan. The portrait of the man and the poet is strikingly consistent in its gradual development within the bounds set by the contradictions of Goethe's life. The strict objectivity which makes German encyclopedias the most reliable, because the most thorough and most unbiased by personal views and theories as distinguished from facts, is a notable feature of this work.

Where this objective honesty of the biographer is of greatest service to the foreign reader, in this second volume, is in the exactitude of his treatment of Goethe's *Deutschtum*, the quality of his patriotism, in an era that, more than any other in the history of the race, should have called it forth, forced it with irresistible impulse to find voice in burning, inspiring strophes. But during the years when all Germany lay under the crushing foot of the first Napoleon, Goethe remained discreetly silent.

* "The Life of Goethe." By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D. Authorized translation from the German, by William Cooper, A.M. Three volumes. Vol. II: From the Italian Journey to the Wars of Liberation, 1788-1815. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is a curious fact that, whereas the poet has always been considered and honored by the world at large as the supreme embodiment of the Germanic spirit, the Germans themselves are far less enthusiastic over the quality of his Germanism—look upon it, indeed, with considerable doubt. The explanation is not far to seek: to foreigners the poet of "Goetz von Berlichingen," "Hermann und Dorothea" and "Faust" must seem the supreme incarnation of the spirit of his race. They know but little of his life and career apart from his literary activities (his susceptibility to the influence of the *Ewig Weibliche* always excepted), and take less thought of inquiring. The fact is, however, that, notwithstanding the depth, significance and influence of Goethe's historical *Deutschtum* as seen in "Goetz" and "Faust," notwithstanding an occasional expression of feeling in private talk and correspondence, his love of country, his living, contemporary patriotism, did not, in the days of his country's deepest humiliation, force his genius to inspired utterance. Such pain, indignation and aspiration as he may have experienced apparently were not of compelling power. No poem of encouragement and hope, no battle-song, no pæan of triumph rushed impetuously from his pen in the days of shame and liberation.

The German feels this grievous lack in the life of this genius of his race as a flaw in the marble of his grandeur.

Bielschowsky's explanation is that the poet was also a statesman, and at that a particularist statesman trained in the school of diplomacy of a divided, hopelessly discordant seventeenth-century Germany. Charged with the political well-being of Weimar in a period of constant danger, when its continued existence and that of its duke, who was his warm friend, admirer and patron, depended upon the good-will of an arbitrary tyrant given to radical measures when offended, Goethe's duty forbade him to imperil all by voicing the feelings of his race. This consideration obliged him to remain to outward appearances the faithful friend of Napoleon, a Weimarian, or, to adapt a term of current English politics, a "Little German." In addition to this, Bielschowsky points out, Goethe was unquestionably influenced by fear of the preponderance of Prussia or Austria in the Empire, and preferred French domination to this alternative.

The shortness as well as the narrowness of Goethe's view as a statesman had been demonstrated ere this by his total lack of

understanding of the world-wide significance of the French Revolution. He approved of it in its beginnings as justified by the misgovernment of country and people by the king and his nobles, but held that, after this unmistakable warning, they should have been allowed to continue in power, that they might have established that paternal "benevolent despotism" which had become the theory of government of Frederick the Great and George III, and in which he himself so thoroughly believed. The excesses of the Reign of Terror revolted him, as they alienated other early sympathizers, but, apart from that, his plays dealing with the Revolution demonstrate that not an inkling of the universal meaning of the mighty movement penetrated his mind, after one passing flash of insight at the battle of Valmy.

This second volume covers the period of the maturity of Goethe's literary genius, of his aging as a man (witness the disillusion of his second visit to Italy), and of that majestic aloofness which, no doubt unconscious, set him apart among his peers, alone, but, one is inclined to believe, only rarely aware of loneliness. "He manifests his existence graciously," wrote Schiller to Koerner, "but only as a god, without giving himself. This seems to me a consistent, well-planned way of conducting himself, calculated solely to procure the highest enjoyment of self-love." But this was before the days when Schiller succeeded, by determination based on enthusiastic admiration, to break through the barrier, and establish the intimacy which stands alone in the history of letters. Caroline Herder said: "Goethe refuses absolutely to be anything to his friends any more," and wrote, after a social gathering at his house, "we all felt extremely uncomfortable." The Prussian von Schuckmann, on the other hand, whose enlightening analysis of this baffling personality is quoted at length, held "that it is hard to get very close to him is not the fault of his will, but of his idiosyncrasy, and the difficulty of expressing in words his ideas and feelings exactly as they exist in his soul. Until he knows that one divines and feels his meaning, and sees into his soul through every opening that he gives, he cannot speak." This bit of psychology suggests the sensitiveness which in its dread of uncongenial contact instinctively and without conscious volition assumes the defensive armor that looks so deceptively like haughtiness, and the suggestion finds confirmation in Goethe's distress over the indifference and worse with

which his scientific writings were received, and in the somewhat small spirit wherewith he set about punishing his literary detractors, pygmies whom he could well have afforded to ignore. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that Goethe was a thorough man of the world. It is most likely, on the whole, that he was bored by the inferior minds about him, and refused to be dragged down from the heights where his vast intellect dwelt.

A large part of this second volume is of necessity devoted to an analysis of the work produced by the poet during this period. "Iphigenie," the four dramas suggested rather than inspired by the French Revolution, "Tasso," "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," "Hermann und Dorothea," "Die Wahlverwantschaften" and "Pandora" are each discussed in a separate chapter of sound literary exposition and criticism, the influences of Goethe's life at the moment of their writing being in each case traced. These literary interpretations are not the least of the merits of this model biography, for, as Bielschowsky points out in his comparison of Goethe's genius with Schiller's, the general reader of Goethe needs an interpreter's aid:

> Goethe owes the best of his treasures to intuition, to sudden flashes of inspiration. He has the conclusion first and finds it difficult to show the premises upon which the conclusion rests. Hence in his motivation he is often obscure and one-sided. Schiller discovers his gems of thought along the way of logical conclusions. Hence it is possible for him always to be clear. Through the clearness of his thoughts and presentations, which is most beautifully accompanied by idealistic enthusiasm, Schiller has become the instructor, the educator, the preacher, of the nation; through his deep, penetrating vision Goethe has become the nation's seer and prophet. Schiller is within the range of every one's comprehension, he attracts every one, and carries every one away with him; Goethe attracts only the delicately responsive, and only the initiated can wholly understand him. He needs interpreters. Only when these have performed their work for centuries will Goethe enjoy the popularity which Schiller has always enjoyed.

Among these interpreters Bielschowsky takes a unique place, because he proves himself as intelligible and informing to non-German as to German readers. The publication of the first part of "Faust" falls within the period dealt with in the present volume. Its interpretation, reserved for the completion of the drama in Goethe's old age, in the concluding part of the biography, has, unfortunately, remained fragmentary, owing to Bielschowsky's

untimely death. Thus the work lacks the supreme test of the biographer as interpreter, not only of the main drama of the struggle between good and evil, but of its intricate philosophies, ethics and religion, its bewilderingly elaborate and complicated body of allegory, its meaning as a picture of the Germanic transition from mediæval formalism in church and state to modern individualism, its striking prophecies already come true,—a whole world of speculation, thought and criticism of life, marred in form as in unity by the long periods that were allowed to elapse between the writing of its successive parts, but an immortal master work none the less. In this respect this "Life of Goethe" remains incomplete, but in all else it is a masterly production. Crowning merit of a notable achievement, the biography, with all its scholarly thoroughness, is yet even better adapted to the needs of the general public for which it has been primarily written than to those of the special student.

A. SCHADE VAN WESTRUM.

"PERSIA, PAST AND PRESENT." *

THERE are many books of travel which manage to give us vivid and entertaining pictures of far-away lands, to conjure up before us, so far as may be, the sunlit cities of the East, or the white wastes of polar lands, or forests primeval and savage tribes. There are, for every thousand books of this class, one or two which do much more. They awaken in us a quiet and almost unconscious sympathy toward the traveller whom we are invited to accompany. Almost without knowing it, we find ourselves sharing his delights or disappointments, dreaming with his reveries, looking at men and things as he does, becoming tinged with his philosophy of life. To this rare and precious class belong such books as Waterton's "Wanderings in South America"; Alfred Russel Wallace's books on the East Indies and the Amazon; Sir Samuel Baker's "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia"; James Bryce's "South Africa."

Some of the best books of this small and delightful class have been written by Englishmen who, finding themselves with time and opportunity, have set out for some land long dreamed of,

* "Persia, Past and Present." By A. V. Williams Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan & Co.

drawn by sheer love, and without any interested motive. They have at once the vigor and daring that stir them to difficult enterprises, the leisurely self-possession of mind and heart that allows them to take delight in their journeyings, and the unconsciousness of themselves which is indispensable to our enjoyment of their company. In a word, whatever be their other qualities and talents, they must have a certain vigor, with gentleness and good manners, if they are to achieve the kind of success we have in view.

Professor Jackson's "Persia, Past and Present" has good claims to be admitted to this rare and delightful class of books. It has enduring value. It has scientific power. It has historical interest and, what is rarer, the feeling for what is genuinely interesting in history. It has a sense of the humanity of life, the poetry, the mysticism. It has a pleasant literary atmosphere, now calling to mind a chorus of Æschylus, now some pretty picture from Chaucer, now a Persian love-song. And, as the string to bind these good things together, it has the charm of an engaging personality.

This journey to Persia was made by way of Russia and the Caucasus, and we have some interesting pictures of the land of Elbruz and Ararat, even though Professor Jackson did not emulate Mr. Bryce's feat in finding and bringing home a piece of the ark from that huge, lonely mountain. We are taken through Tiflis, the old capital of the Kingdom of Georgia, which still bears the golden fleece of Jason on its escutcheon. And from Tiflis we pass south, toward the frontier, the mountain land which has been the scene of so much wild fighting since the dawn of time. Professor Jackson reached the River Araxes, where Russia and Persia meet, about the middle of March, when the high mountain roads were still deep in snow, and through the snow his camels plodded and plunged. We are told, and it is a charming little touch, that the camel-bells say "dong-dong," and not "ding-dong," and we fancy that we hear them, in the wastes of Erivan. At the Araxes, Mr. Jackson had to part with his guide Rustom and his revolver; and he seemingly rode off cheerily on his camel, into a wilderness of cut-throats and bandits, armed with nothing more formidable than a fountain pen. It takes a good deal of courage to do a thing like that; and not every writer could remain so unconscious of it.

For the most part, Professor Jackson stuck to the western provinces of the Shah's dominions, the hill country that rises in terraces from the Tigris and Euphrates valleys, and the Persian Gulf. In that mountain region, he moved from one place of pilgrimage to another, evoking the wraiths of bygone ages and heroes. First came Lake Urumiah, not very far from the southern frontier of Russia; and here Professor Jackson followed the footsteps of the sage Zoroaster, one of "the line of prophets that have been since the world began." Those who know Professor Jackson's former book will remember that he fixes the birth of the prophet of Iran about the year 660 B.C., just seventeen years before the birth of Siddhartha the Compassionate, known to the world as Gautama Buddha. To this context belongs one of the most interesting quotations in the volume under review, a passage from the Apocryphal Gospel of Infancy:

"1. And it came to pass, when the Lord Jesus was born at Bethlehem, a city of Judea, in the time of Herod the King, the wise men came from the East to Jerusalem, according to the prophecy of Zoroaster (Zoradascht), and brought with them offerings: namely, gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and worshipped him, and offered to him their gifts. 2. Then the Lady Mary took one of his swaddling-clothes in which the infant was wrapped, and gave it to them instead of a blessing, which they received from her as a most noble present. 3. And at the same time there appeared to them an angel in the form of that star which had before been their guide in their journey; the light of which they followed till they returned to their own country" (p. 103).

From Urumiah of Zoroastrian memories, our traveller made his way southward through the mountains to Hamadan, the Ecbatana of the Greeks. Here he retraced the long centuries, from the dim days of Semiramis, of Sardanapalus, of Alexander the Great, through the later times of the Parthian and Sassanian rulers of Persia, until the Arab invasion in the seventh century of our era finally made Persia a Moslem land. Hamadan was a stage on the journey to Kermanshah; and twenty miles from this latter city Professor Jackson accomplished the greatest feat of his journey, the thorough study of the cuneiform inscriptions, carved on the cliff of the huge peak of Behistun, recording the exploits of Darius the king. The London "Spectator" does well to give Professor Jackson high credit for this achievement,

in a sentence which contains a quaint mistake: "No less arresting is his account of the Behistun carvings, and of his bold climb up the rock face to study the tablets. He is the only European who has stood upon these perilous ledges since Sir Henry Rawlinson made his famous ascent." I am credibly informed that this European was born in New York.

The traveller's route took him still to the southward, through Ispahan, to the tomb of Cyrus and the ruins of Persepolis, in the mountains that rise up in terraces from the Persian Gulf. There was an expedition to Shiraz, the shrine of Persian poetry; another to Yezd, where the Zoroastrian faith still dwells in Iran; and then the traveller turned his face toward Teheran and the north. We finally take leave of him on the southern shore of the Caspian, under the shadow of the vast snowy cone of Damavand.

So with wisdom and charm we are carried through the ages, and made to behold again one of the sacred lands. Its whole life grows before the inner eyes, as the magic scroll is unrolled through century after century, and we realize that our author has written an exceptional book, with exceptional excellence.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"ALICE-FOR-SHORT." *

IT will be possible for a great many of Mr. de Morgan's agreeably stimulated readers to read one or both of his excellent novels without discovering their most astonishing characteristic: the really frivolous lightness, that is to say, with which this whimsical artist has regarded life. Such an anxious age is ours that the dullest hack-writer has not failed to gather from his masters an aching sense of the tragic seriousness of things. Survivor of a more unconcerned era, smilingly unaware of his own frivolity, the author of "Alice-for-Short" and of "Joseph Vance" remains alone, at his safe and polite distance, a leisurely and accomplished observer of manners—of certain kinds of manners. It is safe to say that it has never occurred to him to devote dark nights to grim-intentioned studies of humankind, or feverish dawns to the record of his discoveries. He is, rather, of the unconscious artists; of

* "Alice-for-Short." By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

those whose tolerant passivity feeds a desultory artistic sense with miscellaneous impressions, merely. Crime and disaster and disease have not appalled him, but these are comfortably regarded as tools of the trade, as furtherers of Plot. Mr. de Morgan's reliable and unterrifying ghosts, like his favorite characters' narrow escapes from death, leave the reader's nervous system as free from shock as the author's obviously is. When he is not exercising his distinguishing genius for extracting humor from what he would himself perhaps call the Unpleasant, he is obscuring it by a decent, impenetrable gloss. The most sensitive and ladylike reader can candidly say at the end that she has been reading a "pretty story."

Certainly it is neither for the intimate realities of his picture, for it is devoid of them, nor for his romance, which is extraordinarily tame—Mr. de Morgan remains an inveterate sentimentalist—that we all, ingenuous and fault-finding alike, find so much enjoyment in "Alice-for-Short." And the enjoyment is legitimate, it requires no apology. A delicate sense of words and a confident and unstinted fashion of using them are not common gifts; nor is the art of commenting, with unforced, unfailing humor, on the little, usual things of life. We may have no interest whatever in the entirely incidental Partridge, the housekeeper, but we delight in learning that she

"waded through her prose epic—which she prolongs as much as possible from the feeling (shared by almost all of us, perhaps) that any circumstantial narrative of events apologizes for the share we have had in them." A similar joy is derived from Mrs. Twills, "whose attitude, so far as it could be understood, seemed to be that of premature resentment against assumed allegations of interference on her part. . . . She left an impression of having censured the human race for a vice of interposition that she was nobly exempt from. She can hardly be said to have spoken on the subject. She withdrew after producing an effect of having done so, and went up-stairs with a pail."

In short, Mr. de Morgan is irresistible when he is playful; but his playfulness has no connection whatever with the not too singular and absorbing fortunes of that very pleasant young woman, Alicia Kavanagh—Alice-for-Short. Just as in "Joseph Vance," it is the delicious irregularities and irrelevancies that cajole the reader and reconcile him to much that is tedious and much that is trivial and, in this case, to a strangely cumbrous plot. If the average novel-reader had not developed a strong, self-protective

instinct, if he did not know when alertly to dodge and skip, and when weakly to lay his head on his pillow, he would faint with exhaustion before he had followed this intricate and far-spreading story to its multiple ends; an ungrateful confession when an author has been at such elaborate pains to allure and mystify.

It would be a fantastic and unnecessary exercise to compare two books of such essential similarity as "Alice-for-Short" and "Joseph Vance." Its author's talent appears not to be variable or versatile; it is like that of a good conversationalist, whose stories never fail of applause partly for the very reason that they are so much alike. There is no occasion for taking the novelist's agreeable characters more seriously than he has himself, or for subjecting them to any shattering analysis. If his characters ever undergo the exhausting emotions and states of mind that plenty of other writers describe for us, this novelist has considered suppression the part of good taste and the reader can only acquiesce. Of such a burden as an abstract theme both novels are of course entirely innocent. Alice, like Joseph, is rescued from squalor and brought up in an irreproachable family. But while it is perfectly plain from the start that she is to marry her rescuer, it is the weakness of Mr. de Morgan's method that this happy climax, the single climax of the story, appears to be deferred for a great many pages indeed. It is not his artless and hesitating lovers, but his unconventional characters, his Mr. Jerrythoughts and Mrs. Kavanaghs, of whom the author, in spite of his conventional predilections, displays the most adroit and satisfactory grasp. Nothing could be more admirable than the first few chapters of this story, leading up to the tragedy that disposes of the unworthy Kavanagh parents. But Mr. de Morgan has the audacity to treat the tragedy as comedy, and it is masterly in every word. If the rest of the book were as good, "Alice-for-Short" would be a permanent work of genius, just as "Joseph Vance" would have been a masterpiece if Christopher Vance could have been made the hero. One would delight to quote pages from both books, pages that merely celebrate the idiosyncrasies of drunken and disreputable persons whose lives scarcely affect the entirely respectable narrative. It was said of Mrs. Kavanagh, for instance, that there were

"special opportunities that she cherished of affirming her normal self-restraint by a parade of their exceptional character. Breakfast, dinner and supper yielded the luxury of a clear conscience, coupled with the

public exhibition of the rum-bottle; and as she sat watching her husband correcting the shortcomings of Alice's piece of bread-and-butter, her mind was gradually approaching a bottle of rum in the corner cupboard, whose door stood suggestively on the jar, almost within reach of her hand.

"To broach a topic of this sort, you affect faintness, smile in a sickly way, and sigh as one accustomed to conceal suffering. By doing so, you provoke inquiry, and procure a fulcrum. In response to her husband's 'Why don't you take your supper?' Goody Peppermint, who had done all these things with a view to this question, replied, 'No airpetite!' She emphasized this by laying her hand across the outside of her interior, on which her husband began a groan, and cut it off short in the middle."

This reliance upon drunkenness to furnish his comic material is among Mr. de Morgan's heritages from a lighter-minded epoch; but for his curious moral fastidiousness there must be some other origin. To any form of weakness he stoops with indulgent grace; but characters of deliberately malign intent—such as persons experienced in the business of story-writing declare it is occasionally necessary to introduce—he feels constrained to handle with his longest rhetorical tongs. He even isolates them, so far as possible, lest the other characters suffer contagion, and when they have performed the evil assigned them he gets them out of the story and into their graves with all possible despatch. That deceitful and immoral person, Lavinia Straker, is continually tagged by the author's whimsical apologies for introducing her at all. She is not allowed in the same drawing-room, so to speak, with the excellent group who represent safe moral standards; and a knowledge of her peccadilloes is decently imparted at second hand. This may not be the method of great literature; but it is undoubtedly Mr. de Morgan's privilege to be as moral as he pleases.

After all, the truth about such a book as "Alice-for-Short" may be said in a sentence. It is in great qualities that it is deficient—and how often may great qualities be found? And it is in the lesser, but not negligible ones—in wise comment, deft workmanship, in humor, fancifulness and charm—that it is satisfyingly replete.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON; ST. PETERSBURG; BERLIN; WASHINGTON.

LONDON, *September, 1907.*

THE United Kingdom is face to face with the possibility of a railway strike. I do not know, I do not think anybody knows, whether it is more than a possibility. The members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants are, as I write, voting on the question. The ballots are returnable on October 28th, and a majority of those who vote have to declare for a strike before a strike can take place. But, even assuming that the requisite majority is forthcoming, the last word will not necessarily have been said. There will still be room for further and final negotiations before the irretrievable step is taken. The prospect, however, is felt to be so far from reassuring that the market values of British railway stocks have depreciated in the last fortnight by over $50,000,000; directors are cutting short their holidays and returning home; the companies are hastily training pointsmen and signalmen; and the Amalgamated Society is straining every nerve to enroll new members, so as to present, if the struggle comes, as broad and solid a front as possible.

The central and determinating question at issue is the familiar one of the recognition or the non-recognition of the employees' trade-union. In the railway service of the United Kingdom some 600,000 men are employed. Of these about 220,000 are engaged in the actual manipulation of traffic. They are split up into various trades-unions. The enginemen and firemen have a union of their own, with over 18,000 members. So have the clerks, the pointsmen, and the car-men. But the largest, most powerful and most representative union of them all is the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, with a reputed membership of 97,000. It has been in existence thirty-five years; it includes among its

members representatives of all employees who are concerned in the movement of trains and engines, and its general secretary and guiding spirit is Mr. Richard Bell, one of the Labor M.P.'s and a most capable, experienced and fair-minded official. It is under Mr. Bell's auspices that the demands of the railway employees have been formulated, and it is on him that the responsibility for their enforcement will mainly fall. Those demands were embodied in a manifesto that was adopted at a conference of railway men in November, 1906. They consisted of an eight-hour day for drivers, firemen, guards, shunters, signalmen and motormen; a ten-hour day for all other workmen except plate-layers; a nine hours' rest between calls for all employees; increased pay for working overtime and on Sundays; and an immediate advance of two shillings a week in the country and three shillings a week in the London districts for all who do not receive an eight-hour day. It has been estimated, but with what approach to accuracy I cannot say, that these demands would add $35,000,000 a year to the working expenses of the British railway system. Even as it is, the English railways are hard put to it to make both ends meet. Their dividends have shown on the whole a steady decrease for nearly twenty years, and, as investments, they have fallen from their old popularity almost as lamentably as consols. But it was not for financial reasons alone that the railway companies, with one exception, refused to entertain the men's demands. The employees also asked for the recognition of the Amalgamated Society as the medium of negotiation with the companies. This is the demand which has become the pivot of the whole dispute.

The companies' case is that the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, on its own showing, represents less than half of those who are eligible for membership and less than a sixth of the total number of railway employees; that the uniform policy of conferring with the men direct whenever occasion arises has worked to the satisfaction of both employers and employed; and that the companies could not, in any case, bind themselves to deal exclusively through a Society which commands the allegiance of considerably less than fifty per cent. of those who are qualified to belong to it. To do so would be an act of injustice towards the far greater number of employees who have declined to join the Society; it would entail the logical obligation of recognizing other and even smaller unions as well; and it would impose upon all

non-unionists the practical necessity of enrolling themselves for their better protection in the Society. This, declare the companies, is the result really aimed at by the present agitation. The Amalgamated Society asks the companies to apply a moral and material compulsion to those who have resisted its enticements by recognizing it as the sole channel of negotiation between masters and men. And this cool request is made on the open understanding that, if it is acceded to, the power of the employees for preferring complaints, enforcing demands and interfering with the direction, not to speak of the profits, of the companies will inevitably undergo a vast expansion. And, apart altogether from this, the companies insist that their position is very different from that of a private trader. A cotton-spinner is under no statutory obligations; he can close his factory, or run it on half-time or raise the price of his commodity. But a railway company operates under the most stringent regulations imposed by the Board of Trade; it has to justify any change in its freight charges before a Government department; and its responsibility to the public is so wide and constant and its connection with the trade and prosperity of the country so intimate, that it would be little short of a national danger if its workings, discipline and effective control were to be subjected to the dictation of any third party.

To these arguments the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants replies that its strength is not to be estimated by numbers alone, that it is most powerful in the great centres of trade and transportation where any disturbance would be felt throughout every corner of the Kingdom, and that its control of at least half the signalmen, who cannot be replaced at short notice, gives it an effective force out of all proportion to its strength on paper. It disclaims any desire to dictate to the companies or to participate in the supreme control of their undertakings. It merely asks to act as spokesman and negotiator for the employees when need arises. It denies the contention of the companies that the employees are themselves capable of stating their case in the most effective form or that they possess the requisite knowledge for conducting intricate negotiations. It points out that the North-eastern Railway Company recognized the Society ten years ago, and that, although considerable concessions in regard to both wages and hours of labor have followed that recognition, the dividends paid by the company have not fallen but have positively

risen. Furthermore, it reminds the public that the Postmaster-General has conceded the very principle against which the railway directors are fighting, and after a year's experience has found no reason whatever to repent his action.

Such are some of the principal arguments that are being bandied from side to side. They involve, it will be seen, grave questions of principle; and the public has found them absorbing, and the press is debating them with a more than British amplitude. It remains to add that there are considerable doubts as to whether the non-unionists in the railway service will obey the call of the Society if a strike is decided upon; that the men's fears of losing their pensions is a great deterrent; that Mr. Bell is acting with his customary moderation; that the more highly skilled branches of railway employment, the engine-drivers and firemen particularly, are inclined to hold aloof from the Society's agitation and to criticise its conduct somewhat sharply; that all previous strikes in the history of British railways have resulted in overwhelming victories for the companies; and that the Society has only a little over $1,500,000 of accumulated funds of its own to fall back upon. These are strong arguments against a strike in the immediate future, although it is certain that the Society has it within its power to bring the railway system of the country to a temporary standstill or at least to inflict an immense amount of loss and inconvenience upon shareholders, shippers and passengers alike. On the other hand, no one who observes with any closeness the trend of economic tendencies can doubt that trade-unionism must eventually make its way into the railway business, as it already has into cotton, ship-building and mining. Meanwhile the companies seem to feel themselves strong enough to refuse to recognize the union, though they may agree to a conference without prejudice; and the signs are few that the men have either the organization or the resources or the public sympathy or the determination to carry through a general strike to a successful issue.

The interval between the adjournment of Parliament and the opening of what is called the "autumn campaign"—that wholesome custom which sends almost every English politician to his constituency, there to hold forth on the questions of the day—marks a period of utter stagnation in domestic politics. But the public mind this year has not been without its distractions. It

has had the railway crisis and the performances of the "Lusitania" to occupy it at home; and abroad, two events, one of them highly satisfactory, the other altogether the reverse, have claimed its notice. The event from which nobody can extract any pleasure is, of course, the attack upon the Japanese settlers in British Columbia. Public opinion in England should have been, but was not, prepared for it. Only the few who were acquainted with local conditions foresaw its inevitability. On the mass of the people it fell with every circumstance of surprise and humiliation. The memory of the somewhat self-righteous attitude assumed by Englishmen towards the agitation in San Francisco did nothing to soften the blow, while the fact of the Anglo-Japanese alliance lent it an added force. Englishmen have tried, indeed, to make the most of the fact that the Vancouver disorders were the work of American agitators; but, in their less exculpatory moments, they realize perfectly well that the conditions in British Columbia are essentially the same as those in California, and that the anti-Asiatic prejudice is as indigenous in the one community as in the other. In both districts, the dislike of the whites for people of any other color, their dread of being degraded to the economic level of their thrifty and unsparing competitors, the monopolizing spirit of a trade-unionism that is more or less infected with the doctrines of Socialism, the resolve to keep the country white, and the temptation of the politicians to always play to the gallery, are the operative causes. On both sides of the boundary-line the capitalists desire Asiatic labor, and its restriction would be an undoubted check on material development. In British Columbia, as in California, there is an enormous amount of work waiting to be done and a chronic shortage of men to do it. It is against the immediate interests of both the Province and the State to prohibit the immigration of Asiatics. It is against their ultimate interests to allow Asiatics to come in in such numbers as to threaten to undermine the white man's well-being. The wisest policy, both for California and British Columbia, would be to permit the advent of a limited number of Asiatics each year until such time as their waste lands were filled up with white immigrants and the foundations of an English-speaking community had been well and truly laid. But, so long as the local trade-unions object not merely to the influx of Asiatics but to any immigrants at all, there is not much chance of this policy being adopted. The alliance with

Japan will, no doubt, facilitate the temporary settlement of the difficulty in British Columbia; but the time is clearly coming when the whole question of Asiatic immigration into English-speaking countries will have to be taken up. The United States and the British Empire are in very much the same predicament; so, too, are China and Japan. A conference of these four Powers may in the long run become a necessity, if the problem is to be put in a fair and harmonious way of solution.

The other foreign event of the month in which England is concerned is of a far pleasanter character—the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian Agreement. The terms of the compact have not at the time of writing been published; but the disposition of Englishmen to welcome the bare fact that an understanding has been reached is very marked. There is a general recognition that the precise provisions are of less moment than the spirit of confidence and good sense which has enabled two such inveterate rivals to accommodate their interests in Persia, Afghanistan, Tibet and along the Indian frontier. The only people in England who do not welcome this development are the extreme Radicals, who argue that any arrangement with Russia at this moment strengthens the Tsar's Government and the autocratic system, and correspondingly weakens the forces that are making for liberation and freedom. But the country pays little attention to them. It is unaffectedly pleased that a competition which benefited neither Power and was productive of many disturbing incidents should at length be closed. It is quite prepared to sacrifice something in return for a convention that will lift the nightmare of a possible Russian invasion of India. Moreover, there are European reasons for rejoicing over the prospect of a *rapprochement* between the British and Russian Governments. Great Britain, as I have before pointed out, has never quite understood an *entente* with France that left the ally of France out in the cold. Great Britain, moreover, has had reason to learn within the past year or two that it is not a British interest, but the very reverse, that Russia should remain impotent for the purposes of European policy. The Moroccan imbroglio would have been impossible if Russia had been able to undertake the responsibilities assigned to her by the Dual Alliance. It is not the least gratifying feature of the Anglo-Russian Agreement, in English eyes, that it marks a long step towards the readjustment of the European balance of power.

St. Petersburg, *September, 1907.*

"He is a man of Destiny," the Tsar's subjects have often exclaimed, as the tidings of this or that mishap that threatened his life reached their ears. They sometimes call to mind his terrible experience as a lad of twenty-three—when, travelling from the Caucasus to St. Petersburg with his parents and nearest relatives, the whole train was smashed to pieces and the Imperial family, with a few others, were saved as by a miracle. Nicholas's first journey abroad offered another text for an impressive sermon by the superstitious. On a May day in 1891, in the Japanese city of Otsu, a fanatic policeman, Sanzo Tsuda, suddenly struck the Russian Crown-Prince Nicholas on the head with his sabre, and was about to repeat the blow when he was himself knocked down by Prince George of Greece, and the danger averted. "Truly the Crown Prince is in the hands of Fate," his Russians said. In January, 1905, another amazing instance caused the tongues of the superstitious to wag, and confirmed men's belief that the supreme controlling Force in the great Beyond, especially interested in Russia, has ceded the threads of the Tsar's life to no secondary causes. While crowds of pious Russians were standing on the left bank of the ice-bound Neva, watching the Archbishop solemnly bless the waters that flowed black through the great hole in the ice, and while, outside the Winter Palace, the diplomatic corps and notabilities of the Empire were assembled in all their finery, one of the guns that were firing salutes from the fortress opposite was loaded, and some of the projectiles entered the palace and others fell at the feet of the Tsar and his relatives. But he was unhurt.

And now comes a fresh escape from a mysterious peril. The yacht "Standart," in which the members of the Imperial family were cruising, struck a rock in Finnish waters. Nay, it struck several submarine rocks and had to be temporarily handed over to the Baltic Salvage Company, which, if the weather keeps fine, may save it and receive some eight or nine hundred thousand dollars for their pains. The mishap took place in one of the many dangerous channels near Hangö, where there is a veritable archipelago of islands and islets, and where sand-banks and submarine rocks are so numerous that even passenger-steamers of light draught are strictly forbidden to enter them. Yet the Tsar's yacht "Standart," which draws three times more water

than those passenger-boats, steamed rapidly through in charge of one of the most experienced pilots in Finland, Blumquist. Fourteen knots an hour was her speed in a place where there are sand-banks and rocks at a depth of thirty, twenty and even fifteen feet! All of a sudden, a tremendous shock was felt on board, the vessel heeled over at an angle of twenty-four degrees, the gurgling of waters was heard rushing into the engine-rooms and the yacht stuck fast. The force of the impact was so great that the top of the rock was knocked off, the vessel was damaged in many places. Had a fresh wind been blowing, as is often the case at this time of year, the Tsar's yacht must have been a total wreck and the danger to the members of the Imperial family would have been grave. When the Tsar cruises, many precautions are taken. A reserve yacht accompanies him and whenever he anchors in Russian waters a little fleet surrounds his ship. But, strange to say, in this case, the reserve yacht, "Alexandria," lagged several hours behind and not one of the other vessels was at hand. In a word, the occurrence is wrapped in mystery.

The principal press organ of the Monarchist party has recently offered an explanation. There was no accident at all near Hangö, it affirms, but a deliberate attempt to perpetrate a dastardly crime. A fiendish plot was conceived to make away with the whole Imperial family at one fell stroke, and Providence alone thwarted the infamous designs of the criminals, who were doubtless Finns. This is a typical example of the light-heartedness with which the most damning accusations are launched against innocent persons without even a *prima facie* case to rely upon. In truth this Finnish plot theory does not tally with the leading facts. It is true that the Finnish pilot, who now pleads that the submarine rock was not marked in Russian charts, ought not to have taken the yacht into that dangerous channel without fully warning the Russian officer in command. But, if he was to blame for this, the Russian commander, Niloff, is also to blame for steaming at fourteen knots an hour in the channels of an archipelago which, everybody knew, abounds in rocks and sand-banks. The unsafe character of the "skerries" is a matter of common knowledge. About fourteen years ago, a cautious Russian admiral sailing in that very place was extremely anxious to reach Hangö with the greatest possible speed. Yet he would not move more rapidly than four knots an hour. And, even so, his ship was preceded by an

ordinary steamer which took soundings every few minutes. At last the admiral, seeing that he was running serious risks, wisely returned and took the train to Hangö. That was fourteen years ago. Radical changes have taken place in the Tsardom since then—changes the full significance of which are not yet realized.

If no criminal design can be imputed to the people to whom the life of the Tsar was entrusted, it will not be easy to acquit them all of that optimistic carelessness which seems to be an essential ingredient of the temperament of almost every Russian. Take the pilot, for instance. He pleads that the rock on which the yacht struck was not marked on the charts. True. But then the channel was reputed to be dangerous, and he was bound to steer clear of it. So dangerous was it, in fact, that, if the rock had been avoided, there was still a sand-bank in reserve on which the vessel must have inevitably run aground. And of these dangers the chart-makers had no inkling. Probably the channel had never been sounded.

Until the imperial commissioners have cleared up the occurrence, one would do well to eliminate altogether the theory of a plot. Not that there is any lack of criminals in Russia, or of would-be regicides among them. On the contrary, their name is legion, their deeds are historical and their fanaticism is stronger than death. Readers of Russian newspapers are familiar with the daily columns devoted to brief reports of political murders, fires and robberies. But their senses are blunted and these misdeeds no longer make clear-cut impressions. A physician, whose name is somewhat difficult to pronounce, Dr. Shbankoff, has made the entries, ascertained the totals and published what may be termed the balance-sheet of the revolution. Between February, 1905, and last June, he tells us, the victims of "epidemic bloodthirstiness" numbered 42,229, including murdered, executed and wounded. Of these, 19,144 were put to death without any formalities, mainly by anarchists, 2,381 were executed in virtue of a sentence pronounced by terrorist tribunals or Government courts, and 20,704 were wounded. The outbursts of revolutionary fury were especially violent in the Caucasus and the Baltic Provinces, which supplied a much larger proportion of victims than any other province of Russia. The bulk of the sufferers there, and indeed everywhere else, were members of the lower orders. But the representatives of authority and of capital numbered no less than

8,203 individuals. Soldiers and police, being especially obnoxious to the anarchists and therefore shot at sight in many districts, lost 3,158 men. Of prison officials there were 112 victims—a smaller contingent than was supplied by the higher authorities, of whom 148 suffered for their convictions or their position. Among these were four Cabinet Ministers, and members of the Council of the Empire, and 83 Governors-General, Governors, Vice-Governors and Generals.

Only the victims of "epidemic bloodthirstiness" are enumerated and classified by Dr. Shbankoff. Of the other categories he took no notice. Yet they, too, deserve passing mention, for their fate throws light on the revolutionary movement. Take incendiarism, for instance. Tens of thousands of people have been burned out of house and home, and turned adrift on the streets or the steppes to begin life anew—and, for the most part, wantonly. Moreover, together with the dwellings, very often granaries of corn, stacks of hay and straw—in a word, all the harvest—perished in the flames.

It is heartrending to read of this wanton and utter destruction of the fruits of labor, and to picture to oneself the feelings of the wretched creatures who, without a roof to their heads, are thrown back to the lowest social depths, there to begin the life-struggle anew.

And yet, it is easy to exaggerate the relative number of crimes against person and property committed every year in Russia. Many a resident in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Kieff and Odessa never notices any of the symptoms of unrest which are daily described in the local journals. The country is so vast that, numerous though they are, these terroristic acts pass unperceived by many. Foreigners residing in St. Petersburg have often laughed at the fears for their safety evinced by their friends and relations in the United States or England.

Meanwhile, the elections are going on—elections which may, perhaps, change the face of Russia. The Government telegraphic agency daily publishes the results *urbi et orbi,* but nobody is able to understand them. The terms chosen are cloudy and misleading, so that the "moderate candidate" of the hustings may turn out to be a revolutionary deputy in the Duma. Russian readers are therefore content to watch and wait for what the future may bring.

BERLIN.

THE International Socialist Congress, the seventh of its name and kind, recently concluded its sittings at Stuttgart. Germany had with some hesitation been selected by the Socialists as the scene of this year's meeting, and the Württemberg government, under whose reluctant patronage the Congress was held, endured the demonstration which it would have been contrary to its reputation for liberalism to prohibit. As is all too often the case upon occasions of this kind, the results of the Congress seem entirely disproportionate to the labor expended. The elaborate resolutions, which were intended to summarize the proceedings and to furnish rules of conduct for Social Democracy throughout the world, are likely to prove as innocuous as they are long. They repay study, but they make no practical contribution to the sum of human consciousness, and no one entertains less illusions with regard to the possibility of revolution by resolution than the Social Democrats themselves. Exceptionally representative as the Congress has been of Socialist mankind from China to Peru, the absence of any fundamental agreement, nay, even of elementary harmony, has been equally notable. Indeed, the more nearly the Congress promised to approach the ideal of the internationalist millennium, the more narrowly it threatened to defeat its own object.

In the more material aspects of its activity the Congress has been equally unsuccessful. The question of militarism, for example, was debated to the point of exhaustion; and yet the sole tangible result was to emphasize more sharply than ever before at meetings of this kind the line of demarcation which separates one nation from another. The French anti-militarists, MM. Hervé, Vaillant and Jaurès, advocated the prevention of war in all circumstances by every possible and conceivable means. The Germans demurred. No, they said, the German Social Democrats are Germans first and last when it comes to a question of national existence. The principle of nationality, moreover, must at all costs be maintained with the aid of an army on a democratic footing. When once the international proletariat is armed there will be no more war. No attempt was made to give effect or even a practical form to the idea of internationalism which the Congress had ostensibly assembled to promote. A vague suggestion was made in favor of arming the proletariat

to the exclusion of the capitalist elements of society. Not, however, in order to defend the proletariat against the capitalists, since their *régime* would have been abolished, but in order to defend the international proletariat against itself. The maligned conception of the non-Socialist order of the world was maintained. It was only proposed to reverse existing conditions and to exchange rôles. As far as the Social Democracy is concerned, therefore, it is evident that no practical suggestions as to the means of effectively maintaining the peace of the world need be expected from this quarter.

"Proletarians of all countries, unite!" was the watchword of the Stuttgart Congress. In the list of subjects for discussion, there appeared the question of emigration and immigration. The topic is a burning one in various quarters of the globe, and the discussion promised to be interesting. The Australian delegate demanded that all elements which tended to cheapen labor and could not reasonably be expected to adapt themselves to the modes of life and thought of the white population should be rigidly excluded from any given State. With a more consistent display of the internationalist spirit the French representatives maintained that, subject to judicious treatment, the Chinese and Japanese, at any rate, were capable of "organization" in the Social Democratic and Trade-Union sense. An Argentine delegate went even further, and urged that every man, be he Jew or Greek, bond or free, had a right not only to migrate as and where he pleased, but also to be admitted to political communion in whichever State he chose to settle. No one protested more emphatically against this sort of "open-door" policy than the American delegate, Mr. Hillquitt, who was described as a naturalized Finn.

The lie was given to internationalist yearnings, and the Utopian "Future State," which has been set as a prize to be won by "*les damnés de la terre,*" was completely ignored or only lightly touched upon in the debates. One of the Dutchmen conceived the subtle idea of suggesting that it was high time the Congress started to work out the plan of a Socialist political system, since the various parliamentary assemblies deliberated and legislated on a purely non-Socialist or State-Socialist basis of society. The French leader, M. Vaillant, a veteran of the Commune, rejoined that at present it was impossible to outline a picture of the

"Future State." With a touch of irony he recalled the fact that M. Jaurès had once promised to supply a sketch of the desired kind, but the promise had apparently been forgotten. M. Jaurès himself thereupon explained that, "fortunately for the development of Socialism, I fell ill at the time!" The motion to postpone the discussion of the nebulous Republic until the next Congress at Copenhagen was hailed with relief by all parties. The "Future State" has accordingly been shelved, together with the other "sentimentalisms."

Stripped of its high ambitions, the Social Democracy finds itself by universal consent becoming once more confined to its original crusade against the classes. Compelled to concentrate upon their rear, the Socialists are not likely to lose anything in strength or determination as the result of having temporarily abandoned their advanced internationalist positions. On the contrary, local activity will probably become more intense.

One of the most important directions in which, from the point of view of a successful Socialist organization throughout the world, some measure of uniformity must at all costs be achieved, lies in the careful adjustment of the relations between the Social Democracy as a political party and the Trade-Unions with their more essentially social and economic activity. A short step in this direction was taken by the Stuttgart Congress, but no permanent foundation for practical use has yet been discovered. In Germany, the Trade-Unions profess neutrality in the political conflict which is being waged on behalf of the proletariat by the Social Democracy. But this profession is apt to be misleading. It is even more inaccurate to imagine that the political Social Democracy and the social and non-political Trade-Unions have become permanently estranged over the famous general-strike controversy which was raised by the doctrinaires. On the contrary, as the Socialists themselves point out, the relationship which it is desired to establish between the two organizations aims at complete interdependence. The German Trade-Unions already number among their members and leaders many of the most influential of the fighting Social Democrats, and there is no so-called "free" Trade-Union which is not very largely composed of similar elements. While to the political organizations, on the one hand, and to the social non-political organizations, on the other, have been assigned different spheres of activity,

their coöperation in moments of emergency is practically assured. The question as to whether the political party or the Trade-Union is of greater benefit and value to the masses still remains undecided. It is, however, interesting to observe that so experienced a delegate as the Belgian Socialist leader, M. Vandervelde, contends that an increase of efficiency on the part of the Trade-Unions is of infinitely higher service and importance from the point of view of the practical interests of the working-classes than the capture of a few seats in Parliament. The German Social Democracy is in a mood to follow this prescription, and as, in view of its weakened Parliamentary position, this counsel represents the line of least resistance, the hint which it contains of strengthening the Trade-Unions is likely to be followed. As was pointed out during the course of the discussion on the subject at Stuttgart, the Trade-Unions are, in a sense, as much pledged to wage active war against the classes as the Social Democrats themselves, and the more closely the two organizations coöperate, the more likely are their efforts to be successful.

Where local and national differences are still allowed to flourish, international solidarity is out of the question. The successive Congresses at Nancy, Stuttgart and Bath have shown that the moment for speaking of an international alliance of the working-classes has not yet arrived. Perhaps the only point of any international character upon which an agreement has been reached, is the vindication of the principle of the international solidarity of the working-classes in the matter of strike-breaking abroad. This principle has long been under discussion, and it might just as well have been ratified at home. In Germany conditions approach most nearly to the ideal personal union of the two political and social organizations, but the conflict over the general strike clearly showed that complete mutual identification is still far from having been realized. The Social Democracy is reluctant to acknowledge the autonomous claims of the Trade-Unions in matters like the regulation of strikes and kindred questions. Until both parties have fully recognized that, although there is a common ground upon which they can join forces in their battle on behalf of the working-classes, each party, nevertheless, has its own peculiar sphere of action, no definite or permanently profitable coöperation will be possible between the two great branches of the working-class movement.

WASHINGTON, *October, 1907.*

SINCE a telegraphed summary of the address delivered by the Secretary of War on the opening of the elective branch of the Filipino Legislature has been published, residents of the Federal capital are more than ever inclined to think that his surname should be spelled "Tact." With singular skill he succeeded in pleasing at once the American and the native inhabitants of the archipelago. On the one hand, nothing could be more explicit and unequivocal than his averment that under no circumstances would the United States sell the islands to another Power. The only possible alternative, he said, to a continuance of American rule would be a recognition of the ability of the Filipinos to govern themselves, a recognition coupled doubtless with such a guarantee of protection against foreign aggression as we have given in the case of Cuba. With a frankness that did him credit, and was calculated to dispel some illusions, the Secretary added that, in his opinion, at least three decades must pass before the fitness of the natives for self-rule will have been demonstrated conclusively. Meanwhile, the demonstration of such fitness might be furthered materially by the exhibition of self-restraint, moderation and close attention to the business of the hour on the part of the legislative body which he was addressing. He disclaimed sharing the impression that the outcome of the recent legislative election—wherein only a fraction of the qualified electorate took part, while a majority of the candidates returned were avowed advocates of immediate independence—should be looked upon as a disappointment by American friends of the Filipinos. He had faith, the Secretary said, that, in view of the candid announcement of the policy of the Washington Government, the native lawmakers would postpone premature efforts to secure self-rule, and would devote themselves exclusively to economic reforms and the promotion of industrial progress. That the seed sown by him fell on good ground and bore fruit quickly was presently attested by the choice for Speaker of Señor Osmena, who was formerly Governor of the island of Cebu, and who never has taken any part in revolutionary movements. Significant also was the circumstance that his nomination was seconded in an interesting speech by Señor Gomez, who has been an insurrectionist, but who unexpectedly declared himself against importing politics into legislative business, and who called upon his fellow delegates to show

their patriotism by renouncing party affiliations and legislating for the benefit of the Philippine people as a whole. What direction such legislation should take Secretary Taft judiciously refrained from defining, except that he recommended that attention should be paid to the civil service, and confessed a hope that the Assembly would favor permanent tenure of office and the bestowal of pensions. Referring to the commercial outlook, and especially to the prospect of free access to the American market for the sugar and tobacco of the Philippines, the Secretary announced a belief that a compromise might be reached in the coming session of the American Congress whereby free trade with the Philippines would be conceded, under the proviso, however, that the aggregate importation of the two commodities named should not exceed a given quantity in any one fiscal year. We trust that this optimistic forecast will be justified by the event, but, as yet, we can see but little ground for thinking that the Stand-Patters are in a compromising mood.

In the Government Departments at Washington there is no longer any effort to disguise the fact that the military and naval authorities are engaged in strenuous preparation for the contingency of war in the Orient. Not that war is desired by any one. But there is a deep-rooted and wide-spread impression that a collision with the United States has been contemplated for some time in Japan, and that the surest way of averting it is to convince the Tokio Government that we cannot be taken by surprise. There seems to be no doubt that, under peremptory orders from the Navy Department, the whole working force at navy yards on the Atlantic coast is being employed in making ready the vessels of the battle-ship fleet for the approaching cruise in the Pacific; that work is being pushed with energy on the fortifications of Subig Bay, the new naval station established near Manila; that contracts have been let for the delivery of 50,000 tons of coal in the Philippines, and that recruitment for the navy is being pressed with the utmost vigor. For the army, too, recruiting is active, though this may be explained upon the ground that it now numbers only 51,000 men, and, therefore, is some twenty thousand short of the desired peace establishment. It does not appear that the number of troops now stationed in the Philippines, which, including the constabulary, amounts to some 16,000, is to be increased immediately; nor is there any

apparent need of doing so, for a war with Japan, should one occur, would be, primarily, a naval contest. Were our battle-ships to be beaten at sea, we should need more soldiers in the Philippine archipelago, and we should need them badly. Not for a moment, however, is such an outcome of a maritime fight anticipated. As things are for the moment, the American battle-ship fleet is the more powerful in respect of numbers and weight of armament, and, as regards gunnery, is believed to be more efficient. Whether we have a naval strategist and tactician who is the equal of Togo remains, of course, to be proved.

It turns out, according to information transmitted from an authoritative source in Washington to a New York newspaper which hitherto has looked askance upon the project, that the despatch of our battle-ships to the Pacific has been caused by disquieting news communicated to the military and naval Departments of our Federal Government by confidential agents abroad. It seems that Japan has been engaged for months in putting her naval forces on a war footing, and that she has been placing orders of startling magnitude for war material—guns, shells and torpedoes—in England, France and Germany. It is averred on what seems good evidence that for months Japan has been preparing to steal a march upon us, such as was practised in February, 1904, when a Japanese fleet suddenly attacked Russian war-vessels in the neutral harbor of Chemulpo. We were nearly caught napping, it is said; but, as things are, we have recovered lost ground, and our battle-ships will probably reach the Philippines in time to protect those islands against sudden aggression. Indeed, there is some reason to believe that the Tokio Government is now convinced that its stratagem has missed fire, and that it will be inexpedient at this time to challenge the naval competence of the United States in Far Eastern waters. It will have been remarked by close observers that of late not only the statesmen in power at Tokio, but the Opposition headed by Count Okuma, have adopted a most conciliatory tone. It looks, therefore, as if the danger of a maritime war in the Orient, which, not long ago, seemed imminent, had been averted by advancing resolutely to meet it. Such, at least, is the opinion which now prevails among Federal officials possessing exceptional opportunities for gaining trustworthy information.

The second Hague Conference has been for some time a subject

of jest in official circles at Washington, for the reason that absolutely nothing has been done for the promotion of international peace, and that, even for the secondary object of mitigating the hardships of warfare, the accomplishment is limited strictly to the creation of an international prize court, the procedure of which, however, has to be settled hereafter by diplomatic negotiations. It is felt, at the same time, that the spokesmen of the United States at The Hague are in no wise responsible for the jejune outcome of four months' deliberations. Americans recognize with just complacency that, in a concourse of Europe's most expert diplomatists, our delegates, and especially Mr. Choate and General Porter, have played leading parts. It is no fault of Mr. Choate's that his project for establishing at The Hague a permanent international court of arbitration could not obtain the unanimous approval without which the most sagacious and most persistent efforts go for nothing, according to the rule adopted for the second Peace Conference. Germany and a congeries of weaker Powers dependent on her, or fearing her, would not accept the principle of compulsory arbitration in any case, while Brazil and many other Latin-American commonwealths declined to submit to the jurisdiction of an international tribunal unless each of them should be represented on it. Yet it would be, on the face of things, impracticable to place forty-four judges on the proposed international bench, even if all of these, as, for example, the so-called jurists of Hayti and San Domingo, were certain or likely to command universal respect. Several alternative methods of composing the Court were suggested, but none of them commanded unanimous favor, nor is any likely to in the present or a succeeding conference, organized like this on the principle of absolute equality, without reference to the relative strength of Powers; for a country like the German Empire naturally resents the claim of Costa Rica or Honduras to stand upon an equal footing.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

Of the Ignorance of Women in the Management of Men.

THAT the modern woman approaching or passing through the tiresome middle age should attach more importance to the maintenance of her own figure in pleasing outlines than to that of her husband is not surprising; from childhood she has been taught that beauty and grace are essentials of the gentle sex only, strength being regarded as the main requisite of the other. No particular disadvantage, therefore, inures to a youth, in the esteem of his fair companion, from ruggedness of features, so long as his disposition is amiable, his attentions exclusive and his prospects satisfactory; but if he be fat, his chances of winning favor are correspondingly slim. It is not that a chubby appearance is so distasteful in itself, but rather that it is so provocative of ridicule as virtually to preclude serious consideration of him as a suitor in the mind of a proud and sensitive maiden.

Insensible change of attitude follows marriage almost immediately, and grows and grows until, in the forties, as we have noted, undivided attention is given by the female to her form; and the male may with impunity disregard considerations pertaining to his physical attractiveness, if he retain sufficient activity to be known to the community as a good provider.

We need not question the propriety of one sex absorbing and monopolizing beauty in order to demonstrate the folly of such a policy; we may even go so far as to admit that greater goodness is the inevitable accompaniment of superior grace, and yet find a fatal weakness in the heedless custom. It is natural and right that a woman should be selfish; but, so being, she only deprives herself of full gratification if she fails to nourish her husband as carefully as she preserves pickles at least, and keep him good to behold and long to live. The aged saying that "at forty a man

is a physician or a fool" may have some basis if he be a bachelor; but, if married, he is properly chargeable with no obligation whatever to familiarize himself with the conditions which are conducive to his physical well-being. The entire responsibility rests upon the wife, who has vastly more at stake, to care for, while pretending to obey, him. It is his privilege, therefore, to be the fool and her duty to be the physician herself.

And how ill-equipped for the performance of this task, however well-intentioned, is the average woman! Practically all she knows is that milk is good for babies, and all she thinks is that grown men must have much food to feed the furnaces of their physical organism. A failing appetite is to her a signal of danger, and, forthwith, anxious and well-meaning, she places before him tempting viands and pleads with him to try to eat more if only to please her, with the inevitable consequence that he, being weak and chivalrous and hating to be hectored and wept over, lugubriously yields and adds fuel, often fatal, to a lurking disorder. Wilful ignorance is at the bottom of all such blundering; while fatuously striving to save them, women kill good providers by the score, and then hold themselves to be fit objects of sympathy because, forsooth, of their self-imposed widowhood.

Frankly, we have no patience with such persons. There is no more occasion for a woman under sixty to be a widow than there is for her to be a spinster; the average man is tough, easily guided and only too glad to conform with any subtle suggestions that are not too obviously for his good or too contrary to his inclinations.

Tact is requisite, of course, but this is a possession common to all women; the lack is in rudimentary knowledge of the demonstrated methods of prolonging physical life. Take, for example, the simple matter of diet. Hardly a woman now alive is ignorant of what hers should be; to preserve that corporeal symmetry to which we have alluded she has sought professional advice; but did ever one hear of a woman paying real money to a physician for prescription of a diet to obviate impending corpulence on the part of her husband? For such purposes she relies unhesitatingly upon her boasted instinct; he smokes too much if bilious, or he drinks too freely if growing stout, and she so informs him; but the information is not news and the truth is so disagreeable to any really human man that he feels quite justified in remarking, as he usually does in such instances, upon the propriety of officious

persons minding their own business. His attitude is neither obtuse nor contumacious, but he desires tactful suggestion of a rational remedy, not mere reproachful statement of bitter fact, and that is what the woman who has failed to equip herself for the performance of her duty as a caretaker is unable to give. Primarily, therefore, women are responsible, through ignorance, for the multiplication of tobacco hearts and the filling of married drunkards' graves. We say it firmly but not unkindly, as we shall now proceed to demonstrate by indicating in a general way how a man, having been properly reared, may in ordinary circumstances be kept alive and working for his family as long as his services may be required.

Much has been written but little learned respecting diet since the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Luigi Cornaro, at the age of eighty-three, set down the results of his personal experience in his first essay on regimen for the aged, entitled, "*Discorsi della Vita Sobria,*" published at Padua in 1558. Thus he wrote:

"There are old lovers of feeding who say that it is necessary that they should eat and drink a great deal to keep up their natural heat, which is constantly diminishing as they advance in years; and that it is, therefore, their duty to eat heartily, and of such things as please their palate, be they hot, cold or temperate; and that, were they to lead a sober life, it would be a short one. To this I answer that our kind mother, Nature, in order that old men may live still to a greater age, has contrived matters so that they should be able to subsist on little, as I do, for large quantities of food cannot be digested by old and feeble stomachs. . . . By always eating little, the stomach, not being much burthened, need not wait long to have an appetite. It is for this reason that dry bread relishes so well with me; and I know it from experience, and can with truth affirm, I find such sweetness in it that I should be afraid of sinning against temperance, were it not for my being convinced of the absolute necessity of eating of it, and that we cannot make use of a more natural food. And thou, kind parent Nature, who actest so lovingly by thy aged offspring, in order to prolong his days, hast contrived matters so in his favor, that he can live upon very little; and, in order to add to the favor, and do him still greater service, hast made him sensible that, as in his youth he used to eat twice a day, when he arrives at old age he ought to divide that food, of which he was accustomed before to make but two meals, into four; because, thus divided, it will be more easily digested; and, as in his youth he made but two collations in a day, he should, in his old age, make four, provided, however, he lessens the quantity as his years increase.

"And this is what I do, agreeably to my own experience; and, there-

fore, my spirits, not oppressed by much food, but barely kept up, are always brisk, especially after eating, so that I am obliged then to sing a song, and afterwards to write.

"Nor do I ever find myself the worse for writing immediately after meals, nor is my understanding ever clearer, nor am I apt to be drowsy, the food I take being in too small a quantity to send up any fumes to the brain. Oh, how advantageous it is to an old man to eat but little! Accordingly I, who know it, eat but just enough to keep body and soul together."

Cornaro ate of all kinds of food, animal as well as vegetable, but in very small quantity, and he drank moderately of the light wines of his country, diminishing his slender rations as age increased. He finally died without agony, while comfortably seated in an armchair, at the age of one hundred and four. The mere fact that one never hears of a very old stout man establishes the wisdom of the method proposed for the aged; but it is equally applicable in middle life. After pointing out that, when the period of irrepressible vigor which belongs to youth has passed away, it is time to see that our income of food should constitute a harmonious equality with our expenditure through such activity as we have, the learned physician, Sir Henry Thompson, says plainly:

"The balance of unexpended nutriment must be thrown off in some form or other; it may be relegated in the form of fat to be stored on the external surface of the body, or be packed among the internal organs, and thus he or she may become corpulent and heavy, if a facility for converting appropriate material into fat is consistent with the constitution of the individual; for some constitutions appear to be without the power of storing fat, however rich the diet or inactive their habits may be. When, therefore, this process cannot take place, and in many instances, also, when it does, the oversupply of nutritious elements ingested must go somewhere, more or less directly, to produce disease in some other form, probably at first interfering with the action of the liver, and next appearing as gout or rheumatism, or as the cause of fluxes and obstructions of various kinds.

"Less nutriment, therefore, must be taken as age advances, or, rather, as activity diminishes, or the individual will suffer. If he continues to consume the same abundant breakfasts, substantial lunches, and heavy dinners, which at the summit of his power he could dispose of almost with impunity, he will in time certainly either accumulate fat or become acquainted with gout or rheumatism, or show signs of unhealthy deposit of some kind in some part of the body, processes which must inevitably empoison, undermine or shorten his remaining term of life. He must reduce his 'intake,' because a smaller expenditure is an enforced condition of existence."

What folly, then, for a woman to endeavor, through the concoction of special dishes and by means of earnest pleadings, to tempt the appetite of her bilious provider! Better far deprive him of all food till the natural expenditure has exhausted the income, and then resist rather than encourage the ravenings of nature. This is the first and most important lesson.

The second relates to the use of stimulants in the form of alcohol and tobacco. Not so many years ago, perhaps even now, in New England, all alcoholic beverages were grouped as "rum," no distinction being made between the strongest spirits and the weakest of extracts of malt. This fulness of ignorance no longer exists generally, but a no less common error which does prevail is quite as injurious in effect. Few women perceive harm in the drinking of still wines with meals, and yet the most casual observation will convince any one that this is the custom which is almost invariably responsible for gout, corpulence and general incapacity. On the other hand, it is not uncommon for foolish women to implore their husbands never, under any circumstances, to drink whiskey, being wholly oblivious of the fully established fact that the least harmful of all ways of feeding alcohol to the system is in the form of good whiskey diluted ten times or more in still water of moderate temperature.

Mitigation of the evil effects of the tobacco habit calls for psychological treatment. Man is one of the weakest members of the animal creation and must be dealt with accordingly. While one may, from fear or bravado, succeed in breaking from a fixed practice altogether, none living is strong enough to maintain for any long period of time a moderate limitation upon his cravings. He is a slave of his imagination, resentful of restrictions and dogged in resistance to them. The wise and tactful guide will recognize the existence of these weaknesses of character and, instead of trying to exterminate or overcome them, will seek to circumvent them. Having learned from painstaking inquiry that the only really hurtful smoking is that which precedes the evening meal, she proposes, not a hateful limitation, but a mere redistribution of indulgence. Thus, will he not, for example, smoke but one cigar in the morning and but two in the afternoon, if no complaint be made of the number consumed in the evening? This, like any other suggestion tending to deprive him of personal gratification, he will regard suspiciously at first, but

will presently yield, having reasoned within himself that he is not acting under compulsion and therefore has no cause of resentment, and being wholly satisfied with any arrangement, the making of which enables him to demonstrate in a condescending manner his exceptional strength of will power.

The consequence is that no tax is put upon his imagination, no challenge is offered to his masculine pride and he finds little difficulty in merely postponing a pleasure, whose total deprivation or definite limitation he would not consider for a moment. He does not perceive, and care should be taken not to point out to him, that in reality his total consumption of tobacco is materially reduced because of the simple fact that there is only so much time between dinner and bed at best—and after a while the hour for the repast may be quietly extended, but this should be done cautiously and for some shrewdly chosen foreign reason, so that the smouldering fires of resentment be not stirred. The inevitable result, of course, is prolongation of the life, improvement of the disposition and enlargement of the powers of the provider, to the great advantage of her whose truly intellectual endeavor so reaps its just reward.

Thus, wives, guide your husbands! realizing that in practical living an ounce of meditation is worth a ton of prayer, and was so by the Lord intended.

Mustaches in the Light of Science.

NOT so many years ago it was the custom of men in certain sections of our country to wear beards after the manner of goats, and, even now, in the most rural portion of a very rural community, a pleasing example may occasionally be found. But such instances are rare and seldom noted outside the pages of our comic papers, which continue to depict in this antiquated guise the guileless toiler in the fields. It was a becoming and beneficial fashion which ought never to have been laughed out of existence—comely, in helping to frame a benign countenance suitably, and helpful, in affording protection, from the elements, to the sensitive throat. That the whirligig of time will bring a revival of the custom we have no doubt, but, judging from present indications, not probably in our day.

For the time, then, we are forced to choose between the full beard and the mustache or to dispense with hirsute ornamenta-

tion altogether. The very marked American tendency towards the latter course is, in our judgment, peculiarly gratifying and should be encouraged in all proper ways. Indeed, it is no small pity that our Chief Magistrate is not, like Philip V, unable to grow any part of a beard; then all of us, of course, emulating the courtiers of the Spanish King, would necessarily go clean-shaven. But, alas! not only does he seem to cherish that most hateful of all such absurd growths, the mustache, but every member of the dominant political party who has been suggested as his remotely possible successor is afflicted in the same manner, and one of them, a quite promising one, by the way, displays a luxuriance of brown hair upon his face such as is seldom seen nowadays. We question whether the beard serves the primary purpose of effecting an improvement in his personal appearance, but in any case, we shall never know, because once the people have become accustomed to regard a political candidate in a certain guise, a change becomes suicidal. But the matter of personal appearance really concerns only those of us who are desirous of finding favor in the eyes of members of the other sex; the dominant consideration in determining the most desirable fashion, in view of our unfortunate inability to revive immediately emulation of the wiser goats is vastly more serious, involving the health of the entire race and especially concerning all women whose liking for intimate association with men is satisfied only by close proximity to them.

We come, then, to the danger of the mustache as recently demonstrated by scientific experiments of the highest order, followed by conclusive results. Of these the most important have been made by a noted French professor, whose studies of all questions relating to the now thoroughly established "germ theory" have won for him great fame. He enlisted the services of two men, one shaven, one bearded, and walked with them through several streets of Paris, the Louvre, several large stores, finally fetching them in a crowded tram-car to his laboratory. There, waiting with subdued expectancy, was a young woman, who—probably the first experience of the kind in the history of her sex—had been hired to be kissed. When the professor had made certain, by the use of antiseptic preparations, that no germs lingered upon the lips of the maiden, the shaven young man applied his lips to hers in the customary manner. The professor then passed a sterilized brush over the young lady's lips, dipped it into

a test-tube containing a sterile solution of agar-agar and quickly sealed the top. The girl's lips, and face even, having been thoroughly sterilized a second time, the bearded man followed the example of his shaven companion and the sterilized brush and the test-tube were again called into play in the same manner. During each of the operations the young woman held her breath in order that no accidental germ might be drawn upon her lips from the atmosphere.

After four days, the tubes were opened. The first, taken from the shaven man, was speckled with dots, each of which was a colony of yeast germs, such as cause mould but are practically harmless. The second, from the mustached man, literally swarmed with malignant microbes. The long, thin tubercle bacillus was the first found, followed by diphtheria and putrefactive germs, minute bits of food, a hair from a spider's leg and goodness knows what all—so great a variety in any case that nobody had the hardihood to reveal the results of the experiment to the young lady. The conclusion was irresistible and, for the good of the community, is here set down in the very words of the illustrious scientist, viz.:

"The microscope shows that each one of these cells on every hair is the home of more or less dirt and germs. A thorough washing removes what dirt and germs lie loose on the outside of the cells and scrapes away some that lie between. But there is always plenty more lying underneath.

"The fine hairs that cover large portions of the body are not such catchers and holders of dirt and germs as are the hairs of the scalp. Still worse than the latter are those which form whiskers and beards. But the dirtiest and most dangerous, from the point of infection, are those of the mustache.

"The hairs of the mustache are always in a draft from the breath going in and out of the mouth and nostrils. This serves as an excellent means of supplying them with all the dust and microbes that are about. When the matter has become entangled in the hair, the breath serves to keep it warm and moist, favoring the growth of the organisms and the putrefaction of the bits of dead matter which have arrived.

"If any woman could get a look, through a microscope, at the mustache and beard of a man, she would never let him kiss her unless he shaved himself or enveloped his whiskers in aseptic gauze."

Regarding, as we do assuredly, the use of aseptic gauze as impracticable on every occasion, there seems but one thing for all ladies—except, of course, widows—to do, namely, to minimize the

risks attending practical osculation by insisting upon the removal of mustaches. Indeed, we are disposed to think that it might be well to go yet further and require shaving of the head as well, in conformity with the custom of the older and more sagacious residents of Asia, but for the fact that this practice is so doubtful in origin, so varied in significance and so enmeshed in tradition that vain men, in declining to adopt it—on grounds that might be generally allowed to be more or less reasonable—might at the same time invent specious pretexts for refusing to submit to the one truly requisite reform in relation to countenances which, for reasons sufficient unto themselves, they prefer to keep hidden behind millions of squirming microbes.

Fashions in Dogs.

THE visitor to bench shows need not have a very long memory to perceive that the canine race more than "dimly shadoweth" "the principle of vicissitude and the effluxion of things." To the young of to-day the Newfoundland is as traditional as the pterodactyl. Elders can remember when he was in the height of fashion, and the most popular plaything of childhood. Dickens's "dramatical dog" that was too honest for the stage was a Newfoundland, and one of the most delightful achievements of the British humorist. True, as was pointed out by the American humorist, Joshua Billings, to make a Newfoundland pay it was necessary to have a pond with children continually falling in. But it is a sordid materialism to estimate a household dog by his utility rather than by his social charm.

On the other hand, the useful dog is of the more persistent type, the dog that can do something in particular—which mainly means that can hunt something. The bulldog, indeed, vindicates himself in case of a burglar in the back yard. He has been evolved for the purpose of hanging on, originally or etymologically, to a bull's muzzle, later to a burglar's calf, having gradually shed irrelevant characters until he has come to consist as exclusively as possible of jaw. The maxillary maximum is the ideal of the breed, and Dr. Johnson qualified as an expert in his famous deliverance about Dr. Taylor's specimen: "No, sir, he is *not* well shaped, for there is not the quick transition from the thickness of the fore part to the tenuity behind which a bulldog ought to have." The prize bulldog of George the Third would thus be the

prize bulldog of Edward the Seventh. It is the same with sporting dogs. One cannot imagine any serious modifications of the pointer, the setter, or the retriever. So long as they continue to be the fittest for their work, they will survive by fitness.

It is the toy dog which is an article of fashion, almost as much as a bonnet, and is equally doomed to extinction and the ash-heap when the fashion changes, the victim, as it is the product, of the caprice of man. The survival to our time of the King Charles, much as you may see him on the canvases of Van Dyke, and of his slight variant the Blenheim—albeit in a toothless and peevish condition that attests the defects of in-and-in breeding—is really a wonderful exception. But where now is the not more useless and not less ornamental "Spitz" of only one generation ago? He is with the plesiosaurus. It is true he was, justly or unjustly, suspected of a particular liability to rabies, "charged, perhaps, with venom," and his extinction may have been hastened by the suspicion. But he passed without lamentation and almost without notice, whereas he used, yelping, to pervade all thoroughfares, and tempt all boots but those of his owner. For that matter, where is the black-and-tan? "Here and there," like the North-American Indian, "a scattered few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors!" Where is the Oxford, whereby an Earl of that title thought to immortalize his name? Where, even, is the Dandie Dinmont? Let the collie, which has been diverted from his business of rounding up sheep to that of ornamenting benches and bringing fancy prices; let the French bulldog; let the fox-terrier and the poodle think on these things, and abate their haughtiness. They also may be one with Nineveh and Tyre!

ty-third Year Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur Vol. 186: No. 4
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is well known as a composer, especially for his musical compositions based on Indian folk-lore and music. After graduating at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1893, he studied musical composition for several years under Homer Norris in Boston, Engelbert Humperdinck in Germany, and Alexandre Guilmant in Paris. He was lecturer on music in Cornell University from 1899 to 1901, and he has established at Newton Centre, Massachusetts, the Wa-Wan Press for the best American composition and Indian music.

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received a common and high school education at St. Louis, and in 1879 graduated at the Columbian University Law School. In 1872 he received one of the first appointments in the United States Treasury service after competitive civil-service examinations. From 1888 to 1901 he was deputy assistant-treasurer of the United States at New York. He is the author of works entitled "The Money of the United States" and "Monetary Systems of the World," as well as of many magazine articles on financial subjects.

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DECEMBER, 1907.

CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—XXV*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the present year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

January 11, 1906. Answer to a letter received this morning:

DEAR MRS. H.,—I am forever your debtor for reminding me of that curious passage in my life. During the first year or two after it happened, I could not bear to think of it. My pain and shame were so intense, and my sense of having been an imbecile so settled, established and confirmed, that I drove the episode entirely from my mind—and so all these twenty-eight or twenty-nine years I have lived in the conviction that my performance of that time was coarse, vulgar and destitute of humor. But your suggestion that you and your family found humor in it twenty-eight years ago moved me to look into the matter. So I commissioned a Boston typewriter to delve among the Boston papers of that bygone time and send me a copy of it.

It came this morning, and if there is any vulgarity about it I am

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not able to discover it. If it isn't innocently and ridiculously funny, I am no judge. I will see to it that you get a copy.

Address of Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain")
From a report of the dinner given by the Publishers
of the Atlantic Monthly in honor of the
Seventieth Anniversary of the
Birth of John Greenleaf Whittier, at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, December 17, 1877,
as published in the
BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT,
December 18, 1877

Mr. Chairman—This is an occasion peculiarly meet for the digging up of pleasant reminiscences concerning literary folk; therefore I will drop lightly into history myself. Standing here on the shore of the Atlantic and contemplating certain of its largest literary billows, I am reminded of a thing which happened to me thirteen years ago, when I had just succeeded in stirring up a little Nevadian literary puddle myself, whose spume-flakes were beginning to blow thinly Californiawards. I started an inspection tramp through the southern mines of California. I was callow and conceited, and I resolved to try the virtue of my *nom de guerre*. I very soon had an opportunity. I knocked at a miner's lonely log cabin in the foothills of the Sierras just at nightfall. It was snowing at the time. A jaded, melancholy man of fifty, barefooted, opened the door to me. When he heard my *nom de guerre* he looked more dejected than before. He let me in—pretty reluctantly, I thought—and after the customary bacon and beans, black coffee and hot whiskey, I took a pipe. This sorrowful man had not said three words up to this time. Now he spoke up and said, in the voice of one who is secretly suffering, "You're the fourth—I'm going to move." "The fourth what?" said I. "The fourth littery man that has been here in twenty-four hours—I'm going to move." "You don't tell me!" said I; "who were the others?" "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson and Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—consound the lot!"

You can easily believe I was interested. I supplicated—three hot whiskeys did the rest—and finally the melancholy miner began. Said he—

"They came here just at dark yesterday evening, and I let them in of course. Said they were going to the Yosemite. They were a rough lot, but that's nothing; everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap, red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon; he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize-fighter. His head was cropped and bristly, like as if he had a wig made of hair-brushes. His nose lay straight down his face, like a finger with the end joint tilted up. They had been drinking, I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin, then he took me by the buttonhole, and says he—

"'Through the deep caves of thought
I hear a voice that sings,
Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul!'

"Says I, 'I can't afford it, Mr. Holmes, and moreover I don't want to.' Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger, that way. However, I started to get out my bacon and beans, when Mr. Emerson came and looked on awhile, and then *he* takes me aside by the buttonhole and says—

"'Give me agates for my meat;
Give me cantharids to eat;
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes.'

"Says I, 'Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel.' You see it sort of riled me—I warn't used to the ways of littery swells. But I went on a-sweating over my work, and next comes Mr. Longfellow and buttonholes me, and interrupts me. Says he,

"'Honor be to Mudjekeewis!
You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis—'

"But I broke in, and says I, 'Beg your pardon, Mr. Longfellow, if you'll be so kind as to hold your yawp for about five minutes and let me get this grub ready, you'll do me proud.' Well, sir, after they'd filled up I set out the jug. Mr. Holmes looks at it and then he fires up all of a sudden and yells—

"'Flash out a stream of blood-red wine!
For I would drink to other days.'

"By George, I was getting kind of worked up. I don't deny it, I was getting kind of worked up. I turns to Mr. Holmes, and says I, 'Looky here, my fat friend, I'm a-running this shanty, and if the court knows herself, you'll take whiskey straight or you'll go dry.' Them's the very words I said to him. Now I don't want to sass such famous littery people, but you see they kind of forced me. There ain't nothing onreasonable 'bout me; I don't mind a passel of guests a-treadin' on my tail three or four times, but when it comes to *standing* on it it's different, 'and if the court knows herself,' I says, 'you'll take whiskey straight or you'll go dry.' Well, between drinks they'd swell around the cabin and strike attitudes and spout; and pretty soon they got out a greasy old deck and went to playing euchre at ten cents a corner—on trust. I began to notice some pretty suspicious things. Mr. Emerson dealt, looked at his hand, shook his head, says—

"'I am the doubter and the doubt—'

and ca'mly bunched the hands and went to shuffling for a new layout. Says he—

"'They reckon ill who leave me out;
They know not well the subtle ways I keep.
I pass and deal *again!*'

Hang'd if he didn't go ahead and do it, too! O, he was a cool one! Well, in about a minute, things were running pretty tight, but all of a sudden I see by Mr. Emerson's eye he judged he had 'em. He had already corralled two tricks and each of the others one. So now he kind of lifts a little in his chair and says—

"'I tire of globes and aces!—
Too long the game is played!'

—and down he fetched a right bower. Mr. Longfellow smiles as sweet as pie and says—

"'Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught,'

—and blamed if he didn't down with *another* right bower! Emerson claps his hand on his bowie, Longfellow claps his on his revolver, and I went under a bunk. There was going to be trouble; but that monstrous Holmes rose up, wobbling his double chins, and says he, 'Order, gentlemen; the first man that draws, I'll lay down on him and smother him!' All quiet on the Potomac, you bet!

"They were pretty how-come-you-so, by now, and they begun to blow. Emerson says, 'The nobbiest thing I ever wrote was Barbara Frietchie.' Says Longfellow, 'It don't begin with my Biglow Papers.' Says Holmes, 'My Thanatopsis lays over 'em both. They mighty near ended in a fight. Then they wished they had some more company —and Mr. Emerson pointed to me and says—

"'Is yonder squalid peasant all
That this proud nursery could breed?'

He was a-whetting his bowie on his boot—so I let it pass. Well, sir, next they took it into their heads that they would like some music; so they made me stand up and sing 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' till I dropped—at thirteen minutes past four this morning. That's what I've been through, my friend. When I woke at seven, they were leaving, thank goodness, and Mr. Longfellow had my only boots on, and his'n under his arm. Says I, 'Hold on, there, Evangeline, what are you going to do with *them?*' He says, 'Going to make tracks with 'em; because—

"'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.'

As I said, Mr. Twain, you are the fourth in twenty-four hours—and I'm going to move; I ain't suited to a littery atmosphere."

I said to the miner, "Why, my dear sir, *these* were not the gracious

singers to whom we and the world pay loving reverence and homage; these were impostors."

The miner investigated me with a calm eye for a while; then said he, "Ah! impostors, were they? Are *you?*"

I did not pursue the subject, and since then I have not travelled on my *nom de guerre* enough to hurt. Such was the reminiscene I was moved to contribute, Mr. Chairman. In my enthusiasm I may have exaggerated the details a little, but you will easily forgive me that fault, since I believe it is the first time I have ever deflected from perpendicular fact on an occasion like this.

What I have said to Mrs. H. is true. I did suffer during a year or two from the deep humiliations of that episode. But at last, in 1888, in Venice, my wife and I came across Mr. and Mrs. A. P. C., of Concord, Massachusetts, and a friendship began then of the sort which nothing but death terminates. The C.'s were very bright people and in every way charming and companionable. We were together a month or two in Venice and several months in Rome, afterwards, and one day that lamented break of mine was mentioned. And when I was on the point of lathering those people for bringing it to my mind when I had gotten the memory of it almost squelched, I perceived with joy that the C.'s were indignant about the way that my performance had been received in Boston. They poured out their opinions most freely and frankly about the frosty attitude of the people who were present at that performance, and about the Boston newspapers for the position they had taken in regard to the matter. That position was that I had been irreverent beyond belief, beyond imagination. Very well, I had accepted that as a fact for a year or two, and had been thoroughly miserable about it whenever I thought of it—which was not frequently, if I could help it. Whenever I thought of it I wondered how I ever could have been inspired to do so unholy a thing. Well, the C.'s comforted me, but they did not persuade me to continue to think about the unhappy episode. I resisted that. I tried to get it out of my mind, and let it die, and I succeeded. Until Mrs. H.'s letter came, it had been a good twenty-five years since I had thought of that matter; and when she said that the thing was funny I wondered if possibly she might be right. At any rate, my curiosity was aroused, and I wrote to Boston and got the whole thing copied, as above set forth.

I vaguely remember some of the details of that gathering—

dimly I can see a hundred people—no, perhaps fifty—shadowy figures sitting at tables feeding, ghosts now to me, and nameless forever more. I don't know who they were, but I can very distinctly see, seated at the grand table and facing the rest of us, Mr. Emerson, supernaturally grave, unsmiling; Mr. Whittier, grave, lovely, his beautiful spirit shining out of his face; Mr. Longfellow, with his silken white hair and his benignant face; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, flashing smiles and affection and all good-fellowship everywhere like a rose-diamond whose facets are being turned toward the light first one way and then another—a charming man, and always fascinating, whether he was talking or whether he was sitting still (what *he* would call still, but what would be more or less motion to other people). I can see those figures with entire distinctness across this abyss of time.

One other feature is clear—Willie Winter (for these past thousand years dramatic editor of the "New York Tribune," and still occupying that high post in his old age) was there. He was much younger then than he is now, and he showed it. It was always a pleasure to me to see Willie Winter at a banquet. During a matter of twenty years I was seldom at a banquet where Willie Winter was not also present, and where he did not read a charming poem written for the occasion. He did it this time, and it was up to standard: dainty, happy, choicely phrased, and as good to listen to as music, and sounding exactly as if it was pouring unprepared out of heart and brain.

Now at that point ends all that was pleasurable about that notable celebration of Mr. Whittier's seventieth birthday—because *I* got up at that point and followed Winter, with what I have no doubt I supposed would be the gem of the evening—the gay oration above quoted from the Boston paper. I had written it all out the day before and had perfectly memorized it, and I stood up there at my genial and happy and self-satisfied ease, and began to deliver it. Those majestic guests, that row of venerable and still active volcanoes, listened, as did everybody else in the house, with attentive interest. Well, I delivered myself of—we'll say the first two hundred words of my speech. I was expecting no returns from that part of the speech, but this was not the case as regarded the rest of it. I arrived now at the dialogue: 'The old miner said, "You are the fourth, I'm going to move." "The fourth what?" said I. He answered, "The

fourth littery man that has been here in twenty-four hours. I am going to move." "Why, you don't tell me," said I. "Who were the others?" "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, consound the lot—"'

Now then the house's *attention* continued, but the expression of interest in the faces turned to a sort of black frost. I wondered what the trouble was. I didn't know. I went on, but with difficulty—I struggled along, and entered upon that miner's fearful description of the bogus Emerson, the bogus Holmes, the bogus Longfellow, always hoping—but with a gradually perishing hope—that somebody would laugh, or that somebody would at least smile, but nobody did. I didn't know enough to give it up and sit down, I was too new to public speaking, and so I went on with this awful performance, and carried it clear through to the end, in front of a body of people who seemed turned to stone with horror. It was the sort of expression their faces would have worn if I had been making these remarks about the Deity and the rest of the Trinity; there is no milder way in which to describe the petrified condition and the ghastly expression of those people.

When I sat down it was with a heart which had long ceased to beat. I shall never be as dead again as I was then. I shall never be as miserable again as I was then. I speak now as one who doesn't know what the condition of things may be in the next world, but in this one I shall never be as wretched again as I was then. Howells, who was near me, tried to say a comforting word, but couldn't get beyond a gasp. There was no use—he understood the whole size of the disaster. He had good intentions, but the words froze before they could get out. It was an atmosphere that would freeze anything. If Benvenuto Cellini's salamander had been in that place he would not have survived to be put into Cellini's autobiography. There was a frightful pause. There was an awful silence, a desolating silence. Then the next man on the list had to get up—there was no help for it. That was Bishop — Bishop had just burst handsomely upon the world with a most acceptable novel, which had appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," a place which would make any novel respectable and any author noteworthy. In this case the novel itself was recognized as being, without extraneous help, respectable. Bishop was away up in the public favor, and he was an object of high interest, consequently there was a sort of national

expectancy in the air; we may say our American millions were standing, from Maine to Texas and from Alaska to Florida, holding their breath, their lips parted, their hands ready to applaud when Bishop should get up on that occasion, and for the first time in his life speak in public. It was under these damaging conditions that he got up to "make good," as the vulgar say. I had spoken several times before, and that is the reason why I was able to go on without dying in my tracks, as I ought to have done—but Bishop had had no experience. He was up facing those awful deities—facing those other people, those strangers—facing human beings for the first time in his life, with a speech to utter. No doubt it was well packed away in his memory, no doubt it was fresh and usable, until I had been heard from. I suppose that after that, and under the smothering pall of that dreary silence, it began to waste away and disappear out of his head like the rags breaking from the edge of a fog, and presently there wasn't any fog left. He didn't go on—he didn't last long. It was not many sentences after his first before he began to hesitate, and break, and lose his grip, and totter, and wobble, and at last he slumped down in a limp and mushy pile.

Well, the programme for the occasion was probably not more than one-third finished, but it ended there. Nobody rose. The next man hadn't strength enough to get up, and everybody looked so dazed, so stupefied, paralyzed, it was impossible for anybody to do anything, or even try. Nothing could go on in that strange atmosphere. Howells mournfully, and without words, hitched himself to Bishop and me and supported us out of the room. It was very kind—he was most generous. He towed us tottering away into some room in that building, and we sat down there. I don't know what my remark was now, but I know the nature of it. It was the kind of remark you make when you know that nothing in the world can help your case. But Howells was honest—he had to say the heart-breaking things he did say: that there was no help for this calamity, this shipwreck, this cataclysm; that this was the most disastrous thing that had ever happened in anybody's history—and then he added, "That is, for *you*—and consider what you have done for Bishop. It is bad enough in your case, you deserve to suffer. You have committed this crime, and you deserve to have all you are going to get. But here is an innocent man. Bishop had never done you

any harm, and see what you have done to him. He can never hold his head up again. The world can never look upon Bishop as being a live person. He is a corpse."

That is the history of that episode of twenty-eight years ago, which pretty nearly killed me with shame during that first year or two whenever it forced its way into my mind.

Now, then, I take that speech up and examine it. As I said, it arrived this morning, from Boston. I have read it twice, and unless I am an idiot, it hasn't a single defect in it from the first word to the last. It is just as good as good can be. It is smart; it is saturated with humor. There isn't a suggestion of coarseness or vulgarity in it anywhere. What could have been the matter with that house? It is amazing, it is incredible, that they didn't shout with laughter, and those deities the loudest of them all. Could the fault have been with me? Did I lose courage when I saw those great men up there whom I was going to describe in such a strange fashion? If that happened, if I showed doubt, that can account for it, for you can't be successfully funny if you show that you are afraid of it. Well, I can't account for it, but if I had those beloved and revered old literary immortals back here now on the platform at Carnegie Hall I would take that same old speech, deliver it, word for word, and melt them till they'd run all over that stage. Oh, the fault must have been with *me,* it is not in the speech at all.

[*Dictated October 3, 1907.*] In some ways, I was always honest; even from my earliest years I could never bring myself to use money which I had acquired in questionable ways; many a time I tried, but principle was always stronger than desire. Six or eight months ago, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles was given a great dinner-party in New York, and when he and I were chatting together in the drawing-room before going out to dinner he said,

"I've known you as much as thirty years, isn't it?"

I said, "Yes, that's about it, I think."

He mused a moment or two and then said,

"I wonder we didn't meet in Washington in 1867; you were there at that time, weren't you?"

I said, "Yes, but there was a difference; I was not known then; I had not begun to bud—I was an obscurity; but you had been adding to your fine Civil War record; you had just come back

from your brilliant Indian campaign in the Far West, and had been rewarded with a brigadier-generalship in the regular army, and everybody was talking about you and praising you. If you had met me, you wouldn't be able to remember it now—unless some unusual circumstance of the meeting had burnt it into your memory. It is forty years ago, and people don't remember nobodies over a stretch of time like that."

I didn't wish to continue the conversation along that line, so I changed the subject. I could have proven to him, without any trouble, that we did meet in Washington in 1867, but I thought it might embarrass one or the other of us, so I didn't do it. I remember the incident very well. This was the way of it:

I had just come back from the Quaker City Excursion, and had made a contract with Bliss of Hartford to write "The Innocents Abroad." I was out of money, and I went down to Washington to see if I could earn enough there to keep me in bread and butter while I should write the book. I came across William Clinton, brother of the astronomer, and together we invented a scheme for our mutual sustenance; we became the fathers and originators of what is a common feature in the newspaper world now—the syndicate. We became the old original first Newspaper Syndicate on the planet; it was on a small scale, but that is usual with untried new enterprises. We had twelve journals on our list; they were all weeklies, all obscure and poor, and all scattered far away among the back settlements. It was a proud thing for those little newspapers to have a Washington correspondence, and a fortunate thing for us that they felt in that way about it. Each of the twelve took two letters a week from us, at a dollar per letter; each of us wrote one letter per week and sent off six duplicates of it to these benefactors, thus acquiring twenty-four dollars a week to live on—which was all we needed, in our cheap and humble quarters.

Clinton was one of the dearest and loveliest human beings I have ever known, and we led a charmed existence together, in a contentment which knew no bounds. Clinton was refined by nature and breeding; he was a gentleman by nature and breeding; he was highly educated; he was of a beautiful spirit; he was pure in heart and speech. He was a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian; a Presbyterian of the old and genuine school, being honest and sincere in his religion, and loving it, and finding serenity

and peace in it. He hadn't a vice—unless a large and grateful sympathy with Scotch whiskey may be called by that name. I didn't regard it as a vice, because he was a Scotchman, and Scotch whiskey to a Scotchman is as innocent as milk is to the rest of the human race. In Clinton's case it was a virtue, and not an economical one. Twenty-four dollars a week would really have been riches to us if we hadn't had to support that jug; because of the jug we were always sailing pretty close to the wind, and any tardiness in the arrival of any part of our income was sure to cause us some inconvenience.

I remember a time when a shortage occurred; we had to have three dollars, and we had to have it before the close of the day. I don't know now how we happened to want all that money at one time; I only know we had to have it. Clinton told me to go out and find it—and he said he would also go out and see what he could do. He didn't seem to have any doubt that we would succeed, but I knew that that was his religion working in him; I hadn't the same confidence; I hadn't any idea where to turn to raise all that bullion, and I said so. I think he was ashamed of me, privately, because of my weak faith. He told me to give myself no uneasiness, no concern; and said in a simple, confident, and unquestioning way, "the Lord will provide." I saw that he fully believed the Lord would provide, but it seemed to me that if he had had my experience—

But never mind that; before he was done with me his strong faith had had its influence, and I went forth from the place almost convinced that the Lord really would provide.

I wandered around the streets for an hour, trying to think up some way to get that money, but nothing suggested itself. At last I lounged into the big lobby of the Ebbitt House, which was then a new hotel, and sat down. Presently a dog came loafing along. He paused, glanced up at me and said, with his eyes, "Are you friendly?" I answered, with my eyes, that I was. He gave his tail a grateful little wag and came forward and rested his jaw on my knee and lifted his brown eyes to my face in a winningly affectionate way. He was a lovely creature—as beautiful as a girl, and he was made all of silk and velvet. I stroked his smooth brown head and fondled his drooping ears, and we were a pair of lovers right away. Pretty soon Brigadier-General Miles, the hero of the land, came strolling by in his

blue and gold splendors, with everybody's admiring gaze upon him. He saw the dog and stopped, and there was a light in his eye which showed that he had a warm place in his heart for dogs like this gracious creature; then he came forward and patted the dog and said,

"He is very fine—he is a wonder; would you sell him?"

I was greatly moved; it seemed a marvellous thing to me, the way Clinton's prediction had come true. I said,

"Yes."

The General said,

"What do you ask for him?"

"Three dollars."

The General was manifestly surprised. He said,

"Three dollars? Only three dollars? Why, that dog is a most uncommon dog; he can't possibly be worth less than fifty. If he were mine, I wouldn't take a hundred for him. I'm afraid you are not aware of his value. Reconsider your price if you like, I don't wish to wrong you."

But if he had known me he would have known that I was no more capable of wronging him than he was of wronging me. I responded with the same quiet decision as before,

"No—three dollars. That is his price."

"Very well, since you insist upon it," said the General, and he gave me three dollars and led the dog away, and disappeared up-stairs.

In about ten minutes a gentle-faced middle-aged gentleman came along, and began to look around here and there and under tables and everywhere, and I said to him,

"Is it a dog you are looking for?"

His face was sad, before, and troubled; but it lit up gladly now, and he answered,

"Yes—have you seen him?"

"Yes," I said, "he was here a minute ago, and I saw him follow a gentleman away. I think I could find him for you if you would like me to try."

I have seldom seen a person look so grateful—and there was gratitude in his voice, too, when he conceded that he would like me to try. I said I would do it with great pleasure, but that as it might take a little time I hoped he would not mind paying me something for my trouble. He said he would do it most

gladly—repeating that phrase "most gladly"—and asked me how much. I said—

"Three dollars."

He looked surprised, and said,

"Dear me, it is nothing! I will pay you ten, quite willingly."

But I said,

"No, three is the price"—and I started for the stairs without waiting for any further argument, for Clinton had said that that was the amount that the Lord would provide, and it seemed to me that it would be sacrilegious to take a penny more than was promised.

I got the number of the General's room from the office-clerk, as I passed by his wicket, and when I reached the room I found the General there caressing his dog, and quite happy. I said,

"I am sorry, but I have to take the dog again."

He seemed very much surprised, and said,

"Take him again? Why, he is my dog; you sold him to me, and at your own price."

"Yes," I said, "it is true—but I have to have him, because the man wants him again."

"What man?"

"The man that owns him; he wasn't my dog."

The General looked even more surprised than before, and for a moment he couldn't seem to find his voice; then he said,

"Do you mean to tell me that you were selling another man's dog—and knew it?"

"Yes, I knew it wasn't my dog."

"Then why did you sell him?"

I said,

"Well, that is a curious question to ask. I sold him because you wanted him. You offered to buy the dog; you can't deny that. I was not anxious to sell him—I had not even thought of selling him, but it seemed to me that if it could be any accommodation to you—"

He broke me off in the middle, and said,

"*Accommodation* to me? It is the most extraordinary spirit of accommodation I have ever heard of—the idea of your selling a dog that didn't belong to you—"

I broke him off there, and said,

"There is no relevancy about this kind of argument; you said

yourself that the dog was probably worth a hundred dollars, I only asked you three; was there anything unfair about that? You offered to pay more, you know you did. I only asked you three; you can't deny it."

"Oh, what in the world has that to do with it! The crux of the matter is that you didn't own the dog—can't you see that? You seem to think that there is no impropriety in selling property that isn't yours provided you sell it cheap. Now, then—"

I said,

"Please don't argue about it any more. You can't get around the fact that the price was perfectly fair, perfectly reasonable—considering that I didn't own the dog—and so arguing about it is only a waste of words. I have to have him back again because the man wants him; don't you see that I haven't any choice in the matter? Put yourself in my place. Suppose you had sold a dog that didn't belong to you; suppose you—"

"Oh," he said, "don't muddle my brains any more with your idiotic reasonings! Take him along, and give me a rest."

So I paid back the three dollars and led the dog down-stairs and passed him over to his owner, and collected three for my trouble.

I went away then with a good conscience, because I had acted honorably; I never could have used the three that I sold the dog for, because it was not rightly my own, but the three I got for restoring him to his rightful owner was righteously and properly mine, because I had earned it. That man might never have gotten that dog back at all, if it hadn't been for me. My principles have remained to this day what they were then. I was always honest; I know I can never be otherwise. It is as I said in the beginning—I was never able to persuade myself to use money which I had acquired in questionable ways.

Now, then, that is the tale. Some of it is true.

MARK TWAIN.

FICTION—ITS PLACE IN THE NATIONAL LIFE.

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

THE art of fiction, so honored in the world of late years, and somewhat ruthlessly practised, does not, as a definite convention, go further back than the time of Louis XIV of France, and we Anglo-Saxons cannot point to great writers of novels previous to the days of the Guelphs and Defoe, though Boccaccio, in Italy, laid the foundations of the art while yet we had no Boccaccio in England. Painting, beautiful, sensitive, sincere, belongs to the first records of humanity; as witness the drawings upon the walls of the temples of Egypt, five thousand years old, the colors as fresh as the day they were painted. Architecture, too, scarcely less antique, had, four thousand years ago, a massive beauty never reached by mediæval or modern practice. Music, also, in the mind of man, is almost coincident with the time when, as it is recorded, the morning stars sang together in the first wakefulness of the new-created world.

Yet the novelist is the oldest of them all, existing and potential in the musician, the painter, the architect; for story-telling was the beginning, as it is the end, of all they do, whether the story be of life's material events, the record of emotions only, or the adventures of the spirit. In the infancy of language the sensuous, passionate intellect of man, seeking to record its impressions, its memories and its deeds, had recourse to these other arts, these ciphers or symbols of the expanding soul.

Fiction is not a mushroom trade, a mere side issue of literature, but an art inherently as old as the oldest. Indeed, the story-teller, the first historian of life, is the master of all other artists in essence—as was Ptah the father of the gods—incarnating himself at last through sixty centuries into at least three master

craftsmen whom it is the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race to have produced—Scott, Dickens and Thackeray.

The writing of fiction is one of the most curious phases of our own particular era. Everybody tries his or her hand at it. Men of many professions practise it, and ladies use it almost as a birthright. It is the medium of grave sociologists like Mallock, the affectation of historians like the late Mr. Froude, of the scientist-astronomer like M. Flammarion, of the naturalist like the late Mr. Grant Allen, of the scientific student like Mr. Wells, of the millionaire like Mr. Astor, of the natural mechanician like Jules Verne. It is the secret ambition of more than one Minister and ex-Minister of the Crown, whose despatch-boxes carry plays unbaptized in the dew of public applause, and books intended for a more starry acclamation than Disraeli's. It is the recreation of the duchess beset by *ennui,* who, dowered with a coronet and the strawberry leaves, still reaches out discontented fingers for the bays; it is the umbrageous dissipation of the popular Archdeacon; it is the secret ambition of coming Lord Chief Justices.

It is hardly necessary to say that pamphleteering and covert autobiography, through the medium of character and dialogue, that the emotional sensations of the boudoir transferred to an open highway, paved with press cuttings, are not the art of fiction. Great writers do not grow up in a night. A book may have a fleeting success, and yet be neither a piece of literature nor a presentation of life. It may be a transcript of personal experiences with *cliché* deductions therefrom. It may glorify or decry some passing social fad. It may excite amusement by inserting authentic and piquant facts. It may touch up the idiosyncrasies of well-known people; but that is taking the bread of society journalists out of their mouths.

This leads to another natural inquiry as to the relation of popularity to the practice of any art. Popularity is a dangerous and uncertain guarantee of either the talented, the able or the honest man; and it is no test whatever of genius; but it always has some quality or force behind it. There are novelists almost universally scorned by critics, welcomed gayly by the public, and running through editions of many scores of thousands. We should not cherish the delusion that it is "the people down the area," the waiting-maid and the valet, who read these books. You

will find them in the hands of distinguished bankers, lawyers, doctors, and professional and business men of all sorts. If you were to ask one of them why he reads these books, he would say: "I want things to take me out of my business. I don't care whether it is true or not; I want a good story; that is all." He asks, indeed, only that a story-teller tell a good story; and he asks what is the *raison d'être* of the novel.

To the novelist you come for a story, first and before all; and it is the first and last thing he should give you. In the telling of it he may exhaust the knowledge of the universe, he may write what is literature and present the *truth* of life as well; but the story, a simple and elementary thing, is the basis of all. Man's first instinct in his elementary moods is for the story pure and simple, though that story may be the story of a soul, not the exciting accidents of flood and field. Genius tells the story, and reaches "the universal heart" as well.

In one respect the art of fiction differs from the other arts: it cannot be taught. The great men by whom so many warring disciples swear did not start with the idea of founding a school of this or of that—of idealism, or symbolism, or romanticism, or realism. That spangled glory of turning an influence into a convention and a school belongs to the lesser lights. It is they who form so-called "schools" and "theories," and call them by the names of masters who are dead and cannot resist, or alive and dare not.

In the art of fiction the individual is thrown upon his own innate talent, or genius, as the case may be. He may know and understand how Scott and Victor Hugo and Turgenieff did their work; he may saturate himself with their style and their methods; but unless he has the proper temperament, which schools never give, he cannot pass their style or their method through the crucible of his own mind and spirit and produce a crystal of his own making in the end. The work of genius is always baffling to the ordinary intelligence seeking to probe its secret, and the imitation of it is pitifully bald. The shell is got, but not the kernel; the mannerism, but not the manner; the mask, but not the face divine.

No great and permanent work of fiction can properly or arbitrarily be labelled naturalistic, idealistic, romantic, realistic or symbolistic. Love and fighting are not necessarily romance; nor

are soup-kitchens and divorce courts necessarily realism. If realism means minuteness of detail, and to be journalistic, in information, photographic in description and hopeless in finale, then "The Toilers of the Sea," "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "A Tale of Two Cities" are deeply realistic. But if the sweep of wide and powerful imagination, the rush of large ideas, the impact of great conflicting passions, the beauty of sacrifice, the celebration of simple and primitive emotions, the faith in the heart of the writer that good is the final goal of ill, are romanticism, then these tales are also highly romantic. Unhappiness or ugliness and doleful monotony of existence are not necessarily real life, nor are the gay delights of summer love or marriage ceremonies, or successful fightings, or sacrifice and chivalry, necessarily romance.

To my mind, the novelist with the true instinct does not stop to think whether he shall write a book which is realistic or a book which is romantical. If he does, so much the worse for him and for his readers. So soon as he sets out to follow a specific academical purpose, of drawing lines and limits with the calmness of a carpenter, you shall have the work of the carpenter, the special pleader, the feverish partisan of a method. Project human life and character within the precise limits of a system, and you get a cinematograph and a Punch-and-Judy show. Of course I do not say that there are no such things as realism and romanticism, idealism and symbolism; that there have been no great achievements and wide literary and artistic movements such as proceeded from David, Victor Hugo, Flaubert, Wagner, Constable, Turner, Tolstoy and Ibsen; but I do say that their imitators have missed the masters' great glow and pulse and wide motive, and have made into shibboleths and laws what were accidents, not principles, of the great men's methods. That which was incidental they make law; and they carry the law to extremes. For instance, it is much the custom to speak of any novel which deals with the past as romantical, and tales which have a superabundance of photographic detail, as realistic. They are considered to be especially realistic if they treat of the sordid side of life. Therefore, in some quarters, there is a certain pious canon that nothing shall end well; that life is fatuous and futile; that there is none who is not mulcted by Fate in the long run. Yet the truth lies between these extremes, and I for one cannot but

feel that the proportion of happiness and hope is greater than the proportion of despair and misery.

It is well for us not to be deceived by catchwords or phrases or labels. There is only one test for a novel: that it be first and before all a well-constructed story; that it deal sincerely with human life and character; that it be eloquent of feeling, have insight and revelation; that it preserve idiosyncrasy; and, above all, that it be sane and healthy.

As to style, when the man has real character, real power and genius, his style is himself. A book is a personality, though the author be hidden behind what he creates. That is, saturated, as he may have been by a hundred masters—and the more catholic he is the better for himself—out of all his education, out of all he has seen and read, out of the crucible where everything has been fused, is precipitated unconsciously his own style, informed by his own character. His own independence, his own courage of soul, his own way of looking at things, his own intuitions, sensations, temptations, weaknesses, powers, these all go to inform style—these and one thing more, and a reference to that will be made later. Meanwhile, perhaps, it would be interesting to consider the making of a novel.

First, we should set aside any misconception there might be as to great fiction being a transcript of life. Mere transcription is not the work of an artist. Were it so, we should have no need for painters, for photographers would do; no poems, for academical essays and Government Blue-books would do; no great works of fiction, for we have our usual sources of information, if information and presentation are all we want—the divorce court, the police court, the Stock Exchange, the young ladies' seminary, the marriage register, the Houses of Parliament and the peerage. These sources of information are not to be despised, but indeed they are only sources of information. To write fiction you must know facts; but you need not, and you must not, use them baldly. It is only the human significance of the facts which concerns you. It is the inwardness of facts which go to make fiction a history of life, its emotions, its passions, its sins, its reflections, its values. These you cannot photograph nor transcribe. The eye that sees, the instinct which reveals them, are the things that matter.

As to the choice of subject, there seems no reason why the

artist should not choose any subject for his work if the finished production itself contributes to the decent satisfaction of the world, presents character, suggests an issue, and, above all, meets the two unchangeable and inevitable demands of art—beauty and truth. Taste is the arbiter of the subject, for true taste is always moral, always decent, always "on the side of the angels."

There are certain things which are only subjects for a technical reformer or précis-writer, for a sanitary inspector and for the physician, not for the novelist. The specialist puts down the facts merely, and they are only convincing if they are bald statements; they must not have literary eloquence; they cease then to be evidence. It is the art of the novelist to appeal to the imagination, to be eloquent; and his vivid and dramatic touch applied, at high pressure and heat, to that which is ugly and unsavory lifts it out of all proportion to its actual place in the life of the community. The motto of the writer of fiction should be, not "to show life as I see it," but "to show life as I know it." The one is the eye, the other is the soul. The first is the work of the photographer, the second the work of the artist.

Further, one is supposed to write of a country and of a people which one knows well. All achievement means knowledge of a kind, and cannot be got without it. The smallest story successfully done necessitates two things: a knowledge of character and a knowledge of the scene. The range may not be wide, but so far as it goes the basis of knowledge must be there.

Suppose that your novel is to be about the sea and the navy—the navy of England of a hundred years ago. To write of the sea adequately, you must know a ship like your hand—the use of every part of it, the duty of every sailor. You must know the tides, winds, weather—the particular waters and the littoral along which your ship moves, with its own peculiarities. Have you sea-fighting in your book? Then you must be able to fight two ships or a dozen with knowledge. You must know the etiquette of fighting as well as its facts. Your knowledge must not be merely imitative, it must be creative. You must not lift a famous or even an obscure sea-fight from history or books of adventure. You must be able on your own account, given certain conditions which you yourself make, to exploit a sea-fight of your own. You must know how to sail in triple line, attack before a wind, or to take attack upon a lee shore; you must know how to conduct a

battle when breaking a line, or boarding, or laying athwart a hawse; how to fight in a stream, or in the seaway; how to dispose inside a harbor, or attack a leeward enemy. You must not talk of a sailor eating bread and butter, when, maybe, he only got cheese and oatmeal. You must not give him a pint of beer a day, when he received a gallon. You must not have your captain give a seaman fifty lashes, when, by law, he could only give twelve. You must know thoroughly the history of the time of which you write. All this, not because exactness is the chief thing in a story, but because the feeling of knowledge is security against that which is unreasonable. Manners, customs, dress, speech, mode of living, colloquialisms—all must be known —but not transcribed.

This sort of knowledge is confusingly called by the phrase-makers "local color," that perilous catchword which deludes the public and leads young writers to think that a phonograph and a guide-book are the weapons of fame. But without indulging in local color, it is only right to be accurate if you do indicate a fact. For, even though great critics say, "What does it matter?" when Sir Walter Scott made the sun set over the sea on the coast of Fife, or Victor Hugo in the "Toilers of the Sea" made the tide rise too high at Guernsey, or that master of detail, Kipling, chained the rowers in the galleys to the seats when, on the contrary, they rose up and down with the oar, as they do to-day in Egypt, the same critics are equally happy when Macaulay walks up the Pass of Killiecrankie to verify the speed of the English army, or Scott gallops across the lea in the Vale of Forth to fix the time for Fitz-James's ride. On the whole, you must *know,* not that you may crowd your work with local color, but that you may give the effect of a true relation. At least you must picture a time and give an atmosphere. You must start with the certainty that you understand. For the world is not kind to those who make mistakes in matters that it knows. If the farmer finds that you make him bring in hay at six o'clock in the morning; the priest, that you compel him to say mass in the evening; the lady, that you describe *chiffon* as *fichu;* the military man, that you have him doff his hat instead of saluting; the naval man, that you put a rose in his buttonhole on the quarter-deck; the politician, that you speak of dissolution when you mean proroguing; the painter, that you speak of foreshortening when you

mean perspective; the huntsman, that you send him to a meet in June; the sailor, that you call the scuppers the "bilge"; the citizen of a far country, that you salute his land as "Our Lady of the Snows" when you mean "Our Lady of the Green Parterre"—if all these good folk find you tripping in this way, how much credit do you think you will get for the general excellence of your work from the local critic and the innumerable Columbuses among our genial critics? You may have kept your reader out of bed till the small hours entranced, but if you stumble in one small fact that he knows, then, disregarding all else, he will mercilessly put you in the pillory, before an admiring family, at to-morrow's breakfast-table.

If, as we have assumed, your story be of the sea, then the sea must be the dominant note in it, the prevailing influence, the atmosphere; all that it is, the spirit of it must be yours; something in the look of it, in the feel of it, which possesses the man, which gets into his bone and blood; which possesses the sailor, the seafarer, as the mist, the storm, the mystery, the loneliness and the brooding, varying distance possess the mountaineer in his mountains. Then, as to translating that feeling into words, the whole thing is, What is the sea to you—the artist—to yourself? How do you see it with your naked eye, the eye which God gave you, and not another: as it were, the naïve, unalloyed look of the child, upon the retina of whose sight have not impinged a thousand confusing experiences of life? Turner was showing one of his great pictures to a merchant-prince of London; and, with the candor which only great wealth or great ignorance can beget, the merchant-prince said severely: "Mr. Turner, I shall tell you the truth. I have lived forty years on the Thames, and I never saw it look like that." And Turner replied: "No, but don't you wish to God you could?"

That is the whole question. Turner saw the thing not only with the trained physical eye, but with the eye of the spirit; with the refined directness, sincerity and genuineness of the child, and the great soul of a great man. The merchant-prince saw only a dull river, a highway of commerce, muddy, sluggish and unpoetical. His physical eye was untrained. He had never seen its actual glories of light and color; his soul had never felt its mystery, its piteous passionate story. To him it was commonplace, like his own temperament.

The true artist, be he sculptor, painter or writer of fiction, tries to throw over all his characters the feeling of environment, natural, industrial and social, which possesses them, affects them, works upon them. What is it? You go into a city—a strange city. The smell of it has the character of the city; the feeling of the air belongs to it alone; the spirit possessing the people is in the air. What one might call the idiosyncrasy of that city is upon every man in it.

You go into a great manufacturing district, where the clang of the iron is in the footstep of the men; the grim, metallic precision of machinery is in the air—something stern, something severe, yet satisfying; something permanent, concentrated, yet restless; as if the spirit of invention were abroad, and the spirit of activity were laying its hands upon every man. He has soaked in that which is of the air, the idiosyncrasy of climate, the feeling of the soil itself. It is this influence of environment which must be conveyed before all. Almost the same emotional complications universally and throughout all ages occur in every land, every hemisphere; the characters dispose themselves differently in each *mise-en-scène,* express themselves through varying attributes—that is all—each after his kind. The situation is translatable into language of human emotions, derived from the universal Volapük, the Vulgate of man in the Garden.

Othello the Moor, jealous of his wife, is, except so far as the men and their circumstances vary, little different from Mr. Jones of London, or Mr. Smith of New York, in the same situation. The daughters of Lear, chivying Cordelia from her heritage, are very little distinguishable, save in surroundings and in position, from the squabbling heirs of Chancery Lane. Recognizing these primary and universal elements of human experience, we gather what is true local color and dialect, and what is chiefly photography and superficial habits of speech or manner. A colloquialism, an idiom, a word in a phrase which reveals character, is the only true dialect; the spiritual, the inner atmosphere, is the only real local color.

The practical making of a novel must be permeated by the feeling that first inspired it, the note that should dominate it, with character not only individual but national, and above all with a universal humanity. The story should be constructed as a house is built, with knowledge and feeling as to which portion

shall give the principal effect, with fine sense of proportion as to the parts. Consider how important a thing is the first page, the first scene in a book. Out of a whole life, or a number of lives, you must choose one incident, one scene, which shall act as a pivot for the whole story. You must strike the note which shall recur throughout the book like the *motif* in an opera, the Greek *Anamnesis*. No word should be written, no incident set down, which shall not appear later on, in effect, as inevitable to the end of the story as the beat of the pulse is to life. A story runs in a circle; it comes with philosophic certainty, and by natural throwing back, from its last effect to its first cause. A character is a law set in motion, its author cannot make it deny itself; it lives in the book according to the law of its being. It is, therefore, likely to lead the author rather than to follow him. There is no inspiration in the development of a character—that is a matter of pure logic. There is no inspiration in construction—that is a matter of strong brain, good reasoning power and architectural skill.

But we will suppose that you know your *mise-en-scène* as you know your pocket; that you feel your atmosphere, that you have your material heaped up before you, that you have your story in your mind; then comes the one thing needful beyond all others. That one thing needful is the inspiration of an idea—a central idea—the only true inspiration in a book.

A distinguished critic in a letter to me not long ago said: "I put down this book with joy; it contents me; there is in it one whole idea." A book can always be resolved into a phrase. The thing that gives vitality to skill, observation and experience is a thing you cannot touch. You cannot lay your finger on it and say, "I have it." It is the true artistic temperament; it is what may be called the flair of imagination. And to that temperament alone is given the rare idea which possesses, absorbs; which, by its own intensity, sweeps the author along to his achievement.

There is no true artist in fiction, painting and music but knows when his work has failed. Often he knows it and cannot help it. In 1891, as I stood with Sir Frederick Leighton in his studio before his half-finished picture "Solitude," he said to me: "Somehow it won't do. Look," said he, "there are a dozen studies I have made of this picture. I went into the country

time after time to make sketches for it; but, after all, it hasn't come off. I have only six weeks before the Academy, and it mayn't come off at all." The next week, however, he went down again into the country, and brought back a new study. Now, at last, he had the idea right—the figure, the pose, the atmosphere, the feeling, the meaning; and now you shall find "Solitude" hung upon the walls of a thousand homes. There is no true artist but knows when his work has not come off. And this is the only revenge "we poor artist *vauriens*" can have upon our critics: they may praise us for our occasional virtues, or condemn us in Cambyses' vein; but we ourselves are the only people who do really know what is wrong. No great work was ever done unless there was a great central idea mastering the mind and heart of the artist, lifting him, driving him on, giving him dynamic power.

Matthew Arnold called poetry a criticism of life. In that office it does not work alone. For a hundred and fifty years, fiction has played a part in the criticism of life, which is as definite, if not as profound, as that played by poetry. Imagination is the very root of progress in a nation's life—the power to visualize things unseen from a knowledge of things seen. No nation makes progress which has not a deep intellectual life, in which poetry and the arts, offspring of the imagination, are not renewing the blood, invigorating the pulse of the people, giving a spiritual impulse to the actions of men and governments, quickening the life of the family. Point to a country decadent materially, and you will find a nation with no living literature, art or scientific development—for science must not be dissociated from the spiritual and moral life of the people. Profoundly analytical and critical and dissolvent as it is, its highest office is to construct and create, harmonize, develop and apply the product of imagination to the practical issues and labors of usual life. Imagination is the very soul of all development—the prefiguring of the possible, the inspiration to do, which comes from spiritual discovery. Fiction, as a product of the imagination, should become a greater factor; it should play a higher and higher part, in the moral welfare of the nation. It is now a reflex of the life of the people, not so much by transcription of human experience, as in giving the central, moral and intellectual attitude towards all the grave questions which make the real history of a nation. In the field of fiction you will find

the real position of the great sociological problems, not because they are deliberately dealt with, but because you discover in them the point of view taken involuntarily and unconsciously by the writer himself, who, whatever his class, is the product of his time. Dickens's and George Meredith's early novels are as much a history of the religious, moral and social conditions of England in that splendid period of its development, the early Victorian Era, as the works of John Henry Newman, Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Tennyson and Kingsley specifically are a representation of the condition of certain departments of national thought and national life. And it is singular that the wonderful renaissance in religion of that day synchronized with progress in every other department of national existence. It was a time which brought forth Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall and great captains of a scientific industry which revolutionized the whole material life of the nation. It was all of a piece; all rose from the same Pierian spring; all was born of a great intellectual and moral and spiritual revival. The word "moral" is not here used in the sense of "morals" as represented by obedience to the Ten Commandments, but in the sense of a sane and wholesome right-mindedness which represents a people's character, gives it its position of influence in the world. It is natural to forbear making any comparisons between this time and that, further than to venture the opinion that we have progressed in the things that matter, while progressing also in purely material things. Yet perhaps we are also living in a narrow margin of safety, and there is all too apparent a tendency among a very large portion of the Anglo-Saxon world towards superficiality, towards a growing distaste to face the serious facts of life; and the immense popularity of fiction is one of the signs. There is less history, biography, popular science and travel read to-day—in England, certainly—than a generation ago, and this is incontestably true of poetry. Accumulated wealth, the vast conveniences of daily life and the tremendous multiplication of pleasures, have made us more restless, less reflective than we were, and our solid reading and thinking have declined. Newspapers and fiction are the chief intellectual pleasure of the great mass of the people, and particularly of young people—which is more serious. Fiction has taken an unduly prominent place in the life of the people; its influence is disproportionate to its value in the national life.

For it is not books like "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Henry Esmond," "David Copperfield" or "The Heart of Midlothian," representing the best that the mind may profit from, which are eagerly and widely read, but the thousand inferior books which have in them neither literature, nor life, nor real imagination. It is to be hoped that the tide will turn; that simple biography and travel and popular history—with good fiction, good poetry and good drama—will more largely seize the minds of young men and young women.

The popularity of historical fiction was to be welcomed and approved. We have great reason to be grateful to Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman and the American Winston Churchill for giving us, as did Kingsley, Charles Reade and Thackeray, tales of other days, inspired by the facts and circumstances of the time, a mirror of the life; for imagining and reconstructing the past, as does a great anatomist from the handful of bones given him the animal of whom they were the relics.

It is good to think that we have masters of fiction yet alive who hold the flag high, whose standards are the standards of their own forebears in the art. In England we have George Meredith and Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Humphry Ward; in America there are Mark Twain and W. D. Howells, captains of pure literature of which any nation should be proud—pure literature, whether in relation to the quality of the writing, or in the choice of subject and its treatment. They have done their part; and none more nobly, and in a more distinguished way, than Mr. Howells, who has been a great craftsman, a true and faithful observer of life, and a writer with as urbane and beautiful a style as lives. The world owes him much, his nation owes him more; and there are hundreds of thousands of people in "the States" whose tastes have been cultivated directly and indirectly by his books of fiction, through which there moves a personality of infinite charm.

Fiction in the United States has represented the birth of an intellectual life among the masses. There was once an aristocracy of intellect and culture in the United States, but now the democracy have reached out eagerly and definitely for "culture" as represented by good books in every department of thought; and fiction, as found chiefly in historical novels (some of them bad, others, like "Pembroke" and "Richard Carvell," good) has played a great part in stimulating the people at large to reading,

outside the mammoth daily and weekly papers. The editors of the great magazines have been able to keep the standard of fiction high; and to-day, if a book popular on both sides of the water sells a thousand in England, it sells ten thousand in America.

And what is the end of it all, of all this writing of fiction? Is it no more than an aristocratic recreation? Is it only an amusement provided by a mummer? It is, it should be, a recreation of the noblest design; but I believe it is more still than that. All the good books, good paintings, good statuary, good buildings, if they are to be permanent, if they are to influence mankind, must make for beauty and for peace.

What is it that makes the oldest monuments of the world, those of Egypt, so powerful in their influence on the world? Look upon the temples of Karnac and of Thebes, upon the solitary Colossi seated in the Libyan plain, upon the stupendous repose of the giant figures cut out of the mount of granite at Abou Simbel. They seize and hold the mind and the heart of the spectator with so compelling a fascination that, in this modern civilization, you have a great illusion: six thousand years are displaced, and you live with Osiris and Amen-Ra and Seti and Rameses once again. What is it that you feel when you stand before the couchant Sphinx out there by the Pyramids of Egypt? It is not age alone: it is power; it is art; it is soul.

You stand beside a statue with a broken nose, a battered face. Think what it is to see this ruined profile, which, in real life, would make us turn away in pity and disgust, and then conceive the persistent, communicable power, the intrepid, unconquerable beauty, in your statue, which makes you sit longing, wondering; you yourself transported from this opulent Twentieth Century and the grossness of modern living into that beatitude of mind which is a severe simplicity, an exquisite calm, a tender sternness; a glory in stone which is as varying as the color on a girl's face in the springtime of her youth.

Art, even the art of fiction, must have beauty—the beauty of order, of discipline, of temperament, of imagination, of mystery —all these which are greater than exact facts, or details, which express the soul of things rather than the concrete image. And in the thing that is great there is no eccentricity, nothing that is morbid; it is all normal; but the normal form and power are infused with life, composed of genius. That which is eccentric

is unnatural. Sanity, a supreme and perfect sanity, this is the great quality of art. To see things with right-mindedness; to judge coolly, and, having judged, then with the splendor of the imagination to fashion the thing which the brain conceived, and the hand performs—that is art, even the art of fiction.

This is one of the reasons why great books are read on and on. They are an artistic and intellectual investment and heritage. They are a human document offered in exchange for the nation's bonds. They have a place in the nation's life; they have permanency; they belong.

It is the joy of art and of the artist that no loving care is wasted; that the root you water and the plant you nourish, with careful affection and desire for its well-being and that of the world, gives shade and pleasure and content somewhere—to some human being; that, while the intrinsic excellence, the perfect detail, the good art and philosophy may often be passed over by the multitude, the sound humanity of the book does its work, it clothes people of the imagination with the illusion of reality and truth.

For us who write songs, tales or histories, nature and beauty repay us by so much as we let them come near to our souls. The nearer we let them come, the more generously are we repaid. The moral glow in the ambitions of him who strives, however inadequately, to express himself, to translate spiritual power and vision into practical being, strengthens the life of the nation, plays its part in the progress of humanity, though the man himself, at last, be buried deep under the discarded manuscript of his life's dreams. But indeed all arts, sciences, mechanisms, labors, businesses, industries and offices should lead to the one end—the enlightenment of race, the deepening of pure patriotism, the sense of common responsibility for the welfare of that particular family in the races of the world to which those who employ our human crafts belong. Character is what we should be making in all the arts, as in all the industries and labors of life. What better epitaph can you wish, statesman, merchant, scientist, farmer, mechanician, hewer of wood, drawer of water and writer of fiction, than these last words of Thomas Hardy's exquisite "Woodlanders":

> "He was a good man and he done good things!"

GILBERT PARKER.

PHILIPPINE PROBLEMS.

BY HENRY C. IDE, RECENTLY GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE doctors who for some months past, in the columns of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and elsewhere, have published prescriptions for curing the ills of the Filipino people, have differed widely in diagnosis and remedies recommended for administration to the patient.

Major L. L. Seaman is of the opinion that "the hope of the Philippines lies in the free admission of Chinese to the islands," which, he insists, "will do more to promote the industrial development and the civilization of these islands than any other factor; and the sooner America appreciates this fact and acts upon it, the more prompt will be her relief from her present embarrassing condition."*

Ex-Judge James H. Blount solves the problem with equal ease and greater exuberance of language: "Let a date be fixed by the United States Congress for turning over the government of the archipelago to its people, a date which will afford to the great majority of the present generation a reasonable expectation of living to see the independence of their country, and all political unrest, including most of the brigandage of the islands, will at once cease. . . . Then unborn national life will leap for joy in the womb of time. Te Deums will be celebrated in each church of every town in the archipelago, from Aparri to Zamboanga. Aglipai himself may even say, 'Now, Lord, let my schism depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen my salvation.' "†

Senator Francis G. Newlands, while opposed to the retention of the islands by the United States, believes that "the country had in

* NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, May 17th, 1907.

† "Philippine Independence, When," "Philippine Independence, Why," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, January 18th, 1907, June 21st, 1907.

two campaigns decided that the Philippines should be retained, . . . and that the best men of both parties were now intent upon solving the question in a manner consistent with the theory and traditions of our government." After a visit to the islands, the Senator was convinced that the "Philippine Commission is conscientiously working out the problems of good government, with a single eye to the prosperity and advancement of the Filipino people. . . . It is pre-eminently a government *for* the people, and its purpose is to instruct the people, and particularly the peasant class, so as to give them a realization of what justice in individual rights and civil responsibility mean." He commends the work of the government in education, road-building, harbor and municipal improvements, the development of agricultural interests, and the construction of new railroads. The remedies that he proposes are mainly an authorization of the issue of bonds by the insular government, guaranteed by the United States, for the construction of railroads, the establishment of an agricultural bank, and the making of needed permanent improvements, together with the repeal of the act extending our coast navigation laws to the Philippine Islands.*

Mr. W. J. Bryan, through the columns of his "Commoner," has repeatedly advocated the declaration of early independence of the Philippine Islands, with the exception of the great island of Mindanao, and the Jolo archipelago.

After a service in the islands of between six and seven years, as Philippine Commissioner, Secretary of Finance and Justice, Vice-Governor and Governor-General, with such thorough knowledge of the people, their habits, customs, training, civic aspirations, political capacity and economic resources, as come from a close personal acquaintance and contact with all classes, and from repeated journeys through nearly every part of the archipelago, I am unable to agree with the solutions proposed by any of the gentlemen above mentioned, or to deem any of them alone as sufficient to accomplish the results best for the Filipinos, and most consistent with the honor, good faith and dignity of the United States.

Major Seaman's advocacy of the introduction of Chinese presents no discussion of the effect of such introduction upon the

* "A Democrat in the Philippines," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, December, 1905.

Filipino people themselves, and apparently disregards them as a factor in the situation. The language which he uses in describing the Filipinos would indicate that he regarded them as so worthless, depraved and vicious that it is unnecessary to give the slightest consideration to their interests or feelings. He calls the islands "that region of treachery and savagery." He believes that our school-teachers must fail "in the attempt to educate these semi-savage, deceitful Malays, tainted with Spanish cross, who for centuries will be unable to eradicate the treacherous, cowardly instincts of their race." He cannot believe "that such a creature, the natural product of a tropical environment, whose evolution has taken ages in the development of the instincts of treachery, the characteristics and qualities that have enabled him to preserve his existence in the land of the tiger and the viper, could be suddenly translated into a self-governing citizen." He calls the Filipino "a Malay savage," and thinks that the self-governing ability cannot "be hypodermically injected in concentrated essence into the ignorant, treacherous, low-bred Filipino." However deserving of reprobation the Filipino may be, his undesirable qualities can hardly be the result of efforts to "preserve his existence in the land of the tiger and the viper," because there never was a tiger, or any of his near relatives, in the Philippine Islands, unless brought there in a cage from Asia as a subject of great curiosity to the natives, nor have I ever heard of a viper in all that region. The islands are singularly free from poisonous animals or reptiles, far more so than those sections of the United States where the rattlesnake, the moccasin and the copperhead abound. The Filipino has his imperfections, and very marked ones. He is ignorant of all political institutions and civil duties, and is without the necessity, and therefore without the inclination, to labor as continuously and ambitiously as is done by races who live in sterner climes and less fruitful regions. He has and reads very few newspapers, and in times of war he has reverted to practices of artifice and cruelty such as are now condemned by more enlightened nations. He lacks the push and energy essential to invention, creation of literature, the best development of the physical resources of a country, and the organization of great commercial and industrial enterprises. On the other hand, he is temperate—more so, by far, than any other people with whom I have ever been intimately acquainted; he

has an ever-present and intense love for home and family; he is generally inclined to obey the laws—so much so that the city of Manila, undoubtedly, has less crimes of violence than any other city of its size under the American flag; he is hospitable, polite and, if fairly well educated, of most gracious manners. He is ordinarily very susceptible to kind and sympathetic advances and courteous treatment, and is strongly influenced by appeals to sentiment. This last quality makes him more easily a prey to the agitator and demagogue. The replies to Major Seaman's theory seem obvious. In the first place, we exclude the Chinese from our own immediate country, notwithstanding the admirable qualities which they possess. It would be inconsistent to say that, while formidable to us, we would let them loose upon the more defenceless Filipino. In the second place, an inundation of Chinese in the Philippines, which would be sure to occur to the extent of millions by reason of the enormously high wages which the Chinese there earn compared with what they receive in their own country, would end the possibility of obtaining modifications in the tariff barriers which the United States has erected against the Philippine sugar and tobacco. The claim that our own sugar and tobacco interests would thus be brought directly into competition with those of cheap Asiatic labor would then be unanswerable, and our present unjust policy of treating the islands as alien for the purposes of tobacco and sugar only, but as domestic for the purposes of coastwise trade, would be perpetuated. In the next place, while it is very probably true that the introduction of the Chinese would result in the more rapid industrial development of the islands, yet our business there is not primarily the development of the *islands,* but the development of the *people of the islands.* A great influx of Chinese would result immediately in an almost complete arrest of the development of the Filipino people along progressive lines. Major Seaman furnishes the answer to himself when he says of the Chinese: "When put in competition with the Bornean, the Filipino, the Singalese, the Hawaiian, the Japanese and the Hindu, he invariably wins, as may be seen by his rise from poverty to wealth and influence in the cities of Singapore, Calcutta, Manila, Honolulu and Yokohama."

All who are familiar with conditions in Singapore and in the Straits Settlements know perfectly well that the original inhabitants have been driven to the wall and are poverty-stricken and

helpless. Singapore is called a British city, and the Straits Settlements are under British rule; but both are Chinese regions almost exclusively, and the native and original owners of the regions count for little more than the cattle. In the Philippine Islands the Chinaman is hated—hated, doubtless, for his virtues there as here, but still hated. For us to inundate the islands with hordes of Chinese against the wishes of the inhabitants would be an act of the basest perfidy.

So far as Mr. Bryan's proposition—to give early independence to all parts of the Philippine Islands, except Mindanao and the Jolo archipelago—is based upon the theory that we ought not to govern people without their consent, the theory vanishes into thin air the moment that it is proposed to retain the immense areas included in the excepted parts. If it is just and wise to retain Mindanao and Jolo, it is equally just and wise to control the rest of the islands, unless that remainder is composed of people so civilized and developed as to require totally different treatment. That reduces the whole question to one of the capacity of the inhabitants to govern themselves. That is a question of fact, and upon that fact the judgment of the American people apparently is, and is rightly, that no considerable portion of the people of the islands have yet had sufficient education, training or experience in free institutions to fit them at present for self-government. Mr. Bryan was in the islands for a few weeks, visited Manila, and a few other important towns, was feasted and courteously treated by Americans and leading Filipinos, and acquired only the cursory and extremely superficial knowledge of actual conditions that could be thus obtained.

Judge Blount was longer in the islands, first in the army, then for a time in the insular service. His opportunities for intelligent judgment were greatly superior to those of Mr. Bryan; but his view of the proper policy to be pursued in the future, and that ought to have been pursued in the past, seems to be largely influenced by his predilections in favor of military rule. He states that the Schurman Commission, first appointed for the purpose of attempting to end bloodshed and produce peace and good order, "hoped that the Filipinos could be persuaded to give up their idea of independence. *The army knew better.*" He declared that Secretary Taft, when he was at the head of the Philippine Commission, "was not then a judge. He was a partisan of the Republican

party, an advocate. . . . He accepted the views of the natives not in arms as against that of the *army*. The Commission brought with them the theory that kindness would win the people over, and they at once proceeded to act conformably to that amiable delusion." Was Judge Blount opposed to kindness? Does he mean that the army knew that kindness could be of no service, and that the only method of dealing with the people was by the mailed fist and the iron heel? He proceeds: "Whether the country should be ready for civil government on a fixed date or not, it *had to be*. Within less than six months after, the flames of insurrection broke out anew in Batangas and the adjacent provinces, and it became necessary to give the military a free hand." It is true that the province of Batangas was passed over to the civil government too early, but it is equally true that that province, like every other one that was organized under the civil government in the year 1902, was so organized upon the recommendation of Major-General McArthur, the commander-in-chief of the United States forces in the Philippine Islands. General McArthur, in writing, recommended the inauguration of civil government in the various provinces wherein it was so inaugurated as a measure of peace, a means of ending war. His judgment was entirely sound and wise, and agreed with that of the Commission, except that he made a mistake as to the real condition of the province of Batangas. Judge Blount finally says that Governor Taft's error led him to reduce most impracticably the army of occupation and the number of armed posts against military advice. The army of occupation at one time numbered over sixty thousand soldiers and officers. That number was gradually reduced, upon recommendation of Judge Taft and other authorities. Governor Taft finally recommended the reduction to fifteen thousand American troops. The reduction was made, and made with perfect safety, and that number has not been exceeded in recent years. The policy of inaugurating civil government, and taking the Filipinos in to aid the government, was one of the greatest measures of peace, one that every wise student of Philippine affairs recognized as most beneficial, most conducive to the substantial results of universal peace that have been achieved. Nothing could be more clearly demonstrated than was the wisdom of Governor Taft's recommendations in this behalf by subsequent events. Judge Blount proceeds: "Caring for the peaceably

inclined people . . . is not the only problem which can be competently handled *by the military alone.*" He then goes on to describe the number of prisoners in the jails, and the unsanitary conditions which ensued, and says: "If the *military authorities* had had charge of those prisoners, it is safe to say that the mortality among them would be far less. Possibly half or even three-fourths of those who died would have lived. Political necessity, inherent in our former government, kept the army from acting then, and keeps it from talking now." He further inquires, after stating the conditions that existed in November in the province of Samar: "Why was not the situation turned over to the military authorities?" He answers this question in his second article as follows: "The failure to order out the troops was due to the fact that such action, cabled to the United States, might hurt the administration in the Presidential election then approaching, by creating at home an impression that the situation as to proper order was not well in hand." It is a moderate statement to say that this insinuation or direct charge is absolutely unfounded in fact, and furnishes a key to a considerable portion of Judge Blount's two articles. Either he was then laboring under the impression, from his proclivities as a Georgia Democrat, or he has since acquired the impression, that there was something sinister in the failure to make an early suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus,* and let the army loose in the province of Samar. How many people in the United States know or care whether the army of the United States is or is not used in the Philippines in connection with any particular incident? To what extent could any Presidential election have been affected by a statement that the army, instead of the Philippine constabulary, was engaged in maintaining order in the single province of Samar? I have personal knowledge on the subject of the considerations governing the procedure of the insular government in Samar. I was in constant consultation with Governor-General Wright upon that subject when it was under discussion from day to day. There was the same unwillingness to use the army in the islands after the complete inauguration of civil government and general pacification that there is in the United States. It was considered to be better for the Filipino people that good order among them should be maintained by their own insular police force and constabulary rather than by the army of the United States. In the end it

appeared that the situation in Samar—with its immense forests, almost pathless, its deep ravines, its heavy rains, its large uninhabited regions—presented so many formidable difficulties for the limited number of constabulary, who are also required to be the peace officers among seven or eight million people, that the aid of some of the United States army forces ought to be invoked. The officers of the army were always ready, and more than ready, to render assistance when requested, and it was purely a question of practical expediency in the islands as to whether the necessity had or had not arisen for employing them to aid in controlling the situation. The action taken was not in any way directed from Washington, nor, so far as I have any reason to believe, aside from Judge Blount's statements, influenced by any considerations of the political situation in the United States. Judge Blount further states: "No matter how high the character of the responsible heads of such Colonial government, they will let go nothing that will hurt the administration." Since the complete inauguration of civil government in the Philippine Islands, there has been absolutely no censorship of the press, nor has any person connected with the administration had the slightest knowledge as to the character of the individual cable messages or correspondence sent from the islands to the United States. The whole conduct of the government has been open and aboveboard. It has, undoubtedly, made mistakes, but suppression of information has not been one of them. It is inconceivable that the Commission could have been animated by the base and ignoble partisan prejudices thus charged against them. During most of the year 1904, there were but four American Commissioners present in the islands. Of these Governor-General Wright was a lifelong Democrat, as he is to-day, and General Smith, then a member of the Commission, and now Governor-General, was and is a Bryan Democrat. Both of these gentlemen, as well as the other members of the Commission, were high-minded and honorable men, who felt that they were charged with a trust of the greatest responsibility, and were bound to exercise it with the utmost fidelity and loyalty to the true interests of the people whose guardians they were.

The solution offered by Senator Newlands in his discussion seems to recognize actual events. Every department of the government of the United States has passed upon the question as to whether we ought to assume the position of trustee of the Filipino

people, from which we had ousted the Spanish government. The Peace Commission to negotiate the treaty with Spain, composed partly of Republicans and partly of Democrats, arranged for the acquisition of the islands. The President authorized the execution of a treaty upon this basis. The Senate, after the fullest discussion, ratified the treaty by Republican and Democratic votes, the latter acting in part under the advice of Mr. Bryan. Both houses, embracing both political parties, made the appropriation to pay to Spain the stipulated sum. Congress has passed repeated acts for the government of the islands, and theoretically for the benefit of the inhabitants thereof. The discussions upon these acts have been largely free from partisan considerations. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the action of Congress in this behalf was within the limits of the Constitution. In two Presidential elections an appeal to the people has been made on the Philippine problem, as well as upon others, and the result in both cases has been an adherence to the policy upon which we have entered.

The subject for discussion should be, having entered upon this great trust, how best, most wisely and most honorably can we fulfil it? Our policy has been declared before all mankind by those entitled to declare it. President McKinley, a most loyal friend of the Filipinos, thus stated our duty: "The Philippines are ours, not to exploit, but to develop, to educate, to train in the science of self-government." His Secretary of War, Mr. Root, who was charged with the direct responsibility for the administration of the islands, has thus announced:

"There seems no reasonable cause to doubt that, under the policy already effectually inaugurated, the institutions already implanted, the process already begun in the Philippine Islands, if these be not repressed and interrupted, the Filipino people will follow in the footsteps of the people of Cuba, but more slowly indeed, because they are not as advanced; yet as surely they will grow in capacity for self-government and, receiving power as they grow in capacity, will eventually come to have such relations to the people of the United States as now the people of Cuba have, differing in details as conditions and needs differ, the same in principle, and the same in beneficent results."

President Roosevelt has declared:

"To withdraw our government from the islands at this time would mean to the average native loss of a barely won civil freedom. We have established in the islands a government by Americans assisted by Fili-

pinos. We are steadily striving to transform this into a government by Filipinos assisted by Americans."

Secretary Taft, from his position as the President of the Philippine Commission, Governor of the Islands, and Secretary of War, has set forth our relations to the Filipinos thus:

"The great object we now have in the Philippines is to build up the government there so as to make it more and more useful to the Filipinos, so that they may ultimately become an educated, intelligent and self-governing people."

It would be difficult to conceive declarations of a more lofty policy, or one founded more strongly in the highest sense of national honor and national obligation. Can we abandon, in the face of all mankind, the trust which we assumed knowingly and deliberately, because somebody is of the opinion that the army ought sooner to have been brought into requisition in some particular province of the islands, or conceives the idea that such action, though taken by a Democratic Governor-General, was for the purpose of electing President Roosevelt, or because it cost more to maintain a portion of our army and navy in and about the Philippine Islands than it would if they remained at home, or because the islands are not as rapidly developed as they would be if the Chinese hordes were poured into them, or because our trade with the islands is less than had been anticipated, or because our wards are not all grateful for the tremendous aid that we have given them? In point of fact, the progress in the islands has been very great in the construction of roads, bridges, public buildings and harbor improvements; in the extermination of contagious diseases of men and animals; in the development of scientific institutions of very high grade; in the establishment of an educational system which furnishes instruction to half a million children otherwise uninstructed; in the establishment and maintenance of a fixed and stable currency on the gold standard, in place of the daily fluctuating one of silver; in the organization of a judiciary system and legal procedure as good as is found in the United States; in the organization of municipal, provincial and insular governments, wherein the largest proportion of employees and officers are Filipinos; in the gradual training of the people in the arts of self-government; in the recognition of the rights of free speech, free assembly, free discussion of public questions; in putting the finances of the islands on a firm and

secure basis, so that its credit is of the very highest; in the establishment of a rigid system of civil service, more rigid and more thoroughly applied than anywhere in the United States; and, finally, in the inauguration of a legislative assembly every member of which is a Filipino, chosen by popular election, and which has equal power in all legislation with the Commission, three of the eight members of the latter body also being Filipinos. The great lessons of good order and self-restraint are being gradually taught. Probably we have gone too fast. Probably we have fed to the Filipinos too strong food before their digestions were in condition to assimilate it. We should be willing to make progress at a moderate pace, and not a furious gallop. Lord Cromer, on retiring from his long career of usefulness in Egypt, among other things said:

"I shall deprecate any brisk change, any violent new departure, more especially, if necessary I shall urge that this spurious, manufactured movement in favor of the rapid development of parliamentary institutions be treated for what it is worth, and, let me add, it is worth very little."

Bishop Brent, whose long experience in the Philippines, high character, and thorough interest in the success of our experiment there are well known, as lately as July 20th last said:

"It is pace that kills, whether on the race-track or in the realm of politics, and we are running for a fall. . . . We have been going at a pace unsuited to the people. The ballot is the last and not the first gift of civilization, demanding a high measure of understanding."

It is said that the Filipinos all desire early or immediate independence, and that this is shown among other ways by the result of the recent election for members of the legislative assembly. These propositions cannot be unqualifiedly assented to. "*La Democracia,*" the organ of the *Progresista* party, just before the election on the 30th of July last, declared:

"We are becoming more and more confirmed in our conviction that, if independence were granted us to-day, tyranny and oppression would reign supreme in the Philippines, and, saddest of all, we would be oppressed and vexed by our own kind, and civil war would be inevitable."

At the election, the total vote throughout the islands was 97,803 out of a population of between seven and eight million people, not including Moros and non-Christian tribes. The vote was only one and four-tenths per cent. of the population. The

people, therefore, did not speak. An extremely small minority took an interest in the election, and in many cases agitators were chosen as representatives. Of eighty members elected, sixteen were *Progresistas,* whose platform favors a continued relation between the United States and the Philippine Islands, until the Filipinos shall have been trained in the art of government, and become economically and politically able to maintain a substantial government of their own. Nineteen unpledged or independent candidates were chosen, who will probably in the main be conservative and act with the *Progresistas.* The "*Libertas*" of Manila, three days after the election said:

"The American flag floating over Port Santiago should be replaced by the Filipino colors. But, frankly speaking, this seems very far from being realized. In the first place, it is very doubtful if the coming assembly will be a truly genuine representation of all the Filipino people. More than five-sixths of the legal voters took no part in the election. Can it be said, therefore, that the assembly would truly express the will of the Filipino people in its entirety? Moreover, the desire of a people, of an individual, to be independent, and the capacity of being so, are two different propositions. . . . In spite of the almost unanimous wish of the Hindus and the Japanese to be independent, no one believes that these people are capable of constituting independent and civilized nations in the sense of sociology and modern international light. A youngster may be desirous of leaving the tutelage of his parents; but, notwithstanding his laudable desire, wise legislation does not, by any means, recognize his capacity to make good use of his liberty. Faculty for self-government comes from the head, while the desire for it is a matter of sentiment."

The "*Libertas*" is the church organ, and represents the sentiments of the Catholic hierarchy, which is a mighty power in the islands. When Archbishop Harty, the highest religious authority there, was recently in the United States, he stated, in a published interview: "It would be a burning disgrace for the United States to abandon the Philippines. I want to use that word. It would be a shame." That this consideration affected the Catholic vote in the last Presidential election in the United States is a matter that cannot admit of doubt. And it will affect future elections. The church fears confiscation, such as has occurred in Mexico and in other Latin countries, if the protecting power of the United States be withdrawn. This is another reason why the whole subject should be taken out of politics. In my opinion, comparatively few of the well-educated, conservative,

property-owning and judicious Filipinos desire early independence. On the contrary, they fear the result, and look only for revolution and chaos in such an event, notwithstanding their natural interest and pride in their own people. On the 30th of August, 1905, Governor Arturo Dancel of Rizal province, not an appointed officer, but one elected by the people, appeared before the Taft visiting party of Senators and Congressmen, to testify. He is a full-blooded Filipino, and he said:

"I wish to state, in the first place, that the sensible people of the Philippines, those who really have a love for their country, cannot, for one moment, think of absolute independence in the immediate future, owing to the present conditions and circumstances of the islands. . . . I believe that, in case of creating immediate independence, and the establishment of a Filipino government at the present time, in place of peace we would have anarchy; the right of might would prevail, not the right of law."

Governor Dancel since giving this testimony, which was widely published, has been re-elected by the people of his province. During the visit of the Taft party Dr. Pardo de Tavera, one of the most highly educated men in the Philippine Islands, testified:

"There is no difference of opinion among educated, cultivated men who are honest with themselves, as to the idea that for the present it will be impracticable to have independence, nor do they fail to see that their having it would only mean that they would lose it in a short time, and not be able to enjoy it. . . . The intelligent people know that they are not prepared for independence now, but there is some attraction for the common people."

Substantially the same testimony was given by Chief-Justice Arellano, Commissioners Luzuriaga and Legarda and others, who are highly educated and public-spirited men.

Some highly interesting testimony as to what would be likely to occur if the Filipinos were left to govern themselves appears in the article of Judge Blount above referred to. He states that, in the year 1904, the province of Samar was being overrun by outlaws and brigands, and that, in less than one hundred days, more than fifty thousand people had been made homeless by their depredations. The outlaws who committed these outrages were without exception Filipinos. The fifty thousand people who were rendered homeless in that single province, one province out of forty, were all Filipinos. It was Filipino against Filipino, and the cause of this frightful condition, according to Judge Blount,

was that the Philippine native constabulary was insufficient to maintain order, and the United States army ought to have been called in. If all the restraining influences of the United States were withdrawn, how long would it be before the condition which Judge Blount so graphically describes in Samar would be extended from one end of the islands to the other?

It is apparent to the most casual observer that the islands have not the slightest defensive power against foreign aggression. This is universally recognized among the agitators, Philippine and American, who demand immediate independence. Nor can anything be more certain than that, with the universal land hunger now prevailing among the nations of the earth, occasion for offence against the Philippine Islands would quickly arise; and they would become dependents of people with far less altruistic motives than we have professed, and are in fact in the main acting upon. To meet this most palpable difficulty, it is proposed that the islands should be neutralized by international agreement. It is highly improbable that the United States will ever enter into any such agreement. It has never taken such a step, except in the case of the Samoan Islands, in relation to which a treaty was executed in July, 1889, at Berlin, between the United States, Germany and Great Britain, wherein it was stipulated, among other things, that "the independence and autonomy of the government of the Samoan Islands is recognized." The treaty was a compact that neither of the three powers would appropriate the islands, and was a caveat to all the rest of the world to keep their hands off. The practical working of this tripartite agreement was found to be filled with difficulties and embarrassments and jealousies, to such an extent that it was deemed impracticable to continue it. Within ten years from its date, the kingdom of Samoa had ceased to exist, Germany had appropriated the greater portion of the group, the United States the small island of Tutuila and adjacent smaller islands, together with the valuable harbor of Pago Pago, and Great Britain had received compensation for the surrender of its supposed rights by redelimitation of the boundaries of its spheres of influence in other parts of the Pacific Ocean and in South Africa. An entangling alliance of that kind is not likely to be entered upon again. Aside from the embarrassment of such agreements, they are usually ineffectual, as is illustrated in the case of Egypt, which has become practically a British colony, and

in the case of Manchuria, which was supposed to be neutralized at the expiration of the Japanese and Chinese war, but which was converted into a Russian annex almost before the ink of the agreement was dry. The neutralization of Switzerland in 1815 was of a country which had large resources within itself, and had displayed remarkable vigor in defending its own rights; but the neutralization was primarily not for the benefit of the inhabitants of Switzerland, but for the safety of the nations of Europe. Similar considerations led to the action in relation to the kingdom of Belgium in 1839. The proposed neutralization of Korea has eventuated only in its practical absorption by Japan.

On the whole, it would seem that no other course is yet feasible for dealing with the Philippine Islands than that of tutelage, training, high and sympathetic guidance. That is the course upon which we have entered, and we ought to continue in it until the time shall arrive, which no one can now definitely fix, when the people of the islands shall have become so trained and educated and accustomed to self-restraint, and to the exercise of the powers of government, and so financially equipped as to be able to maintain a respectable government, when the question of independence may become a real, practically impending one. When that time arrives, the people of the islands may and may not desire independence. They may prefer, and they quite probably will, to continue to receive the aid and sympathy of the great American Republic, provided our administration is sufficiently wise, sympathetic and altruistic.

HENRY C. IDE.

HAS THE UNITED STATES REPUDIATED INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION?

BY PHILIP WALTER HENRY.

WE hear a great deal in these days about the advent of international arbitration, which will cure all difficulties between nations, and even cause the abolition of war. Our delegates at The Hague were so throroughly imbued with the righteousness of decisions given through international arbitration that they were reported as having advocated the use of force in compelling nations to accept the award and pay the penalty. But, while our Hague delegates were taking this high and very proper position, what was the attitude of our State Department? Not the theoretical attitude which may be expressed in words, but what was its real attitude as shown in actual practice? Our President says that deeds are mightier than words; and by the deeds of the State Department, rather than by the words of our Hague delegates, will the real policy of our Government be known. Whether there are any other deeds like the one which will now be discussed is unknown to the writer; but certainly this one looks very much like the repudiation of an international award.

The case in point is that of the Orinoco Steamship Company, which submitted through our State Department a claim against Venezuela for $1,401,559.03, and was awarded by international arbitration $28,224.93, or about two per cent. of its claim. This claim was presented about the time that England, Germany and Italy blockaded the ports of Venezuela in order to force a settlement of their claims. Through the kind offices of our Minister, Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, it was agreed to submit these claims to international arbitration. At the same time, Mr. Bowen arranged that non-blockading Powers having claims against Venezuela should also submit them to arbitration, among these being the

claim of the Orinoco Steamship Company. Later, the question came up as to whether the claims of the blockading Powers were to receive preference in time of payment, and the Hague Tribunal, to which the matter was referred, decided in their favor. Venezuela has just finished paying off the claims of the blockading Powers, and, as far as known, not one of those nations demanded the reopening of a case decided by the duly appointed arbitrator. That course was apparently left to the United States, one of the non-blockading Powers, a nation supposed to be friendly to weaker nations, especially to those of South America which the Monroe Doctrine has kindly committed to her care.

The claim of the Orinoco Steamship Company, also known as the Olcott claim, was decided by Dr. Harry Barge, an arbitrator appointed by the Queen of Holland, and one would naturally suppose that his decision would be regarded as final. The award (two per cent. of the original claim*) was of course unsatisfactory to the claimant, which, through the State Department,

* In this connection, the following quotations from an article on "The Calvo and Drago Doctrines," by Amos S. Hershey, which appeared in the January, 1907, number of the "American Journal of International Law," are interesting:

"The Civil War claims of Great Britain against the United States, which were settled by a mixed commission in 1873, amounted (with interest) to about $96,000,000. Less than $2,000,000 [2 per cent.] were actually awarded to the British claimants. . . . The claims of France growing out of the Civil War were also settled by the mixed commission which met in 1880–84. They aggregated about $35,000,000. The amount actually awarded was $625,566.35, *i. e.*, less than 2 per cent. of the amount demanded. . . . The claims of the United States against Mexico, presented to the mixed commission which met in July, 1869, and continued until January, 1876, amounted to the enormous sum of $470,000,000. The actual amount awarded was $4,000,000, or less than one per cent. The claims of citizens of Mexico against the United States amounted to $86,000,000. They received $150,000.

"The mixed commissions which adjudicated the claims against Venezuela at Caracas, during the summer of 1903, awarded 2,313,711 bolivars to claimants of the United States, out of 81,410,952 which were demanded; 1,974,818 to Spanish claimants who had demanded 5,307,626; 2,975,906 to Italian claimants who had asked for 39,844,258; 2,091,908 to German claimants who had demanded 7,376,685; 9,401,267 to British claimants instead of 14,743,572 as demanded; and 10,898,643 to Belgian claimants who had only demanded 14,921,805 bolivars. The demands of French claimants, which amounted to nearly $8,000,000, were cut down to $685,000.

"Besides being excessive in amount, it is believed that many of these claims are bottomed on fraud and tainted with illegality and injustice. It is notorious that the sums received by a government are often far below the face value of the loan, and many of the claimants for losses during civil war or insurrection are not above a well-grounded suspicion of having themselves been engaged in unneutral or insurrectionary acts."

sought a reopening of the case. This action was so effective that, under date of January 30th, 1905, Mr. Bowen, in a letter to the Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs, referred to this claim as follows:

"I have the honor, in compliance with instructions I have received from Washington, to request your Excellency to inform me whether the Government of Venezuela is willing to agree to the revision of the Olcott matter?"

Under date of February 2nd, 1905, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied to Mr. Bowen on this point, as follows:

"As to the revision of the award of Mr. Olcott, although it is not known that any protest about the matter has been made by him, the case, in the opinion of the Federal Executive, would be of such gravity if it were made that in his judgment all the protocols would be annulled which your Excellency signed in Washington in the name and as the representative of Venezuela. Nothing creditable would then result to the Government of the Republic from its acceptance."

Under date of March 10th, 1905, Secretary Hay wrote to Mr. Bowen:

"The revision of the Olcott award could not have the serious consequence supposed in the note of the Minister addressed to you on February 2nd. The protocol for the revision of that award would be so drawn that the action of the reviewing tribunal would have no effect on the previous protocol and awards. It would have the effect, and this Department asks, that the tribunal might fairly and fully reconsider the whole case, and render to Mr. Olcott that justice which appears to have been denied by the award given under the previous protocol."

In the first part of this letter, Mr. Hay urged the necessity of arbitrating the New York & Bermudez Co. claim, then pending in the Venezuelan Courts, and referring to both those matters, he closes his letter in the following rather emphatic language:

"The attitude of the Venezuelan Government toward the Government of the United States, and toward the interests of its citizens who have suffered so grave and frequent wrongs arbitrarily committed by the Government of Venezuela, require that justice should now be fully done, once for all. If the Government of Venezuela finally declines to consent to an impartial arbitration, insuring the rendition of complete justice of those injured parties, the Government of the United States may be regretfully compelled to take such measures as it may find necessary to effect complete redress without resort to arbitration. The Government of the United States stands committed to the principle of im-

partial arbitration, which can do injustice to nobody; and, if its moderate request is peremptorily refused, it will be at liberty to consider, if it is compelled to resort to more vigorous measures, whether those measures shall include complete indemnification, not only for the citizens aggrieved, but for any expenses of the Government of the United States which may attend their execution.

"You are at liberty to furnish a copy of this instruction to the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

Now, this letter reads very much like an ultimatum; and, while it states that the "United States stands committed to the principle of impartial arbitration," it also demands that the decision of an international arbitrator be annulled, because Mr. Olcott "appeared to have been denied" justice. That a broad-minded man like Mr. Hay could have written such a letter it is difficult to understand; but it must be remembered that this was written when he was very ill, just a few days before leaving on that vacation which preceded his death. During that illness, matters concerning the less important nations may have been left to subordinates, whose breadth of view may not have been as great as his own.

This letter was presented to the Minister of Foreign Affairs on March 19th, 1905, and on March 23rd the following reply was made:

"I limit myself to acknowledging the receipt of your Excellency's note of the 19th instant, and of the enclosure of his Excellency Mr. John Hay, of the 10th, because I believe, with good foundation, that the Venezuelan Government has in reality no pending questions with the Government of the United States, it being an evident fact, supported by every kind of evidence, that the Venezuelan Government arranged in Washington, by its protocols signed in 1903, the subjects that could be matters for discussion and that were decided by the mixed commission that afterward met in Caracas. As, on the other hand, one of the matters which is treated by his Excellency Mr. Hay is found contained in those decisions, which is the same as if we should say that it has already the potency of things adjudicated, and because the Venezuelan Government would consider it an offence to the honor of the Dutch umpire, Mr. Harry Barge, who decided the Olcott claim, acquiescence could not be given to such an unseasonable request without failing in the respect which is due to that which has been agreed upon, and it would be at the same time even a reason for believing that not even a new agreement, judgment or arbitration could be executed. So with the matter of the New York and Bermudez Company, his Excellency Mr. Hay ought to know that, by its nature, it is one of the cases that belong to the ordinary courts of the country, to which the laws now existing

remit the case, and to which are subject all those of foreign nationality who come to reside or make contracts here. The provisional President of the Republic charges me, then, to say to your Excellency, in order that you may in turn communicate it to his Excellency Mr. John Hay, that this Government, in order to consider his note, needs to know at once and for the aforesaid reasons whether the matter in question relates to the sovereignty and independence of this Republic—that is to say, whether or not the Government of the United States respects and reveres the legislation of this Republic and the nobility of its tribunals, and whether it respects and reveres equally the agreements and arbitral decision which it, representing the Venezuelan Government, concluded."

These two letters deserve careful reading, for they well illustrate the attitude of each nation, not only on this particular point, but on other questions at issue. Venezuela's reply to the ultimatum evidently staggered the State Department, for the sending of war-vessels or complete silence was the only course left for the United States in such a situation. Whether Congress and the country at large would consider war-vessels justified when the facts were known was a question which no doubt the proper officials carefully considered. At any rate, the policy of complete silence was adopted, and it was two years before the Olcott claim again became a matter of diplomatic correspondence. On February 28th, 1907, Secretary Root wrote to our Minister, Mr. William W. Russell, a letter pressing five claims against Venezuela, of which one was the Orinoco Steamship Company claim. The argument submitted by Mr. Root for the reopening of this claim to arbitration was the able and exhaustive brief of a lawyer for his client, but it is too long to quote in full, as it would cover eight pages of the REVIEW. The extracts given here will show the line of argument:

"What the claimant now asks is the reëxamination of this award by a competent and impartial tribunal. To this reasonable request, that the case of the Orinoco Steamship Company be reopened, and that the case be submitted in its entirety to an impartial and international reëxamination, the Government of Venezuela presents as an objection the fact that this decision of the American-Venezuelan mixed commission on claims is final, and that to reconsider the decision of an arbitrating court would be equivalent to ignoring the force of such decision.

"To this there is an obvious and very reasonable reply, to wit: That a decree of an arbitrating court is only final when the court proceeds within the terms of the protocol which established the jurisdiction of the court, and that when such terms are ignored the decision is necessarily deprived of the right of final force. In this individual case,

the protocol specifically said that 'the Commissioners, or in case they should not agree, the Arbitrator, shall decide all the claims upon a basis of absolute equity, without paying attention to objections of a technical character nor to the provisions of the local legislation.'

"The equity alluded to is clearly not the local equity, that is, not necessarily the equity of the United States nor the equity of Venezuela, but the spirit of justice applied to a particular question without attention to local statutes, regulations or interpretations. . . . It is difficult to see how the arbitrator could have more clearly ignored the most common principles of justice and equity. . . . The award of the arbitrator, therefore, which ignored these simple yet essential considerations, is in every respect unacceptable. He assumed, it is true, the jurisdiction; but the error which he made is so serious and evident that this Government cannot ask its fellow citizens to accept this award as final.

"Although the attention of Venezuela has been called several times to these arguments, and it has been courteously and trustingly requested to submit the case of the claimant in its entirety to reëxamination by a competent and impartial tribunal, the Venezuelan Government has briefly objected that the awards of the Commissioners, and in case that they should not agree, 'those of the Arbitrators, shall be final and conclusive.' At the very same time, and almost at the very moment that Venezuela declared the final force of the awards of the Commission, it was engaged in protesting against the Belgian and Mexican awards, although the protocols in conformity with which these two commissions were established stipulated that 'the decisions of the Commissioners, and in case they should not agree, those of the Arbitrators, shall be final and conclusive.' To a disinterested party it would seem, therefore, that the awards in favor of Venezuela are final and conclusive, but that awards adverse to her are not final nor absolutely conclusive. In this conflict between theory and practice this Government naturally invokes the practice of Venezuela. . . .

"In view, therefore, of the circumstances of the case and of the express violations of the terms of the protocols, or of errors in the final award arising from serious errors of law and of fact, and in the light of the history of both nations in the matter of arbitral awards, this Government insists upon the reopening and resubmission of the entire case of the Orinoco Steamship Company to an impartial and competent tribunal and confidently expects them."

Evidently, Venezuela did not see the advantage of submitting three new claims to arbitration coupled with a request for the re-arbitration of an old claim already decided. It looked very much as if arbitration would be final only when the award was satisfactory to the United States. At any rate, under date of April 6th, 1907, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied through Mr. Russell, in part, as follows:

"Regarding the three other cases, called 'Jaurett,' 'Orinoco Steam-

ship Company' and 'New York and Bermudez Company'—and to which might apply the statement contained in your Excellency's note, that they were reëxamined by the Government of the United States, who devoted considerable time to them in order to present them, as is done now, under a new and fuller light—I must call your Excellency's attention to the fact, most worthy of being taken into consideration, that these same three claims were the subject, towards the end of the year 1904 and until the month of March of the year 1905, of active negotiations on the part of your Excellency's predecessor, his Excellency Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, the Government of Venezuela having maintained such decisions as it considered accorded with the protective principles of the sovereignty and independence of the Courts of Justice of the Republic, with its rights as a nation and with the strict observance of international covenants which were created by Mixed Commissions whose decisions, it was agreed, should be final and unappealable. The aforesaid diplomatic discussion ceased since the 23rd of March, 1905, on which date this Ministry replied to the note dated on the 19th of said month of the same year written by your Excellency's predecessor, his Excellency Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, which was accompanied by a copy of the instructions sent by his Excellency Mr. John Hay, then Secretary of State of your Excellency's Government.

"Since the aforesaid date, March 23rd, 1905, my Government had received no intimation from your Excellency's Government that it was its intention to insist upon the same claims which are now included in the enclosure accompanying your Excellency's note; for which reason it considered very properly that the diplomatic discussion about the same was closed.

"On their being again submitted by the Government of the United States, as your Excellency says, under a new and fuller light, my Government purposes to carefully consider the new phase of the three claims above mentioned."

Under date of April 23rd, 1907, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied at greater length on all five claims, and, referring to the Olcott claim (third point) he states:

"Regarding the second, third and fourth points, the Government of the United States is well aware that the questions involved in them have become '*choses jugées*,' and that the revision which is proposed in memorandum of the awards of the Venezuelan-American Mixed Commission in two of these matters, although it would finally be favorable to Venezuela, in view of the right which is on her side, it could not then be explained why there should not be a revision of all the awards of the Mixed Commission whereby Venezuela was sentenced contrary to her right which she maintained on various questions."

These replies of April 6th and 23rd were evidently not satisfactory to our State Department; for, under dates of July 9th

and August 13th, 1907, Minister Russell requested that Venezuela give further and more careful consideration to the five questions brought up in Secretary Root's note of February 28th. To these requests Venezuela replied under dates of August 13th and 20th, maintaining her former position, and submitting arguments in greater detail. This ended, for a time at least, further diplomatic discussion on the five points at issue; but the claim of the Orinoco Steamship Company was again brought forward by the payment of the first instalment to the non-blockading Powers. In August, 1907, Venezuela, having paid off the claims of the blockading Powers, began to pay off the claims of the non-blockading Powers, allotting to each nation its proper percentage as determined by the various international arbitrators. Venezuela had protested against the Belgian and Mexican awards, on the ground that they were excessive and contrary to the spirit of equity and justice. Finding, however, that her protests were unavailing and that these two nations were unwilling to reopen the cases, Venezuela decided to make the best of a bad bargain, live up to her agreement and accept the decision of the arbitrators as final.

The attitude of the United States is shown in Minister Russell's note to the Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs dated September 20th, 1907, in part as follows:

"Referring to my communication of the 16th inst., I have the honor to inform your Excellency that I have collected from the Bank of Venezuela the sum of Bs. 33,771.10, a payment for the month of August, 1907, on account of the sum due the United States under the awards of the Mixed Commission of 1903.

"In accepting this first instalment of the awards of the Mixed Commission of 1903, my Government instructs me to say that it insists upon a revision of the award in the case of the Orinoco Steamship Company, and that, pending final settlement of this question, no portion of any moneys which may be paid by Venezuela will be considered as paid on account of or applicable to that award."

The following day, September 21st, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied to Mr. Russell in part as follows:

"The Venezuelan Government is not concerned with the manner in which the amounts already received, and to be received, are applied by your Government, after they have been formally received and in the possession of your Excellency's Government. For the Government of Venezuela, it is sufficient, for the discharge of its liabilities, to pay to

your Government the amounts awarded by the Venezuelan-American Mixed Commission, in order to comply with the terms of the protocols signed in Washington the 17th of February, 1903, and in conformity with the final judgment of the Hague Tribunal of the 22nd of February, 1903, ordering the Government of Venezuela to make the payments under the awards of the Mixed Commissions of 1903, to the non-blockading nations, after the claims of Germany, England and Italy had been paid.

"Your Excellency's receipt for the sum already mentioned is the proof that the Government of Venezuela, on its part, has complied with its obligation to distribute among the creditor nations, under all of the awards of the Mixed Commission, the monthly instalment to which the 30 per cent. of the entrances of the custom-houses of LaGuayra and Puerto Cabello amount, in the proportions that must be observed among the sums which compose the awards in favor of each, and in relation with the total amount of the awards of the several Commissions. . . .

"Your Excellency informs me that your Government insists on a revision of the award in the case of the 'Orinoco Steamship Company,' and considers as pending the definitive settlement of this question. . . .

"The Government of Venezuela thinks it proper, observing the insistence of your Government in this matter, to call the attention of your honorable Government to the context of the two notes of 24th and 26th of March, 1903, which his Excellency Mr. John Hay, then Secretary of State, addressed to his Excellency Señor don Rafael S. Lopez, Minister of Salvador, in reply to the memorandum of the said Minister, in which he solicited revision, or reconsideration, of the award given by Sir Henry Strong, and the Honorable Mr. Dickinson, in the case of the 'Salvador Commercial Company' and others against the Salvador Government.

"The said notes are as follows: 'Department of State, March 24th, 1903.—The undersigned, Secretary of State, has the honor to inform the Minister of Salvador, after due consideration of the Minister's memorandum of March 4th, 1903, that the Government of the United States finds therein no reason for altering the opinion heretofore expressed, that it has no power to revise or reopen the award made in the case of the "Salvador Commercial Company" *et al.* against the Government of Salvador. A failure to comply with the award would, moreover, involve a grave discourtesy to the eminent arbitrators who sat in this case, and a serious injury to the cause of arbitration.

"'The Government of the United States therefore expects compliance by the Government of Salvador with the terms of the Protocol of arbitration signed by her Executive and ratified by the National Assembly.

"'[Sgd.] JOHN HAY.'

"'Department of State, March 26th, 1903.—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 24th inst., which has received consideration.

"'The Department does not consider the principles and authorities which you invoke in support of your contention that the award made by the Arbitrators, in the case of the "Salvador Commercial Company"

et al. against the Government of Salvador is illegal and void, as in any wise applicable to the case. I perceive no ground to change the views expressed in my note of the 24th inst. As indicated in that note, this Government expects the Salvador Government to comply with the terms of the Protocol of arbitration. [Sgd.] JOHN HAY.'

"These laconic and final replies of his Excellency Mr. Hay, refusing absolutely to revise the Strong-Dickinson award, are presented to your Government by the Government of Venezuela, with all the authority they represent, bearing, as they do, the signature of the eminent statesman, who, by a strange coincidence, also signed the Protocol of February 17th, 1903, by which were submitted the claims of the Orinoco Steamship Co. and the Manoa Company, Limited, to the Commissioners, and in the case of their disagreement to an umpire to be selected by the Queen of Holland, stipulating that those awards would be definite and conclusive."

The reply of our State Department to this last note of Venezuela is awaited with a great deal of interest. While the Hague Conference decided that coercive measures, implying the use of military or naval forces, could be used if "the decision of the arbitrators is not fulfilled by the debtor nation," it provides no plan for dealing with a debtor nation which refuses a reopening but which fulfils the decision. Neither does it provide a plan for compelling a creditor nation to fulfil the decision. Apparently our Government must now send war-vessels and compel a reopening, or else it must drop the matter, after pursuing a policy which has done much to counteract the good effect of Secretary Root's recent visit to South America.

These quotations from official documents are more lengthy than is customary in an article of this kind; but, owing to conflicting statements in the press of the relations between the two nations, fairness to each demands that the public should have the privilege of reading the exact correspondence and judging accordingly. Careful reading undoubtedly indicates that our Government has refused to abide by the decision of an international arbitrator, and has practically gone to the point of ultimatums to force a reopening. Would such a course have been pursued against a stronger nation, and is our State Department justified in its action? It must be remembered that our Secretary of State, by virtue of his office, is to a certain extent the attorney of every American claimant, and should use every reasonable effort in his behalf. But is there not a point where he should cease to be the attorney and become

the statesman? No doubt great pressure is brought to bear upon our State Department by the claimant and his friends; but, when our Government has brought about an international arbitration, it would seem that its duty between the claimant and the foreign nation has been fulfilled. By refusing to accept the award merely because the arbitrator's view of equity and justice are different from those of the claimant, or different from even those of the Secretary of State, our Government takes a position unworthy of a great nation. If an award be manifestly unjust, the evidence could be referred to Congress for investigation, and, if necessary, money appropriated to satisfy the claimant. Surely such a course is far better than discrediting international arbitration, as has been done in the case now under consideration.

It is quite true that the present system of international arbitration is unsatisfactory, that very often the arbitrator is chosen for personal or political reasons, and has little experience in the proceedings of international law. But each nation suffers equally, as witness Venezuela's contention that the awards against her in the Belgian and Mexican claims were excessive. While the arbitrator may not rank in experience and ability with the foremost judges of his nation, his decisions should nevertheless be respected unless fraud is proven, or unless, through friendly presentations, the injustice of the award is apparent to both nations, and a reopening is mutually agreeable. Instances in both these classes have occurred with our own Government. Apparently the only case which was reopened because the international arbitrator was proven corrupt was the controversy between Venezuela and the United States leading up to the appointment of the Commission of 1866. Venezuela protested against the awards, alleging that there was a conspiracy between the arbitrator, the American Minister and his brother-in-law, to collect a large percentage from the successful claimants. This charge was confirmed by Congressional investigation, and the claims were sent to a new commission. In two cases between Hayti and the United States, Hayti complained of the injustice of the awards, and the cases were reopened after Mr. Bayard, then Secretary of State, had satisfied himself that Hayti's protest was well founded. In the Salvador case cited in Venezuela's note of September 21st, 1907, Secretary Hay evidently considered that the protest was not well founded, and his action was con-

clusive. When Belgium and Mexico refused to open the Venezuela awards their action was conclusive, for the cases had already been decided by the Court of Last Resort—International Arbitration.

At best, International Arbitration cannot be regarded as a perfect solution for the controversies between nations, any more than our courts afford a perfect solution for the controversies between individuals. Both are means of keeping the peace; and, although the decision is seldom satisfactory to the losing party, stability of government is insured and the people at large benefited, even though the individual may suffer. The decisions of our Supreme Court are often criticised; and sometimes in the most important cases, such as the income tax and Northern Securities, the Court is divided by five to four. And yet no one questions the ability and good faith of these judges, even though they may not agree among themselves as to the application of the principles of law, equity or justice. Such a celebrated international award as that of the "Alabama" claims had its critics; and a most exhaustive review of a noted English authority showed that the decision was contrary to the principles of international law. There are many intelligent Canadians who believe that in the Alaska boundary dispute the interests of Canada were deliberately sacrificed by the Chief Justice of England for the larger interests of the Empire. And yet England in the one case and Canada in the other accepted the award and made the best of it. Even Venezuela, although protesting against the Belgian and Mexican awards, is, nevertheless, paying them, thus setting an example which the United States might well follow.

No doubt, one of these days there will be established at The Hague, as advocated by our delegates, a permanent Court of Appeals, drawn from the best judicial talent of every nation—a tribunal which will command the respect and obedience of all nations. Meanwhile, unless fraud is alleged, the United States should set the example of abiding by the decision of international arbitration as at present constituted, no matter how crude the system, and find some other way of dealing with a claimant who is dissatisfied with an award than sending ultimatums to weaker nations. Otherwise, the impression will soon prevail that international arbitration is final only when the award is satisfactory to the stronger nation. PHILIP WALTER HENRY.

EXTEMPORANEOUS SOCIABILITY.

BY PRICE COLLIER.

THERE was published in a number of "The Nineteenth Century and After" of many months past a short article by Lord Ribblesdale on "The Art of Conversation." All that was in the article we do not remember. That there was a description therein of the methods of a certain friend of the writer who had attained to some distinction in London drawing-rooms as a conversationalist we remember very well. This gentleman, it seems, prepared himself for "tea-fights and muffin-scrambles," as we have heard them called in his country, and for other social functions of greater importance, where conversation was to be an element, by "cramming," much as does an undergraduate for an examination.

Lord Ribblesdale held this person up to ridicule, laughed at his stores of neatly assorted anecdotes, pooh-poohed at his collection of old magazine articles, and in general scoffed at the notion of preparation for sociability.

To those, however, who are much dined and teaed, and drawn often into the social labyrinths where conversation obtains as the only thread by which escape is possible, the thought of preparation, at least on the part of other people, comes as a very welcome suggestion. When a man goes to another man's house as a guest, he usually prepares himself as to everything except his mind. But he goes ofttimes as a whited sepulchre intellectually, cleansed and shining without, dull, tired, and full of the wickedness and ravening of small worries within. Nor is he in the least conscience-stricken at going thus mentally naked into the presence of his friends. Just why one should not take fifteen minutes or half an hour to collect one's self, and to prepare to drop honey here and salt there, and thus do one's share at feast or function, does not clearly appear.

If men and women were so constituted that the businesses of life could go on interminably, and thus be the staple product of conversation whenever they meet together, it were well enough to trust to "shop" for all one's social needs. But this is not so. Not even in the case of men whose pursuits are intellectual, is one sufficient unto one's self. Ben Jonson writes:

> "I am no such pil'd cynique to believe
> That beggarie is the only happiness,
> Or with a number of those patient fooles
> To sing, 'My mind to me a kingdom is.'"

It is not merely agreeable to have change and rest, it is a necessity of human existence; and wherever and whenever man or woman lifts the conversational curtain upon a new scene, or provides a new sketch of life, or leads one beside the still waters or into pastures new and fresh, there is an impetus given to life; and of the innumerable ways in which such inspiration may spend itself for the good of humanity, no one can determine to the full extent. It may not seem an heroic part to play, but wielding a sword is not so efficacious in a case of fainting, as waving a fan. Just to give a little freshness to the social air is often enough to do a very good deed in a very tired world. No one need be ashamed, therefore, we hold, to give himself a little private coaching with this end in view.

Unprepared, the beasts rush at their meals to rend and tear, to chew and swallow; but this is neither proper nor wholesome for men and women. And yet, in some households the gathering together about the table or in the drawing-room is a sullen, silent affair, no one feeling responsibility for cheerfulness; and, in consequence, the clouds and thick darkness of ill-humor settle down without a flash of social lightning, or a gleam of conversational sunshine, to break the dull dripping of the monotonous shower. We remember very distinctly, on the other hand, an establishment where from ten to fifteen members of a large family came together daily at the table, and where it would have been a mark of infamy almost upon each one not to make an effort to add to the general fund of conversation. They were busy people too,—the men busy with affairs, often of large dimensions; the women busy with the cares of a large establishment and the demands of a widely varied social life. They all had cares and disappointments, and some of them had very real sorrows; but, when they met together,

they were prepared to give, each one something, towards the promotion of the common happiness. Where had this one been during the day, what had that one done, what had been seen or read, what was on foot for the morrow, how had the new "hack" behaved on the road, and the like,—trifles light as air, but showing the endeavor of each one to lend to the other, and to meet as men and women, and not as brutes.

Indeed, this is the heart of true culture. "Information is the raw material of culture, sympathy, its subtlest essence." It is always a mark of culture, of the people who are well bred and of wide experience, that they take it for granted that there is in every life much that is hard to bear, much that breeds tears and sighs, and, therefore, they leave such matters on one side, and do loyally what they can to alleviate the wounds and worries of existence, even when they are not made visible or audible. This is the self-control of culture. The beast moans and gulps, and advertises his pains everywhere and whenever he feels hurt by them. That is why one feels that there was something of the "cad" about Byron and Shelley; while Scott, with tremendous stress and strain of physical and mental pain upon him, seems like a rare example of the finely bred gentleman, bearing much, bellowing not at all.

There is opportunity here for many people who are going far afield for some showy task to do. Why not be a knight or a lady of conversation, and take vows of self-control, gentleness, and affability, and organize, if you please, a brotherhood or sisterhood at the other extreme to the Trappists, vowed to perpetual conversational good humor? How different that next to the last dinner would have been had the old lady on our right belonged to such a sisterhood, and had she, therefore, kept her domestic misfortunes to herself, and not attempted to ride through course after course on the hard-trotting old hack of the family skeleton, spurred on by silly self-consciousness! Or that last dinner, where we gasped the last newspaper editorials about men and their manners, and war in Europe, at one another, and paddled home through the rain, with "stupid," in the dust and ashes of unprepared chatter, spelled out on our wrinkled brows!

Surely, no one need be ashamed to gather together his wits, and to make preparation to sit with his fellows for an hour or two, giving them something of interest, and ready to receive intelligently what they have to give in return. Even an old magazine

article—sufficiently, discreetly old—is better than the dregs of the day's business; and a comment on one's reading, or an abbreviated sketch of personal experience, may be a cup of cold water to men and women thirsty and dusty with their own tasks and trials.

It may, perhaps, be answered to a plea for social preparation that this cannot be altogether a matter of duty or even of personal training; that it is one of the finer arts, and so requires an aptitude, a gift in that special direction. But we are not pleading for brilliancy, but for sunshine. It is nature to communicate one's self; it is culture to receive what is communicated as it is given. It is within the possibilities of all men and women, of any social experience whatever, to keep themselves in the humor "to receive what is communicated as it is given," even if they feel themselves incompetent to furnish original matter; and, as for that, originality itself is generally only the enthusiastic discovery of old things. To come to a subject, with gracious willingness to get something out of it for one's self, and others, is often to surprise one's self, and the company also, with discoveries. "*Le choix des pensées est invention;*" and even a psalm-tune may lend itself to the exigencies of the dancer, if the performer's pulse be beating to waltz-time. The preparation of a willing heart is not a matter of exceptional ability, but of sympathetic interest. It is by no means to play a minor rôle to take that part in a general conversation which Mme. Necker assigns to women, when she writes: "*Les femmes tiennent dans la conversation la place de ces légers douvets qu'on introduit dans les caisses de porcelaine: on n'y fait point d'attention mais si on les retire, tout se brise.*" To assent graciously is more persuasive than to proclaim lustily, and often the passive part in a conversation has an influence as powerful as the active part of talking.

Indeed, nothing is more fatal to the general enjoyment of any sort of sociability than to have present an irresponsible soloist. "Ah, yes," said Sydney Smith, when some one was speaking of the sesquipedalian sententiousness, and the haughty assumption of leadership in the conversation, of Macaulay, "it is true that he overflows with wit and wisdom, and then he stands in the slops." This kind of preparation is neither needed nor wanted.

There is, however, a difference between the purely extemporaneous sociability of which we complain, and the peacock who has come prepared to spread his conversational tail as a canopy

over the whole party, and who sulks and is unhappy if his variegated display is not accepted as the sole subject of comment and admiration. Conversation is not preaching. Not infrequently, however, at a dinner or social affair of whatever kind where no "set piece" is provided for the amusement of the guests, one finds, especially among public men, those not content with what may properly be termed "conversation"; their eyes wander about, looking for an audience or for a "waiting congregation," as though to talk to one's immediate neighbors were a waste of ammunition. They watch for an opportunity to get the attention of all at the table or in the drawing-room before they consent to give their comment, or tale, or criticism. These dinner-table bullies are almost the nuisance *par excellence* of social life, and they are largely at fault in making it impossible to have a general contribution to the evening's entertainment. And when your dinner-table bully is also an anecdotalist, and a mountebank, then is one doomed to feel that he is suffering in that chamber of purgatory which is, we believe, the very next one to that where one is condemned to sit and listen to amateur elocution for charity's sake, which chamber is always pervaded by an odor of sulphur, so near is it to the imagination's infernal regions.

With the anecdotalist, one tale leads to another; and ere long no allusion, no plain statement of fact, no distressing private affliction, no public calamity, but what goes into this professional social prestidigitator's hat, to come out with the introduction, "Oh, that reminds me!" followed by an anecdote. We smile amiably; we laugh perhaps (we so often do that in the world, when we are very sad); we perjure ourselves with protestations that "we have never heard it before;" and, after a few stories, we wish that we could pay a little something and go home.

It is bad enough that the speaking at public dinners should consist so largely of the telling of irrelevant, inconsequent stories, strung one upon another without rhyme or reason; reminding one, by their entire lack of logical sequence, of the *burdens* in certain of the pre-Raphaelite poetry. But in private houses there is no explanation this side of lack of breeding, why a man should domineer by mere fecundity of memory and facility of tongue, and be allowed to spread the spoils of his anecdotal body-snatching before an imprisoned company. It is for the clown to excite the company into guffaws; it is for the professional, paid entertainer

to make his host's guests laugh; but it remains for the gentleman "to receive what is communicated as it is given," and to employ his talents for the graceful expression, not only of the unusual, but, if need be, of the commonplace.

It has been said by Goethe that "no one would talk much in society if he knew how often he misunderstood others." And, surely, if this be his disappointed conclusion, there can be little doubt of the value of prepared listening, and sympathetic attention. Perhaps the most distinctive mark of extemporaneous sociability is the tendency to be ill at ease when one is not one's self speaking *ex cathedrâ* and compelling a certain focusing of attention upon one's self. This is the great joy of the anecdotalist; it is also the personal pleasure of the specialist—the specialist, he who comes unprepared, except to exploit his technical wisdom. It may be politics, it may be Kamchatkan geography, it may be horseflesh; but, in any case, it must be of very limited interest to the majority. If the anecdotalist be the social bully, the specialist is the social butcher. He hacks and cuts his way through the disinclination and weariness of the company. A few large and vaguely understood technical words play the part of the German allies at the social Waterloo, and St. Helena seems to the others not so bad if one could be transported thither at once.

At first sight, abundance of talk may seem like preparation; but this is not true. Preparation gives one self-control, and keeps a man in mind of the fact that, though silence is *l'esprit* of the silly, it is also one of the virtues of the wise. Conversation in the small companies of social life is first to express one's self, but its hardly less important office is to tempt others to do the same; and this is accomplished neither, on the one hand, by a profusion of personal proclamations, nor, on the other hand, by supine acquiescence. It is perhaps more often true of women than of men, that they conceive affability to be concession. At any rate, it is not unusual to find a hostess busying herself with attempts to agree with all that is said, with the idea that she is thereby doing homage to the effeminate categorical imperative of etiquette, when in reality nothing becomes more quickly tiresome than incessant affirmatives, no matter how pleasantly they be modulated. Nor can one avoid one of two conclusions when one's talk is thus negligently agreed to: either the speaker is confining himself entirely to uncontradictable platitudes, or the listener has no mind

of her own; and in either case silence were golden. In this connection, it is well to recall the really brilliant epigram of the Abbé de Saint-Réal, that "*On s'ennuie presque toujours avec ceux que l'on ennuie.*" For not even a lover can fail to be bored at last by the constant lassitude of assent expressing itself in twin sentiments to his own. "Coquetting with an echo," Carlyle called it. For though it may make a man feel mentally masterful at first, it makes him feel mentally maudlin at last; and, as the Abbé says, to be bored one's self is a sure sign that one's companion is also weary.

One turns about, after enumerating the faults of extemporaneous sociability, to find a social life where men and women meet together with comfort and with refreshment to themselves.

It is impossible in this connection not to recall the golden days of the French salons. One sees the dainty abbés gliding about clad in soutane and softly shod, to whom the world owed more for bodies than heaven for souls; the *petits maîtres,* whose every speech was an epigram; the *marquises,*

> "Quick at verbal point and parry,
> Clever, doubtless, but to marry,
> No, Marquise!"

Those were the days of the apotheosis of talk; but days when culture was criticism, and when literary creation had the dry rot. History is settled forever in the twinkling of a fan; theology is rounded to an epigram; philosophy is a pretty firework with a cascade of sparks. Surely this is no proper model, nor is it even a possible social life in these democratic days, when the real aristocrat is, as he should be, the best democrat. It is hollow and artificial; it is prepared sociability gone mad. Life and reality are out of the race. Everything is so dry and flimsy that a spark sets fire to it all, and there follows the conflagration of the revolution. We would not have this if we could; still less would we have again the kind of men and women that make a revolution, if not altogether excusable, at least not to be altogether lamented now that it is irrevocable.

But there is no need to go to seek for models of a pleasant social life. It could only, at best, make the student self-conscious, and that of itself would render him useless for our purpose. It is quite sufficient to remember, in order to take one's proper part, that, at least in this department of sociology, the good of the

greatest number is that which is most to be desired. The meeting together is not a permanent arrangement, nor has it a didactic purpose; and, therefore, a declaration of principles, or a prolonged and stubborn defence of those prejudices that we often mistake for our principles, is not incumbent upon even the youngest of us. The state, the church, the home, must be founded upon certain prescribed rules and certain fixed principles; but, when we meet together, coming from different states, different churches, and different homes, we must needs efface ourselves as citizens from a province, and enroll ourselves as charitably cosmopolitan. We come together, not to combat, but to share, one another's interests; not to promulgate our own views, but to tempt others to the expression of theirs; not as erinaceous propagandists, but as gentle lovers of our kind. It is because simplicity of life is so difficult that simplicity of speech and simplicity of manners are so hard to obtain. The bully in matters ecclesiastical, the specialist in affairs political, the tyrant in the home, leaves each his coign of vantage to find himself awkward, if he be not permitted to play the same *rôle* at the dinner or in the drawing-room.

Back behind manners and speech and the formal courtesies of great or small companies is the life of the man; and "neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." Charity must begin at home, or it will not continue into the company of one's fellows. Men and women can improvise, at a pinch, passable manners and polite speech; but, where the social exigency requires that they be together for three or four hours, the bucket must be sent down into the conversational well a good many times, and the contents are sure to reveal whether or no the water of life be sweet and cool.

> "*Aevo rarissima nostro*
> *Simplicitas!*"

sighs Ovid of his own time, and we can but repeat it now. If men prinked and prated, and women were self-conscious then, what must be said of men and women to-day? What must be said of a social life of which the very speech itself, the very instrument of social intercourse, is an affected misplacing of broad "a's" in effeminate imitation of a people the damp blanket of whose climate has made gutturalness a laryngeal necessity? Or what can be said of a social life of which New York's Columbus of etiquette was wont

to say that its dimensions are not a question of breeding, of intellectual training, or of wealth, but of multiples of ten? Surely one may be permitted to plead against extemporaneous sociability here, if these slanderous insinuations be true. Surely he who is interested to make life easier, and to make men and women happier, and who holds that

> "No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,"

must see the value of giving attention to the mere mechanism, even, of our meeting together, so that we may escape the danger of permitting our social life to be a mere herding together on the one hand, or a series of Dresden china tableaux on the other.

There need be no fear that thus to prepare to go into the company of one's fellows will defeat its own end. It is the athlete who is thoroughly trained who most enjoys the scamper across country. It is the workman who is best prepared by long years of apprenticeship who—pen, or brush, or chisel in hand—goes at his task with keenest relish. And if sociability be dignified to the extent of giving it a place among the arts, even then there is more than ever reason why men should prepare themselves, if they would enjoy it to the utmost, and make others enjoy it as well.

It might be well enough as a bit of literary burlesque to suggest certain mechanical contrivances by means of which one may appear to be prepared for social intercourse; but no serious student of mankind would thus indulge himself. One man's meat is another man's poison; one woman's charm is another woman's affectation; and it is therefore impossible to do more than to describe the need, and then leave the remedy to the ingenuity and the good feeling of each one. All painters need not paint alike; but all must needs be honest. All writers need not provide themselves with a given style; but all must have distinct purposes and mental rectitude. So all men and women will find different methods best adapted to them, and will by natural endowments select to play different tunes upon the social instrument; but all will find honesty and charity and simplicity absolutely essential. We are never so grossly mistaken as when we think we know what others think of us; and the less attention we give to that kind of curiosity, and the more we strive to our own selves to be true, the less shall we need to fear either weariness for ourselves or *ennui* for others when we meet.

PRICE COLLIER.

THE PANIC AT NEW YORK.

BY A. D. NOYES.

By common consent of both home and foreign observers, the "bank panic" which raged in New York toward the end of October surpassed, in respect to violence and magnitude, anything of the sort previously witnessed on any market of the world. This does not necessarily mean that the wreck of credit, confidence and prosperity in a larger sense, such as is usually associated with financial panics, is now or is likely hereafter to be serious in proportion. On the contrary, general judgment is that the business situation is fundamentally sound, that the extraordinary events of the recent weeks have been confined, in a peculiar way, to Wall Street, to the banks and other institutions which serve Wall Street, and indirectly to the country's banking system as a whole.

What is meant, when it is said that the panic itself was of so unusual and portentous a magnitude, is that the transactions involved in the run of depositors upon trust companies and banks and in the measures of relief surpassed all precedent. It has been generally estimated that upwards of $40,000,000 was actually paid out over the counter by the two trust companies on which the run particularly converged. So enormous was this demand, and so persistent was its continuance, that the sum, approximately, of $40,000,000 cash deposited by the Treasury with the New York banks was practically all swallowed up in providing these companies with the cash requisite to meet such demands. It might be added that the number of depositors actually in line at the climax of the run, on Thursday, October 24th, was greater than in any episode of the kind of which we have any record, and that men of long experience in the vicissitudes of banking cannot recall a single precedent in which an institution has stood up for three days, as the two trust companies did, against a con-

tinuous and unabating run, without either restoring confidence or closing its doors.

First, a word as to exactly what were the events of this extraordinary episode. Although it was far from being imagined at the time that such consequences were in store, the trouble really began on October 15th and 16th, when the difficulties of the Mercantile National Bank reached a crisis. To those who simply read the account of that episode, it appeared like an ordinary incident in New York finance. The stock of the United Copper Company, which had declined for some time very heavily on account of the fall in the metal's price, suddenly seemed, in that week, to have been cornered. On the curb, where dealings in it are conducted, the price shot up in a few days from 37 to 60; it then became known that a young copper operator, the largest owner of the property, had attempted to corner what he believed to be a "bear" interest, which had sold the stock short and which he did not suppose to be able to deliver the actual shares if they were called for. The plan of a corner went astray; the stock was actually delivered, and the brokers immediately engaged in the operation for the rise, unable to pay for the stock delivered, suspended payments.

No one dreamed for a moment of associating these events with a coming Wall Street panic, since the stock was not actively dealt in or largely held by Wall Street or the public, and since such things occur at frequent intervals without creating more than a ripple of excitement. In a quiet way, however, it soon developed that the Mercantile National Bank, which was also under the control of the copper operator referred to, had been backing the operations in United Copper and was financially embarrassed as a result of it. According to the usual rule, the bank applied to the other banks of the New York Clearing House for help. The committee of that institution examined the Mercantile's books; and, finding the institution solvent at bottom, arranged for the advancing of sufficient sums to it by other banks to tide it over its difficulties.

So far, the general public took slight interest in the matter. On Monday night, October 21st, however, application was unexpectedly made for help to the same associated bankers by the Knickerbocker Trust Company, the third largest institution of that class in New York City. Apparently, it had become em-

barrassed in somewhat the same way as the Mercantile National Bank; at all events, when its books were opened to the committee of bankers called to examine it, the committee did not find its assets in such condition as to warrant them in granting help. How far this was due to loose banking methods on the part of the institution, and how far to actual impairment of its securities, is not likely to be fully known until the receivers now in charge of the Knickerbocker make their report. A run of depositors on the institution began the ensuing morning, and was followed promptly by the closing of its doors. By this time, the public mind appeared to have taken alarm; on the ensuing day, October 23rd, the Trust Company of America, another of the largest institutions of the sort in New York City, having been recklessly named by a morning paper as being in trouble, was besieged by its depositors. Most unfortunately, the announcement of the Knickerbocker's troubles of the day before had been coupled with assurances that abundant relief would be provided under the auspices of powerful international bankers. These assurances were wholly without warrant, as was shown by the company's suspension. But the evil result of this part of the incident was that, when similar assurancess were made, with abundant justification, in the case of the Trust Company of America, no one believed them. Repeated statements that $15,000,000 or more in cash would be placed at the institution's disposal were received by depositors with incredulity; the run began in force at the Company's main office and at all its branches, and continued from Wednesday morning until the close of business at noon on Saturday.

Meantime, the Lincoln Trust Company, regarding whose soundness no hint or rumor was made by any one conversant with the facts, found itself face to face with a similar run, caused apparently by the mere fact that it served the same class of depositors as the Knickerbocker and the America. This was the real beginning of the panic. From the day when the run on the Trust Company of America became serious up to the close of the week, runs on one or another bank or trust company in New York broke out in all directions. The senseless panic which at such times seizes on depositors, the contagious fear that, if they did not get their actual money quickly, they would be unable to get it at all, so far affected the public at large that few institu-

tions wholly escaped its influence. Early in the week, and long before the dozen or so minor banking failures which occurred on October 23rd and 24th, the Secretary of the Treasury, whose available cash balance amounted then to more than $100,000,000, came to New York, announcing promptly that he would deposit Government funds with entire freedom in New York banks, on the collateral approved by law, thus equipping them to deal with the unreasoning panic. During the week, he placed an amount not far from $40,000,000 of actual cash with national banks in New York City, taking from them as collateral such securities as were authorized in last year's Aldrich Act. This enormous sum of money was turned over by the banks on their own account, presumably in the form of loans, to the two beleaguered trust companies, which were thus and only thus able to make stand against the amazing run of depositors upon them.

The astonishing fact about this panic outbreak was the slowness with which these measures, designed to meet the panic, had effect. This part of the phenomenon is not wholly easy to explain. It failed to follow what had previously been regarded as the normal and invariable precedent in the history of bank runs. Before the week was over, public disturbance had grown so greatly as to create uneasiness, as to maintenance of payment, on the part of dozens of perfectly solvent institutions. It must be remembered that a very considerable part of the cash thus withdrawn from the trust companies and the banks was locked up by the depositors in safe-deposit vaults, thereby disappearing completely from circulation. Nor was this all; for, as always happens on occasions of this sort, interior banks which carry large balances at New York began to call home their money. Remittances of this sort during the week ran as high as $14,000,000, while $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 in the crop-moving period has hitherto been regarded as unusually large.

This will explain the situation created toward the close of the week, when the maintenance of cash reserves became a matter of abnormal difficulty to all banks, and of flat impossibility to many.

Into the details of this part of the episode it is unnecesary to go further. The New York bank statement issued on Saturday, October 26th, showed that these institutions, notwithstanding the fact that the run of depositors had converged not at all upon

them, but upon the trust companies, had lost in the week no less a sum than $12,900,000, and that a surplus of $11,000,000, a week before, over the 25 per cent. reserve required by law, had been replaced by a deficit of $1,200,000. The point of real importance was that a sum of upwards of $20,000,000 cash had disappeared from the channels of New York circulation in the compass of three days, and had disappeared as completely as if it had been engulfed in an earthquake. The incidents which marked the close of the extraordinary week, the arrangement of the Clearing House banks to assist one another, where necessary, through use of the Clearing House loan certificate plan familiar in all preceding panics, and eventually the breaking of the deadlock which had occurred in foreign exchange, and the engagement of large sums of gold in London for relief of the New York market, were the sequel. It is through these two expedients that all previous severe panics in the history of New York have been met and conquered, and there is not the slightest cause for doubt that they will be effective in dealing with the present situation.

It need only be remarked, in concluding this preliminary description of the episode, that the Stock Exchange was for a time, on Thursday, October 24th, confronted with imminent panic of the most formidable sort, brokers being completely unable to procure from banks the money requisite to meet their mutual engagements. This grave possibility was averted through the drawing on their legally required 25 per cent. cash reserve by the New York banks, and through the effective appeal to London's capital. During the whole of this episode, Mr. J. P. Morgan was in command of the banking forces, his personal prestige and powerful influence over other bankers going far toward insuring united action. The relief which finally came through London was, it may be observed, rendered readily feasible, first, by the fact that, with stocks selling down at bargain figures, Europe bought them in quantity, and that, by a fortunate coincidence, the world's wheat trade situation, with shortage in Europe's crops, was so great as to make appeal to America for wheat on an unusual scale imperative.

When, however, all these superficial incidents of the October panic of 1907 have been considered, it remains to ask how such a state of things could possibly have come about, and why, in this period of admitted American prosperity, the outburst of panic

fright should have taken such formidable proportions. To such an inquiry there are several answers. One has to do with the warning sounded in the financial markets during many months, to the effect that the whole world's demands on capital had passed beyond available supplies. This somewhat technical statement of the case means simply that, in the unprecedentedly rapid expansion of the world at large, and notably in America and Germany, neither the stored-up wealth of banks and individuals, nor the credit which institutions could base upon that wealth, was sufficient to conduct it. This situation has for months past been accepted as the true cause of the abnormally heavy decline on the Stock Exchange at New York especially; withdrawal of capital from speculative markets of that sort being the line of least resistance toward provision of requisite supplies for general industry. It will readily be seen that a situation of this sort must, at least in some degree, complicate such a situation as arose in New York in October—if, indeed, it did not cause it, to the extent that facilities on which ill-judged financial undertakings had been carried were of necessity withdrawn, thus forcing the downfall of the financial exploits themselves and, in some cases, of the institutions which had backed them.

This consideration, however, cannot be deemed wholly satisfactory as explaining why the New York crisis should have developed with such amazing violence, and, in particular, why the public's panic should have been so unprecedented. For this phenomenon, it is imposible to ignore the fact that a partial explanation is to be found in the public mind through certain financial scandals of the past few years, and particularly of a few weeks immediately preceding the panic. That the life-insurance episode profoundly impressed the American people with a feeling of distrust towards capitalists in conspicuous positions, and that the recent exposures in the street-railway investigation deepened the impression, it is impossible to deny. Treating the recent panic from a purely psychological point of view, one must admit that the public mind was itself in an abnormal state, that responsibility for such conditions lies at the door of men who had given cause for such feeling in their own case, and that the outbreak of absolute distrust of banking institutions as a whole, which certainly seemed for a day or two to characterize this New York panic, was a not wholly unnatural result.

When this is said, however, there remain two other considerations which must be briefly mentioned. First, is the fact that trust companies, on which class of institutions the storm broke most fiercely, have themselves prepared the way for an episode of the kind by the ill-guarded position in which they have maintained themselves. Not to go at too great length into a somewhat technical question of this sort, it must be pointed out that a great number of these institutions, chartered and organized under a law which contemplated merely a business in which the bank would replace an individual trustee, had gone beyond that field and passed into the general deposit banking business on a scale which even the banks of New York had not reached a generation ago.

In doing this general banking business, the companies did not overstep the letter of the law; that they overstepped its spirit is contended by a very great part of the conservative banking community; in particular, the statute under which they operated not only surrounded depositors' money with imperfect restrictions as to the carrying of a cash reserve, but allowed the trust companies to enter fields, such as real-estate operations, which the law for deposit banks very properly denies to those institutions. So long as the financial skies were clear, all this went well enough; it was when the storm broke on the heads of these companies that they had to learn the lesson which the deposit banks learned fifty years ago. It is quite impossible that this episode should pass by without bringing the public and the Legislature face to face with the necessity for revision of the law.

President Roosevelt's speeches and policies have been frequently cited as a contributory cause. That Mr. Roosevelt will suffer politically from this panic episode no experienced student of history can doubt. Reaping the benefit and enjoying the prestige of the "boom times" from 1901 to the present year, which were due to underlying facts which he and his policies neither controlled nor caused, it is inevitable, and politically speaking it is just, that his prestige should suffer when the times have changed. The history of popular government is remorseless in its exaction of this penalty; the powers that be, to which are ascribed the prestige of the prosperity which happened to surround their term of office, must be equally prepared to be

loaded with obloquy when business conditions change. But that President Roosevelt's policies or speeches actually caused the financial collapse of October is a stretch of inference comparable, in my judgment, to that which placed on President Cleveland the personal responsibility for causing the panic of 1893. With the world-wide strain on capital, which forced the Bank of England's abnormal 6 per cent. rate last year, and which caused financial collapse in Holland and grave financial disorder at Berlin, before the New York crash; with the distrust instilled in the public mind by revelations of breach of trust by managers of great corporations; and with the unsound banking law and unsound banking practices which were the immediate cause for the breakdown in New York City, Mr. Roosevelt had no more to do than Mr. Cleveland had to do with the failure of the rotten farm-mortgage companies of fourteen years ago and the run of depositors on the Western "chain of banks." That his very recent speeches were indiscreet, in the sense that all needless agitation, at so critical a juncture, should have been avoided, appears to me incontestable. But they did not cause the panic.

Whether the fact that the "boom" of 1901, the furious speculation for the rise which culminated in that extraordinary April, and the plunge of the general public on an unprecedented scale into operations of the sort, was not in a certain way a forerunner of an equally violent psychological reaction in the fulness of time, is an interesting question. Certainly the financial phenomena of the past half-dozen years, in the United States and in the world at large, have been repeatedly described as breaking all precedents in history, and precedent might with some logic have been similarly broken in the violence of this first real reckoning with the bank depositor since the boom of 1901.

A. D. Noyes.

OUR COAST DEFENCES.

BY GEORGE GRISWOLD HILL.

THE Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps have hitherto constituted the military establishment of the United States, and with the character and functions of these arms of the military service all intelligent Americans are familiar; but there is a new grand division of the national defences of which there is less general knowledge, and yet so rapidly has it developed that the last Congress, by an enactment which will take effect on July 1st, 1908, converted it into a distinct corps, separate in all but administrative organization from the mobile army. This is the Coast Defence Artillery, a purely defensive unit in the military establishment, characterized by its immobility and by the immensity of its responsibility as the defender of the great seaboard cities, and the protector of the shipping in the ample harbors which indent our 5,500 miles of coast line. On its efficiency depends not only the safety of the great financial centres along the coasts, with their millions of lives and billions of treasure, but the effectiveness of the navy, which, only when it is relieved of defence duty, can perform its natural function—aggressive service against an enemy's fleet.

Following the Civil War, at which time the coast defences of the United States were excelled by those of no civilized nation, this branch of the military establishment was seriously neglected; and it was not until the creation of the Endicott Board, in 1885, that any serious attempt was made to replace with modern guns the obsolete fortifications and the antiquated smooth-bore, muzzle-loading guns which had been installed in the sixties, and which the development of naval armament and ordnance had rendered worse than useless. But, while the Endicott Board prepared plans for the modernization and extension of this division of

the national defence, Congress failed to appreciate the importance of its work; and it was not until war with Spain seemed inevitable and the fancied menace of an attack by a Spanish fleet, in 1898, threw the inhabitants of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other Atlantic Coast cities into a state of mind bordering on panic, that the national legislature began in earnest to provide for the coasts and harbors of the United States anything approaching a modern and effective system of defences.

Annual appropriations for the fortification of the coasts and harbors, which had averaged about $1,250,000 up to 1896, jumped to $5,500,000 in 1897, to $18,250,000 in 1898, and to $10,800,000 in 1899; and, since then, they have never returned to the wholly inadequate figures of the years immediately preceding. With additional funds, expended under the judicious and far-seeing supervision of Elihu Root and William H. Taft, and with enlarged personnel, the coast defences have now been brought to a state of efficiency never before attained; while the refinement of scientific and mathematical precision and the highly specialized paraphernalia which characterize this service have rendered its intricate workings almost an enigma to the officer who has not made it his profession; and even its enlisted men partake more largely of the character of skilled artisans than any other class in the military organization, with the possible exception of the navy engineers. The men, trained by long practice in particular harbors and fortifications, no two of which are the same, can perform the most effective service in the surroundings with which they are familiar; and the necessity of the continuous presence of this force of "home defenders" has demonstrated to the satisfaction, not only of the military authorities, but of Congress, the impracticability of longer maintaining the Coast Defence Artillery as an integral part of the mobile army, whose chief function is mobilization and concentration at such point or points as are most susceptible of attack or most available for offensive tactics. In the Spanish War, the scene of activities was in Cuba, and thither the mobile army was hastened with all possible speed, while along the Cuban coast was concentrated the most powerful fleet of the navy—and this, despite the popular belief that a Spanish fleet menaced the Atlantic seaboard. But the duty of the Coast Defence Artillery, rendered more arduous and responsible by the absence of army and fleet, continued to

be the manning of the seaboard fortifications and the development of the highest possible degree of effectiveness at home.

Out of the specialization of its active service and the contrasting character of its war-time duties, has grown the necessity of separating the Coast Defence Artillery from the mobile army; while its development in importance of function and in effectiveness points the way to its further organization as a wholly independent corps, receiving its orders directly from the Secretary of War or from the Secretary of the Navy, as may later be determined, dependent on the existing organization of the army, or navy, only for its ordnance and ammunition, and for the construction of the fortifications which it is to man.

Thus complete in its organization, when the alarm of war sounds through the nation, and infantry and cavalry and field-artillery are sent hurrying to the various points of concentration, the Coast Defence Artillery, a complete unit in itself, will merely man its great guns and fire-control stations, mine its harbors and polish its search-lights, and await the coming of the enemy at every important inlet on the coast.

There were no coast defences, properly speaking, when the Spanish War broke out. The forts consisted of handsome cut-stone structures, massive in appearance and formidable in their architectural outlines, whose stone walls and parapets, because of their splintering capacity, would have constituted under the fire of modern naval ordnance a greater menace to the men behind the breastworks than the shot and shell of the attacking fleet. Their armament consisted of smooth-bore, muzzle-loading guns, wholly ineffective against the armor of a modern battleship, or even a protected cruiser. To load them, each gun crew would be compelled to stand out in full view of the enemy for from three to four minutes, as it rammed home the charge and projectile, while the rapid-fire guns in the enemy's topmasts raked them with withering fire. A few of the old smooth-bore guns had been "converted" by the insertion of rifled inner tubes, but even these would have caused little anxiety to the foe.

But the plans of the Endicott and Taft Boards on Fortifications and the temporary liberality of Congress have changed all this. The old stone forts still stand, but merely as monuments of the past. Instead, there have been constructed great embankments of sand, lined with concrete, behind which are placed

batteries consisting of two 12-inch breech-loading guns mounted on disappearing carriages, with which the gun is elevated above the ramparts at the moment of firing, and by its own recoil is forced back to its original position for reloading; thus is effected the protection of the entire gun crew, with the exception of a single "pointer," from the direct fire of the enemy. These are supplemented with mortar batteries, consisting of eight 12-inch mortars—usually mounted in pits, wholly out of sight of the enemy—which are fired in salvos, discharged at an angle of from 45 to 60 degrees, sending eight 1,000-pound high-explosive shells a distance of perhaps two miles into the air and dropping them with almost incredible accuracy on the decks of the enemy's fleet, where even the most modern battle-ship carries an armor of not more than six inches. As an additional menace to the invading fleet, there has been provided the submarine mine system, with which attack is made on the war-ship's bottom, where, too, the armor is wholly absent or incomparably more vulnerable than on the freeboard and turrets. These mines, which are exploded by contact, or by an electric spark flashed to their interior by the officer in command, when, in his judgment, a vessel has come within the proper range, contain vast quantities of high explosives, the deadly effect of which was well attested in the recent Russo-Japanese war. The details of the mines used by the Coast Defence Artillery are guarded from publicity, but that they are of the most effective character the nation may rest assured.

To protect the mine-fields and repel landing parties, the fortifications are equipped with 3-inch and 6-inch rapid-fire guns using respectively a 15-pound and a 106-pound projectile, which can do effective work at the rate of from 10 to 15 shots a minute. The 6-inch projectile will penetrate seven inches of Krupp armor at 3,500 yards. And, finally, the forts are, or soon will be, provided with powerful search-lights with which to sweep the harbor, and throw into a brilliant glare the ship or smaller vessel which attempts to creep up the channel under the cover of darkness or a protecting blanket of fog.

The 12-inch gun, mounted on a disappearing carriage, is a high-power rifle, 42 feet long, capable of throwing a 1,000-pound projectile fifteen miles, although 12,000 yards is regarded as its effective range. At 9,000 yards this projectile will penetrate twelve inches of Krupp armor.

In the early nineties, accuracy of fire with coast-defence weapons was almost unknown, although about that time the first steps were taken to improve artillery gunnery. Even as recently as the Spanish War, all target practice was at fixed targets. Long and complicated calculations preceded every shot, the computations including the density of the atmosphere, as indicated by thermometric and barometric readings, the force of the wind and all the possible *minutiæ* of the ballistic problem. Much valuable time was required to make these calculations, and, as a result, the discharge of ten shots a day was regarded as good work.

Since 1900, the development of the system of fire-control, the invention of mechanical means of computation, and the refinement of the system of range-finding have resulted in such a remarkable increase of efficiency that the best-trained battery of to-day will place accurately sixteen times as many shots within a given time as the best-trained battery of six years ago.

The remarkable accuracy of fire attained by the Coast Artillery is due to the perfecting of a system of fire-control, employing complicated paraphernalia and a system of intricate and delicately adjusted mechanical computors. The brain of the system is in the fire-control station; its eyes are telescopes, usually located to the right and to the left, and 2,000 yards apart. Its circulatory system consists of electric wires whose ramifications lead to the various batteries, to the casemate from which are operated the submarine mines, and the mine-fields under the navigable channels. In the fire-control station are located the battle-commander, who controls all the defences bearing on a single channel; the fire-commander, who directs the fire of the several batteries and the search-lights; and the junior officers, who act as aides to these commanders. Each battery, in turn, has its own commander, who supervises its operation, while the mines are commanded by a mine-commander. The basis of the fire-control station is the plotting-board, which is a map of the harbor drawn on a scale of 300 yards to the inch and ruled to facilitate instantaneous calculations. Telephonic communication is maintained between the angle-measuring telescopes, the batteries, the casemates and the fire-control station. In a majority of fortifications, the range is determined by means of a 2,000-yard base-line, at each end of which is located an angle-computing telescope operated by a trained observer. The moment a vessel is sighted,

it is located by both telescopes and the angles are telephoned to the fire-control station. These, when laid down on the plotting-board, show the exact location of the target and its range, or distance from the several batteries, its relative position to the mine-fields, etc. Beginning with the first sighting of the vessel, observations are taken every twenty seconds and immediately telephoned to the control station. Atmospheric and wind allowances are calculated there, allowance is made for the rate at which the target is moving, usually from 300 to 600 yards per minute, and the location of the vessel is communicated to the battery-commanders as each calculation is completed, so that each commander keeps his guns, or mortars, trained continuously on the approaching enemy, the only duty devolving upon the gun-pointer being the adjustment of his sight and elevation scales in accordance with the information telephoned from the control station. By this method, the gun, as fast as it can be loaded, is ready to be discharged at the word of command.

As a result of this system, numerous records of 100 per cent. of hits have been made at a moving target, at ranges varying from 6,000 to 7,000 yards, and at the rate of one shot per gun every 45 seconds. Even with the mortars, which, because of their necessarily high trajectories, were formerly supposed to be incapable of the most accurate work, some records of 100 per cent. of hits have been made at ranges varying from 5,000 to 9,600 yards, and 30 per cent. of hits has come to be regarded as a poor score. In a few fortifications, where the height of the observing station above the water-level will permit, a perpendicular base-line is used instead of the horizontal, but in other respects the operation of the system is substantially the same.

The highly specialized character of the service which has attained such astonishing results; the intricate machinery necessary to make these elaborate computations at twenty-second intervals; the extensive electrical paraphernalia essential to telephonic communication; the signalling; the explosion of submarine mines and the operation of the search-lights—have all operated to render the fortifications and equipment of the Coast Defence Artillery too complicated to permit of proper supervision and inspection by a departmental commander, usually a Brigadier-General of cavalry or infantry, sometimes of field-artillery. Together with the immobile character of this arm of the service, they have

resulted in the necessity of so perfecting the Coast Defence organization as to make it completely independent of the mobile army. This will be accomplished by giving it its own adjutant, commissary and quartermaster departments, under the command of the Chief of Coast Defence Artillery, presumably a Major-General, whose immediate subordinates shall be Brigadier-Generals, each in command of one of the three coast-defence districts—which embrace, respectively, the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic, including the Gulf, and the Pacific coasts.

To man the elaborate coast defences already constructed and planned by the Endicott and Taft boards will require a force of 1,754 officers and 41,833 men. The authorized strength of the Coast Artillery is only 714 officers and 19,321 men; and there is no prospect that Congress will in the near future authorize any such increase in the standing army as will make available a sufficient number of officers and men to complete the number required for this arm of the service.

Moreover, the necessary manning detail does not represent, by any means, the whole force required for the successful operation and protection of the coast defences in time of war. The old-fashioned fortifications consisted of high-walled enclosures, often provided with moats, counterscarp, redoubts and glacis on the land side. The modern battery, while presenting an almost invulnerable front to the enemy afloat, is wholly unprotected in the rear; and the safety of the men and works must depend on the maintenance of an efficient rear-guard to repel attacks from landing parties which may have come ashore beyond the range of the big guns, or from an army of invasion. Infantry is best suited for this work; and, in the plans of the General Staff, infantry regiments are assigned to the maintenance of such rear-guards. But, despite the fact that the personnel of the coast artillery and the infantry forces of the regular army are wholly inadequate, and that there is little or no likelihood that Congress will supply the deficiency by an increase of the standing army, the situation is not as hopeless as it appears.

In 1902, Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, suggested a scheme for the augmentation of the coast artillery, which will go far to solve the problem. This scheme has received the hearty sanction of William H. Taft, the present Secretary of War, and under the able promotion of the Chief of Artillery, Brigadier-

General Arthur Murray, the proposition has been reduced to a working basis. As a part of the manœuvres of the past summer, a trial was conducted which demonstrated the entire feasibility of the project. Secretary Root thus propounded his plan:

"One of the most valuable services which can be rendered to the country by its militia, and the one which can be made the easiest and most natural for it to render, is to supplement the regular force in manning the coast defences in time of war. . . . Manning the coast fortifications is constitutional militia work, for it is always to repel invasion. It can be undertaken by citizens living in the neighborhood of the fortifications with less disturbance and sacrifice than any other military duty, because it does not take them away from their homes and business. . . . An effort should be made to procure the organization of a National Guard force of heavy artillerymen in the neighborhood of each coast-defence fortification, with the understanding that, whenever the President finds occasion to call out the militia to repel invasion, that organization will be called into that fortification. In the mean time, an immediate and special relation should be established between the militia organization and the fortification for the purpose of practice and instruction. They should be made as familiar as possible with the use of the guns and the methods of defence at that particular point. In many cases, it will be practicable to give them facilities for meeting and keeping their equipment on the military reservation, which would make unnecessary any outside armory for their use. Such an organization could readily perform all its duties to the State, serving as infantry, but it could at the same time be distinctly known and constantly prepared for service as a militia reserve of the fortification with which it sustains the relations described.

"Another very important function to be performed by militia, and having the same characteristics of not requiring militiamen to render any service except for the defence of their homes, is the service to be rendered by infantry in the defence of our coast fortifications against attack in reverse by land. That is a subject which ought to receive early and earnest attention on the part of the Federal Government. It is of great importance that an adequate force should be ready to perform that service, should be ready to take their places without confusion, and that there should be a perfect understanding as to where the force is to come from, where they are to be posted, and how they are to be supplied and maintained.

"The National Guard contains two widely different elements: one is composed of men who wish to perform their duty to the State as members of the militia, but do not wish, or do not feel at liberty, to leave their families or their business interests and become soldiers for all purposes, liable to be sent away for distant military operations. The other element wishes to go wherever there is adventure and a chance to fight. The amount of strictly local militia-work of the highest

importance to be done in case of war is so great that the whole National Guard force, of the seacoast States, at all events, can be made just as useful as if they all became volunteers for all purposes. In order to accomplish this, however, there should be careful prearrangement as to the distribution of duties."

The suggestions so carefully thought out by Secretary Root have been cordially adopted, and under the authority of Secretary Taft and the immediate and capable direction of General Murray the details have been perfected with equal care. During the past summer, every coast State from Maine to Washington, with the exception of Delaware, Virginia and North Carolina, accepted the invitation of the War Department to assign portions of its militia to cooperate with the coast-defence artillery during the period devoted to the annual summer encampment. The force of militia invited in each instance equalled exactly the force of artillerymen manning a given fortification, and, in addition thereto, certain companies of militia were assigned to the work of the rear-guard. During the first part of the practice, each regular soldier within the fortifications worked under the observation of a designated militiaman, and during the latter part of the period each militiaman worked under the immediate supervision and tutorship of the regular soldier he had previously watched. Men with the advantage of high-school and college educations were assigned to the fire-control stations, the plotting-boards, range-finders, etc., for which quasi-scientific work their attainments especially qualified them. In all possible respects, the conditions of actual warfare were simulated. Day and night attacks by fleets composed of tugs, mine-planters and such other craft as the artillery officers could requisition were repelled by the carefully placed shots and skilfully judged mines operated by the militiamen, and remarkable adaptability and proficiency were demonstrated by the guardsmen, all of whom went back to their homes enthusiastic over the possibilities presented by the new departure. Massachusetts has already organized its coast-defence militia, and her example will doubtless soon be followed by other States. By this means, the force having been perfected, the menace of an attack on the shores of the United States would be promptly followed by a request from the President that each threatened State man the fortifications within its borders, and immediately the personnel of the coast defences

would be doubled by the addition of men trained to handle the big guns, operate the mines and search-lights, and familiar with the surroundings, while the rear of each fortification would be guarded by men equally well drilled in that work. In addition to the patriotism which had led the guardsmen to perfect themselves in advance, they would be inspired by the necessity and desire to protect their homes, their families and property. All this would be accomplished in the twinkling of an eye; and, while the mobile army struggled with problems of commissary and transportation in the effort to mobilize itself into brigades at the designated points—while the General Staff wrestled with the problems of new departments and aggressive movements—the coast defences would be amply manned with experienced men.

It would, however, be misleading, in outlining the efficiency of the coast defences and the personnel of the corps, to omit all reference to the extraordinary short-sightedness exhibited by Congress in its failure to provide adequate means of defence for the most vulnerable inlet on the entire Atlantic coast, Chesapeake Bay. That no exaggeration of the danger which exists at this point may be suspected, it may be well to quote briefly from the report of the Taft Board on Fortifications, which says:

> "Commercially and strategically, Chesapeake Bay is to-day, as it always has been, of the very first importance. With the entrance, as it is now, unfortified, a hostile fleet, should it gain control of the sea, can establish, without coming under the fire of a single gun, a base on its shores, pass in and out at pleasure, have access to large quantities of valuable supplies of all kinds, and paralyze the great trunk railway lines crossing the head of the bay."

The uninitiated observer who visits the lower Chesapeake and Hampton Roads would naturally assume that the great disappearing guns at Fort Monroe and Fort Wool must command the entrance to the bay and prove a grave menace to an enemy's fleet; but the fact is that the entrance to the bay is eighteen miles from Fort Monroe; and, as has been stated by the Taft Board, there is no effective defence of the bay itself, while its extensive shores offer peculiar advantages for a naval base or landing operations. The approach to Baltimore is guarded by modern forts, and the Potomac approach to the national capital is equally well provided with fortifications. Norfolk and Newport News are protected by Fort Monroe and Fort Wool; but the damage

which would result were a considerable armed force landed along the shores of the bay, the hardship which could be inflicted on the lesser cities, railways, etc., by a modern naval force, are almost incalculable, and the advantage of a base on the shore of the Chesapeake would almost double the effectiveness of a hostile navy against our own sea forces.

To remedy this situation, the Taft Board has earnestly recommended the construction of an artificial island in the 12-mile opening between Capes Charles and Henry, and the erection thereon of powerful fortifications which would command the entire channel from the Atlantic to Hampton Roads. A further detail of the project is the construction of a breakwater, which would not only protect the island from the ravages of the sea, but also afford a refuge for vessels seeking to escape the violent storms which occasionally sweep the vicinity of Cape Hatteras and the entrance to the Chesapeake. The Army Engineers have pronounced the project entirely feasible and already funds have been set apart for the construction of one 14-inch gun for the proposed fortifications. But for two years Congress has been urged to make the necessary provision for this essential link in the nation's coast defence, and with surprising improvidence has ignored the recommendation and permitted valuable time to elapse without action.

There are other points where the defences require strengthening. Long Island Sound is without adequate protection, and much remains to be done on the Pacific coast and in our insular possessions. The search-light equipment must be perfected at many forts, and at others additional electric-power plants are required. The completion of the separate administrative organization of the corps, a matter of paramount importance, is still unauthorized. Despite these defects, however, the nation's fortifications, compared with those of other countries, are highly creditable and the personnel of the corps, the high state of efficiency displayed by the rank and file and the notable ability of its officers and commanders must prove the occasion of pride to every American, as well as a source of security and comfort to all whose interests might be directly menaced by a hostile navy, especially during the temporary absence of the naval fleet.

GEORGE GRISWOLD HILL.

THE STRUGGLE TOWARD A NATIONAL MUSIC.

BY ARTHUR FARWELL.

AMERICA'S absorption in the economic situation, universal as it is, does not hinder the steady fight for artistic advance which this country has always maintained, and in which it has won many notable victories. Men who have artistic talents and ideals, and who do not see why they should concern themselves with the tariff or the trusts, will persist in being born, even in a country whose alleged materialism is a byword of the age. Extremes breed extremes; and, if some men will devote body and soul to the material affairs of this world, to the exclusion of all things ideal or artistic, a divine providence, or perhaps a mere evolutionary law, rears up others whose passion to keep awake the aspiration toward beauty outweighs all else in life. At least we must find some sufficient reason for the constant augmentation of the army of artists in America, and the widely acknowledged increase of their talents.

Music is the last of the arts to develop to a considerable degree of culture in the United States, as it has invariably been elsewhere. The first man we meet on the street will probably be able to name the great American men of letters, and he may be able to name certain of our painters and sculptors who have become great; but he will not so readily nor so confidently tell us who are our greatest composers, or which American composers are regarded as having carried farthest the standards of musical art. And, in fact, to do this might well puzzle even the student, for the extraordinary revelation of new paths and possibilities in modern music, each so remote from the others, leaves us dazed and incapable of foreseeing which, if any, is the great central path forward. Even a little time may reverse judgments; and it

would be dangerous to plant one's artistic faith too implicitly in leaders who may have found at best only an interesting by-way of musical art.

To one tracing in detail the progress of American music, the present is probably the most interesting and exciting epoch through which our nation will pass. For with this generation, and only with this, our composers have bent themselves to the task of genuinely mastering the technic of musical composition, and are thus for the first time gaining a medium through which American spirit and individuality may freely speak. From now on, we are not merely to observe how cleverly the American can imitate European modes of expression; we are to see what the American has to say for himself, for his nation, for *us*, through the medium of his art. Does he still reflect the pessimism, the melancholy, the artistic desperation of modern Europe; or does he voice the youthful, optimistic, heroic spirit of a new land? Has he found himself and us in his art?

It must be confessed at once that but few of our composers have awakened to the vitalizing knowledge that they must in some sort reflect the humanity about them, that they must in some measure reflect American spirit, or perish in their artistic pride. America will never retain what is not true to herself, and Europe will forever reject what is merely imitative of her. But it is the presence of a few composers who have realized the truth of this, consciously or unconsciously to themselves, which marks the significant evolutionary point in our American musical development.

These truths have already demonstrated themselves upon the plane of our popular music, which from east to west has become thoroughly American at a time when our "art-music" can only begin to see the possibility of its one day becoming so. The burden of artificial refinement borne by the super-cultured is, happily, not felt by the *people*, who immediately accept an appropriate style of music without having first to divest themselves of deeply rooted ideas as to what music should be. Culture blinds to elemental realities; and, when that culture is in a large degree alien and transplanted, it blinds doubly to realities at home. The exclusively European musical culture of America has retarded the growth of American music among Americans, except among the people, who have cared precisely nothing for

that culture. Nor is this "popular" American music a growth to be disparaged by the cultured. It is fresh in melody, and unprecedented in the history of popular music in its remarkable rhythms; and one day it will exercise a greater influence upon American musical culture than is dreamed of at the present time. No less a composer than Dvorák has said that American street music is the most interesting in the world. It is the music of our Folk, given us almost as by a miracle in default of a racial folk-music, and it cannot be ignored, because that Folk is ourselves,—is America. Beethoven demonstrated, and Wagner both insisted and demonstrated, that the greatest music must eventually arise from a Folk, through an individual who fundamentally touches and voices that Folk. Not only is that what will happen in America, but the time is ripe for the beginning of the particular work which shall lead to that end. For American popular music has now assumed a definite character (involving several styles); the other forms of folk-song peculiar to American soil, chiefly the negro and Indian, are now becoming well understood, and can lend to future work what force and color they possess. The American composer is equipping himself, and the nation's questioning attitude toward it all is driving the composer into the consideration of these problems, so that there remains but one step more—and that an inevitable one,—namely, the solution of them.

This solution can take place only along one line; that is, a line which brings the composer closer to his Folk, to his own people. He must, in some way, be the apex of that structure of which they are the base. His art is to be a refinement of that which they possess in a crude state. It can never be that which some other nation owns. Therefore, he must ask, What is that which they possess? But music is both body and spirit: that is, it is this or that kind of melody or harmony or rhythm, and it is also a particular feeling, a particular kind of spirit, which is the result of the manner of combining and using those three elements. Remembering this, then, the people have in a crude state, for music's development, of material things,—their popular music; of spiritual things,—their independence. The composer to come, therefore, if he is to be in every fibre a product of America, as Lincoln was a product of America, must stoop to conquer; he must come down from the clouds of European refinement-imita-

tions and understand the crude but inexhaustibly vital realities of his people which, for him, are their music and their independence. The composer must supply, on his part, brains and ideals.

By what has been written, it has not been meant to imply that American music, in the future, is to be directly based upon the popular song of America. The composer, however, who enters fully into its spirit is bound to be refreshed by it at the very sources of his musical nature; for, if it is not refinement, it is, nevertheless, something more than that,—it is life. The refinement must be the composer's gift. Once the composer truly touches this abundant source of new life, he will never afterwards be wholly apart from its influence. The alien refinements, whose exotic air he earlier breathed, will seem so remote from the spirit of himself and his people, that he will see in their attainment no goal worth his striving. Neither will he feel constrained to imitate directly the melodies of the music of his Folk. For that independence of this same Folk is as much his birthright as their song is, and he may do as he pleases in the making of his melodies. But there are many things he would have done before that he will now no longer wish to do. He may draw upon the qualities of Indian and negro songs if he wishes, or upon any qualities of music the world over, because he has found the true independence; but in the handling of his material, in the making of compositions, a subtle instinct will tell him when he is departing from the spirit of his people or from its true idealization, and he will not betray that spirit. Or, if he does betray it, he is on the straight road to oblivion.

Probably no American composer is closer to the heart of the American people than Stephen Foster, who gave us "Suanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in de Cold Ground" and so many more songs which America can never forget. Foster's position is akin to that of Robert Burns; and, if we push the analogy of these natures closer home, we will even find Foster sharing the favorite weaknesses of the Scotch bard, which are too well known to need rehearsing. Many of us, listening to the tickling strains of American comic-opera melodies played by a café orchestra, will have noticed the magical effect upon those present of the appearance of a Foster melody on the scene. It scatters the feeble emotions aroused by the emasculated writers of our comic operas as the rising sun scatters the mists of night.

The inattentive diners seem to wake up, they forsake their small-talk, and the vanities of life give place to sweeping and genuine emotions of the heart. They join in the song in a manner which convinces us that this music and their souls are made of the same stuff. What Stephen Foster has done, our composers of culture must learn to do; they must come close to the people. They may write symphonies instead of songs, but the symphonies must hold something which the people grasp as their own, something which they have been hungering for—a breadth, simplicity and directness which they cannot find in the symphony concert-halls of America to-day. Music which most deeply touches America must rise up from our own soil. Wagner understood the spirit of America, and very seriously thought of coming here at a time when his own land repudiated him. He was more of an American than many of our own composers, for he worked with the primal forces of man and nature, and not with the over-refined and predigested delicacies of a decadent culture; and Americans, however they may have rivalled Europeans in misunderstanding Wagner in the whole scope of his ideals, have, nevertheless, taken much of his work deeply to heart. Perhaps there is a hint for us here; it may be that only in the drama, the music-drama, with its concrete presentation of human life, will Americans be most deeply touched by music. This result, however, will not be gained by imitating Wagner, but by exalting popular American forms of opera already in existence.

In view of these considerations in general, it is interesting to learn of the new point of view of one of our composers who, in his earlier work, followed closely the tendencies of the modern French school, as being the most suggestive of new possibilities in music. This is Henry F. Gilbert, whose "Pirate Song," on Stevenson's "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest" from "Treasure Island," through Mr. Bispham's unforgettable interpretation, has been heard with delight throughout America. Mr. Gilbert has been quick to learn that highly cultured America is not America at all; and, if one is going to appeal to the heart of America, he must cease appealing to the few highly cultured and Europeanized Americans. This by no means implies the prostitution of one's art, or the writing of "cheap" music. In Mr. Gilbert's case, it means the vitalizing of higher art-forms through the identification of himself with the spirit of the American Folk

in music. Mr. Gilbert has, therefore, applied himself to the study, not only of our "popular" music, but of Stephen Foster, of negro music and its relation to American popular music, and of remote American folk-tunes, "cracker-tunes" and the songs of the Tennessee mountains, some of which have spread far and wide in American life. The first creative result following these researches of Mr. Gilbert was an orchestral work, "A Comedy Overture on Negro Themes." The negro melodies and rhythms were not followed slavishly, but treated freely, in accordance with a normal musical appeal, and the whole work freely developed in scope and power. Such a work, if successful, would, on the one hand, appeal to the trained musical ear requiring thoroughly organized form, and, on the other, to the people, who demand a musical spirit that is familiar and already ingrained in their own natures. Mr. Gilbert has now composed another orchestral work, an "Americanesque," based on three old-time American melodies standing close to the national consciousness, — "Zip Coon," "Rosalie, or Don't be Foolish, Joe" and "Dearest Mae." This work has nothing in common with the old-fashioned popular strung-together medleys. There is much original development of the melodies, but the general spirit of them is retained. As far as musical standards go, there is sufficient mastery in the handling of the material in these compositions to warrant their finding a place on our first-class orchestral programmes throughout the country; but it is safe to say that it will be some time before such a place will be given them. For the cultured society which supports our symphony orchestras also supports an unwritten law that music is of Europe, and that the orchestral conductor shall not forget himself with impunity, whatever his regard for certain American works may be. That he shall not so forget himself is usually assured by the choice of one who cannot, by virtue of his exclusive European sympathies. So it may be some time before we can know the result of Mr. Gilbert's work,—especially since it is so frankly heretical,—and before we can discover the intensity or feebleness of its appeal to Americans. The interesting fact is that, howsoever little our symphony and other orchestras reflect us as a nation, our composers are beginning to take thought for us and to feel and utilize new sources of musical power within the national life.

ARTHUR FARWELL.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES.—II.

BY FINANCIER.

THE earnings of railroad corporations are subject to less variation, are less affected by the changing business conditions than the earnings of any other line of industry. The relative stability of the railroad receipts even in periods of industrial depression, as explained in the first article on this subject, is due to the economic necessity of railroad transportation.

In many lines of industry great fluctuations are experienced between the earnings of years of prosperity and those of years of adversity. The earnings of those industries, the products of which are in the nature of necessities, show the greatest stability. The more essential the output, the less is the variation from year to year in the earnings. Obviously, the obligations of a corporation, the earnings of which may be reasonably expected to reflect the varying conditions of business, cannot be regarded as constituting conservative investments. This explains, in part, why the so-called "Industrial Bonds"—that is, the bonds of industrial corporations—do not rank as high as do the securities of railroad and public-service corporations.

Comparison of Earnings of a Railroad and an Industrial Corporation.—A consideration of the earnings of some of the great industrial corporations for the years 1903 and 1904 will prove instructive in this connection. It will be remembered that during the year 1904 the United States experienced something of a business reaction. It was not severe, and at no time did conditions approach an industrial panic. Yet there was a marked decline in activity in certain lines of industry. The steel companies experienced a decided falling off in business. The statements of earnings of the United States Steel Corporation

shows the following results for the two years ended December 31:

	1903	1904
Gross Sales and Earnings	$536,572,871	$444,405,431
Mfg. costs, repairs, etc., charges of subsidiary companies	427,401,718	371,228,909
Net Earnings	$109,171,153	$73,176,522

In a year of very moderate reaction in general trade conditions, the gross earnings of the company declined 17 per cent. and the net earnings showed a decrease of 33 per cent.

Contrast with the reports of the United States Steel Corporation, the statements of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway for the same period:

	1903	1904
Total Gross Earnings	$34,768,081	$35,161,053
Operating Expenses	26,750,995	27,184,280
Net Earnings	$8,017,086	$7,976,773

The Lake Shore showed an actual increase in gross earnings in 1904 over 1903; but, as the increase in operating expenses was relatively greater, there was a decrease in net earnings amounting to $40,313, or about one-half of one per cent.

Very few of the standard railroad companies suffered, in 1904, any substantial reduction in business from the volume of 1903. It is true that not many reported material increases, but they were in general able to maintain the records of 1903. The aggregate gross earnings of all roads in the United States, according to Poor's Manual, increased from $1,908,858,000 to $1,977,639,000. Net earnings in 1904 were $639,240,000 against $592,508,500 in 1903.

Basis of Safety of Railroad Bonds.—In the tendency of railroad earnings to remain constant, or to increase, is found the basis of the security and safety of railroad obligations. While railroad bonds as a class rank very high among investment securities, it does not follow that all railroad obligations are fully secured. A railroad, as well as any other corporation, may be bonded for an amount much greater than the assets and earning power of the company warrant.

The security of a railroad bond depends primarily upon (1) the form of the obligation and (2) the strength of the issuing

corporation. The companies enjoying the highest credit are the older, established roads, which serve well-developed, thickly populated sections of the country. The history of such corporations goes back through periods of adversity as well as of prosperity, and they have attained a position of such strength and stability that they may be relied upon safely to weather the storms which, from time to time, afflict the business world. Such corporations have long passed the experimental stage; their record for the past gives assurance for their future. Such roads, too, have little fear of new competition, because the more thickly populated a territory is, so much the more expensive and difficult is it to obtain, for a new road, rights-of-way, entrance into cities, terminals, etc. Among the roads of this character, the securities of which may be regarded as of the first rank, are the Pennsylvania; the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; the New York, New Haven and Hartford; the Delaware, Lackawana and Western; and the Illinois Central. There are, of course, many others.

Importance of Form of Obligation.—Railroad bonds vary in security, not only with the strength of the issuing corporation, but also with the form of the obligation—that is to say, one railroad may have bonds outstanding of different merit. Ordinarily it may be said that those securities which lie "closest to the road" are the safest. The bonds, the security for which is the first claim on the earnings and assets of the corporation, naturally outrank those the claim of which is inferior.

First-Mortgage Bonds.—First-mortgage bonds have a first lien upon the earnings of a road, and, in case of trouble, upon the physical property of the road. The bonds are secured by a deed of trust under which the road is conveyed to a trustee, to be held in trust for the benefit of the bondholders. The road itself is pledged as security for the loan represented by the bonds. As long as the interest is paid promptly, the stockholders, being the owners of the road, are allowed to control and operate it. If there is default, however, either in the payments of the semi-annual interest charges or in the payments of the principal at maturity, the trustee may proceed to foreclose, to take possession of the road, to have a receiver appointed or take whatever action may be permitted by the court for the protection of the bondholders. The rights of the first-mortgage bondowners are superior to the rights of any other creditors of the road, except

possibly in those extraordinary cases where receiver's certificates have been issued. The peculiar status of receiver's certificates will be discussed later. If the road, for any cause, is taken away from the stockholders and operated by a receiver appointed by a court, the earnings, so far as applicable, must be applied to the payment of the first-mortgage bonds. If the road is sold at auction for the benefit of the creditors, the claims of the first-mortgage bondholders take precedence over the claims of any other creditors.

In case of default in the payment of the interest, providing the default last six months, or in the payment of the principal of the bonds at maturity, the lien by which they are secured is made effective by action on the part of the trustee. In our modern railroad mortgages or deeds of trust, a trust company is usually designated as trustee. The rights of the trustee are fully set forth, and it is important that sufficient power be given it to take whatever action may be necessary fully to protect the bondholders.

The Deed of Trust or Mortgage.—It is also important that, under the deed of trust, provision be made for compelling the trustee to act in case it is negligent in its duty. Holders of a majority of the outstanding bonds should be able conjunctively to compel action by the trustee. Provision should further be made for the removal of the trustee and the appointment of another should the interest of the bondholders require it.

Railroad bonds usually reach the investor through the medium of a private banking firm. It is the duty of the bankers, when they purchase an issue of bonds from a railroad with a view of retailing them to the public, to attend to the drawing of the mortgage or deed of trust, and to take proper care that all provisions are inserted which may be necessary to make the bonds as secure as possible. Our more important issuing bond houses and banking firms recognize their duty in this respect, and employ careful counsel to draw or approve the deeds of trust, securing the bonds which they may bring out. The investor, however, may well give attention to the form of the mortgage securing his bonds. While railroad mortgages are usually rather formidable documents to the layman, they may be analyzed with a little study, and any serious omissions or improper provisions may easily be discovered.

Divisional, Branch-Mortgage Bonds, etc.—Many of our railroads have different parts of their lines covered by different mortgages. Thus, there are Divisional First-Mortgage Bonds, Branch-Mortgage Bonds and Terminal-Mortgage Bonds secured, respectively, by a lien on a division, a branch line or a terminal. The security of such bonds depends upon the earning power of the particular part of the system by which they are secured. Terminal bonds are, in general, safe securities because terminals, by a lien on which they are secured, are most essential to the operation of the road. Perhaps there is no more important part of a road than its terminal properties, usually located in large cities where very heavy traffic originates or terminates.

While first-mortgage railroad bonds properly rank high as investment securities, they are safe only when the bonded debt charges are well within the earnings of the road, after the expenses of operation, maintenance, taxes, etc., have been deducted.

Securities of Roads too Heavily Bonded.—Some roads are bonded too heavily, and it is such as these which are forced into bankruptcy in periods of business depression.

There are roads which have first-mortgage bonds outstanding which are perfectly secure, but whose second and third mortgage and other debts are so heavy that default in some of the junior mortgages may be reasonably anticipated in the event of a business reaction. Such default will, undoubtedly, throw these roads into the hands of receivers. Even the first-mortgage bonds of a road the total debt of which is excessive are not fancied by careful investors, because, while the payment of the interest and principal may be assured, such bonds would not be easily marketable should the issuing road be forced into bankruptcy. There is little demand normally even for the fully secured bonds of a discredited corporation.

FINANCIER.

THE SECOND PEACE CONFERENCE.

BY M. W. HAZELTINE.

JUST as there are hearts so light that their enviable possessors can be jolly under all circumstances, so it is possible to take an optimistic view of the outcome of the second Peace Conference. Mr. W. T. Stead, for instance, who was an onlooker at The Hague, writing to the London "Tribune," avows himself an optimist. He goes so far as to describe the second attempt to hold a "Parliament of Man" as a success, and even asserts that the addition of delegates from all the Latin-American commonwealths has proved an unqualified advantage. If, he says, the Conference has failed to achieve some of its projects, that failure does not lie at the door of Latin-America. On the other hand, Mr. Alfred Stead, writing to the London "Times," maintains that, by the inclusion of the Latin-American delegates, the second Peace Conference was doomed to impotence and derision, and predicts that there will never be another conference, unless it shall be organized on a very different principle, to wit, the assumption that nations are not equal but unequal, differing vastly in respect of area, population, wealth and enlightenment, and consequently entitled to proportionate voting power. The London "Guardian," on its part, seems to speak for a large majority of British newspapers, when it says that, while the Governments which sent delegates to the Conference were ready enough to do lip-service to humanitarianism, and to emit sentimental aspirations, they were not prepared to sacrifice a jot of the practical advantages of which international law, as it stands, places them in possession. It is, perhaps, too early to decide whether the results of the Conference held this year at The Hague should be regarded with dismay or with complacency, but it seems to us that a review of what the spokesmen of the nations

accomplished, and of what they failed to do, will not tend to encourage those who have looked forward to the promotion of peace and to the humanization of warfare.

I.

The first Hague Conference met on May 18th, and lasted 72 days, adjourning on July 29th, 1899. The second Hague Conference, which met on June 15th of the present year, adjourned on October 19th, thus having covered a period of 126 days. The first Conference contained representatives of 26 States; the second of 44, the additional delegates coming from Latin America and the new Kingdom of Norway. The first Conference divided itself into three Commissions, the second into four. The "*Acte Final*" of the first Conference reported three Conventions, made three Declarations and uttered six "*Vœux,*" or pious wishes. The "*Acte Final*" of the second Conference comprises thirteen Conventions, four Declarations and three "*Vœux.*" We shall here outline some of the more interesting conventions and declarations, premising that only two of them received unanimous assent, namely, the one applying to maritime warfare the latest rules prescribed by the Geneva Convention for land warfare; and the one establishing an international prize court. There seems to be no doubt that the former will be ratified by all the Powers participating in the Conference, but there is reason to believe that, although the convention creating an international prize court was signed by the British delegates, the British Government will hesitate to sanction it in the form proposed. An influential British newspaper denounces as cynical effrontery the proposal to establish an international prize court which would rob Great Britain, the greatest of maritime nations, of her commanding position by subjecting her captures of contraband to the review of a tribunal, which, as being composed of fifteen judges, would be little better than a juridical *ménagerie.* We concur in the opinion that the spectacle of a half-breed lawyer from Central or South America deciding upon the justice of a British seizure would be ludicrous in any case; but when it is proposed that he and his colleagues shall administer a law elaborated by them as they go along, based upon precedents of their own creation or upon no precedents at all, the folly of the whole proceeding becomes patent. As for the other substantive work of the Con-

ference, whether it took the form of a convention or a declaration, it will, of course, if ratified, be binding only on the signatories as toward each other, and not as against non-signatory Powers.

A declaration regarding the prohibition of dropping projectiles or explosives from balloons provides that, for a period extending to the end of the third Peace Conference, the signatory Powers agree to the prohibition against hurling projectiles and explosives by dropping them from balloons, or by new methods of a similar character. It may be recalled that the first Hague Conference declared itself not only against the launching of explosives from aërial vehicles, but also against the use of asphyxiating shells. or of the dum-dum bullet. The action of the second Conference in the matter of submarine mines is stigmatized as the exhibition of a peculiarly nauseous type of hypocrisy. What happened during the Japanese War and afterwards demonstrated the merciless havoc which may be worked to all manner of neutral or non-combatant shipping by the abominable practice of sowing the seas broadcast with floating mines. Fairly stringent restrictions on the use of such engines of destruction were originally proposed; but a sub-committee, upon which Great Britain was not represented, reconstructed them, and concluded a mines convention which leaves untouched liberty of indiscriminate devastation.

II.

A convention concerning the rights and duties of neutral Powers and persons, in case of land warfare, provides that the territory of neutral Powers is inviolable. Belligerents are prohibited from moving across the territory of a neutral Power troops or convoys of munitions or provisions—there is no doubt that Japan violated the neutrality of Corea during her late war with Russia. The responsibility of a neutral Power, however, is not involved by the fact that individuals cross its frontier singly in order to take service with a belligerent. Neither is a neutral Power required to prevent the export or transit of arms, munitions or anything that may be useful to an army or a fleet for the account of a belligerent. A neutral Power which receives in its territory troops belonging to belligerent armies shall intern them at the farthest possible distance from the theatre of war, and, in default of a special convention, shall provide the interned men with provisions, clothing and the assistance dictated

by humanity. On the conclusion of peace, the outlay will be refunded to the neutral Government by the belligerent concerned.

Under the head of the rights and duties of neutrals, it is also to be noted that belligerents are prohibited from doing what Russia did in the recent Far Eastern War, namely, installing a radio-telegraphic station on the territory of a neutral Power. An attempt to safeguard the interests of neutrals is also made in a convention relating to the opening of hostilities, which provides that the Powers signing and ratifying the suggested agreement shall recognize that hostilities between them shall not begin without previous unequivocal warning, which shall take the form either of a declaration of war with reasons assigned, or of an ultimatum accompanied by a conditional declaration of war. A state of war shall, moreover, be notified without delay to neutral Powers that are parties to the proposed convention, and in respect of them shall only have effect after the receipt of a notification which may be made by telegraph.

III.

It is well known that, at Mr. Choate's suggestion, the Conference of 1907 added the words "and desirable" to the averment of the former Conference that the employment of mediative or other pacific means by third parties to avert a threatened war would be "useful." On the other hand, in the case of the proposed International Commissions of Inquiry, the opposition was led by Sir Edward Fry, the head of the British delegation, who blocked the attempt of Russia to introduce an agreement to constitute such a commission when matters of fact should be in dispute. The Second Conference would only commit itself to the mild expression of an opinion that it would be useful so to do. General Porter's proposal that force shall not be used for the collection of contractual debts until the justice of the claim shall have been affirmed by an arbitral tribunal obtained 39 votes out of the possible 44, and, so far as the States signing and ratifying are concerned, it constitutes the one substantial change for the better made in international law by the Second Conference, considered as an instrument of international peace.

It is probable that Mr. Choate's advocacy of a permanent court of arbitration to be organized and established at The Hague would have been successful, had not the head of the Brazilian

delegation insisted that every one of the forty-four Powers which had sent spokesmen to the Conference should be represented on the projected tribunal. It might have been foreseen that Germany and other great Powers would not consent to have their policies settled for them by the votes of decayed Oriental States like Turkey or Persia, or by insignificant South-American republics.

IV.

There is a good deal of force in the reasons adduced in the letter to the London "Times," by Mr. Alfred Stead, for asserting that the Third Peace Conference, should one ever be called, ought to be organized on a different principle. In the present Conference, each of the 44 Powers represented had an equal voice, irrespective of the magnitude of its area, population, wealth or civilization. Mr. Alfred Stead holds that, while the small negro republic of Hayti might be permitted to have a voice in an international assembly, its voice ought not to have the same weight as that of the British or the German Empire; that, in other words, its voting strength should be proportioned to the size of its territory, population, wealth or enlightenment, or to all of these factors of national greatness combined. The process of graduating voting power to physical, intellectual and economic qualifications would be a delicate and difficult one, though it is possible that a function which a single Government might shrink from undertaking might be discharged less invidiously by a committee of great Powers.

Perhaps the easiest way of solving the problems which were not solved at The Hague would be to substitute for an ecumenical conference a Congress of the Great Powers, modelled on that which was held at Paris in 1856. In that body only two secondary countries, namely, Turkey and Sardinia, were represented outside of the Great Powers, then five in number, whereas there are now eight, to wit, Germany, France, Great Britain, Russia, Austria, Italy, the United States and Japan. The declarations and agreements of such a Congress, while binding only on the participants, and only upon them with reference to each other after signature or ratification, would be clothed with high moral authority, and most, if not all, of the non-participating Powers would probably accede to them.

M. W. HAZELTINE.

THE CATHOLIC REFORMATION AND THE AUTHORITY OF THE VATICAN.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

I.

Is Italy to give birth to a new Renaissance, and to repeat the superb gifts which she bestowed on the world in the Middle Ages? There are signs of a new birth in the stirrings of spiritual life so evident in the last year or two throughout the Italian peninsula. And the whole world's attention has been called to these newly springing life-forces by the Syllabus of last July, and the recent Encyclical. "It is," the Syllabus tells us, "a matter for the profoundest regret that a certain number of Catholic writers, transgressing the limits established by the fathers and the Church herself, have devoted themselves to the alleged development of dogmas, whilst in reality, under the pretext of higher research, and in the name of history, they explain away the dogmas themselves." Among the positions which the Syllabus finds it necessary to affirm against these innovators, we find the declaration that "divine inspiration guarantees all and every part of the Holy Scriptures against error," and the claim that the Church has the right "to pass judgment on natural sciences"; the Syllabus further denies that "the Christian doctrine was first Judaic, then Pauline, then Hellenic, then Universal"; and declares that it is false to assert that "the Roman Church became the head of all churches, not by divine ordinance, but by purely political circumstances." The Syllabus, it is worth noting, bears the ominous name of the "Holy Inquisition."

On the other side, we find the Young Catholic party declaring, as in "*Il Rinnovamento*,"* that for them:

* "*Il Rinnovamento*" (Milan), January, 1907.

"Christianity is Life: it is unquenchable aspiration, it is hope, it is the striving of the whole being toward that which in life partakes of the eternal; it is the progressive elevation of our hearts and minds in a passionate search after truth, and an ardent turning toward it; it is the soul's claim to a life in the future. It is in vain that we try to enclose Christianity in intellectual systems and definitive expressions of its development; it is, by its very nature, a continuous becoming, which bursts through its ancient coverings to create ever new ones, which moulds and remoulds the forms through which it communicates itself to the intellect; in a perennial movement of renovation, as if a divine artificer were seeking to express in pliant clay, ceaselessly and ever unsatisfied, his ineffable ideal. Every religious conception which pretends in the name of faith to bind the intellect to determinate philosophical and social doctrines, and thinks possible a specifically orthodox science, art or politics, is false in its root. And if we deem possible a new Christian civilization, it is on one condition: that the spirit of Christ signifies the spirit of liberation, no one seeking to confine it to his own theories, hypotheses or systems, but each feeling it as an imminent command in his heart to uplift his life in all its activities."

This is finely said, and in the true spirit of liberty.

The Vatican retorts:*

"Rebels, indeed, they are, those who profess and spread abroad under artful forms monstrous errors on the evolution of dogma; on the return to the Gospel—the Gospel, that is to say, stripped, as they put it, of the explanations of theology, of the definitions of Councils, of the maxims of asceticism; on the emancipation of the Church, but conceived after a new fashion—an emancipation which will enable them not to revolt, so that they may not be cut off, and yet not to submit, so that they need not abandon their own convictions. . . . We count, however, much on your aid, Venerable Brethren, so that whensoever you, with the Bishops your suffragans in your provinces, learn of these sowers of tares, you may unite with us in combating them, inform us of the peril to which souls are exposed, denounce their books to the Sacred Roman Congregations, and meanwhile, using the powers which have been granted to you by the Sacred Canons, may solemnly condemn them, persuaded of the very serious obligation you have assumed to aid the Pope in the government of the Church, to combat error and defend the truth even to the shedding of blood."

A group of Italian priests, speaking for the Young Catholics, thus reply:

"Our state of mind at this moment is the same as that which spurred Saint Catherine of Siena to display her indignation against Urban VI (when with a passionate unfeelingness he sought to blunt her eager-

* Papal discourse of April 17th, 1907.

ness in her schemes of reform), by hurling at him these words, so living in their present application: 'Justice without mercy would be injustice rather than justice. Do what you do in measure (for to act without measure destroys rather than mends), and with benevolence and peaceful heart. For the love of Christ Crucified, moderate a little those sudden movements to which Nature urges you.' For us, profoundly Christian souls, religion, far from being a vague mystical feeling which soothes the spirit and isolates it in a barren egotism, is a Divine reality, which kindles into life and exalts the souls of men, and, knitting them together in a bond of brotherhood, directs their life toward a supreme and common goal."

As the rejoinder of the Vatican, we have the Syllabus of last July, and the Encyclical of September, which recommends a policy of inquisition and prosecution, the establishment of censors all over the field of Christendom, who are to detect error, and tear the subversive books from the hands of the flocks; while the teachers of these dangerous doctrines are to be driven from their parishes, or, if teachers, are to be expelled from their colleges and schools. The brand of heresy is stamped upon them, and they are held up to the reprobation of the faithful. It is both interesting and ominous to find the Vatican seeking thus to stem the tide of intellectual life, and ordering the combating of error "even to the shedding of blood."

More important than the views which the Vatican may espouse or denounce is the motive principle of this new Crusade against heresy: the assumption that the Vatican has authority to declare, through the "Holy Inquisition," what shall or shall not be held true, whether in criticism, history or science; the claim of the Vatican to exercise, by divine right, a despotic power over men's intellects, forbidding to the faithful all true liberty of thought. Are we or are we not prepared to grant this claim? The whole question turns on that.

II.

The Vatican is wise in forbidding genuine research into the meaning of the Scriptures, and in laying down an "orthodox" view of the early history of Christendom. For nothing is more certain than that a candid study of the Scriptures, a sincere examination of early history, will cut at the root of the Vatican's assumptions. The claim of intellectual despotism is wholly unwarranted by the words of Jesus Himself, and by the whole spirit of His teachings; it is wholly unwarranted by the words and

conduct of the Apostles; it is unwarranted by the early practice of the Church. This claim grew up, I am entirely convinced, as a part of that process by which the Bishop of Rome assumed the title of Sovereign Pontiff till then worn by the Roman Cæsars, and with that title assumed much of the Cæsars' power. And this claim to intellectual despotism has always gone hand in hand with civil persecution, and with the assertion of political suzerainty over Christendom.

Let us begin with the heart of the matter. Where do we find Jesus claiming despotic authority over men's intellects, and demanding that they shall renounce their convictions? Where do we find Jesus countenancing civil persecution? Can we imagine Jesus, in the black robe of the Inquisitor, dragging forth "heretics" by the hundred, and burning them at the stake? Can we think of Jesus organizing a bloody Crusade against the Waldenses, and hurling "mother with infant down the rocks"? If Jesus would have authorized these things, why did He not do them Himself? Why did He not summon the twelve legions of angels and drive Herod from Jerusalem, setting up the "temporal power" in the City of David?

Has He not given the answer Himself: "My kingdom is not of this world." Jesus does not say: "Whoever dares to think otherwise than I, let him be anathema"; He does say: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Jesus does not say: "Whosoever shall depart from the orthodox faith, let him die the death." He does say: "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me, and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." And does not Jesus specifically command His disciples to be subject to the political power of the state even though that power was pagan and idolatrous: "*Reddite ergo quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari: et quæ sunt Dei, Deo*"?

The Vatican claims that it exercises despotic authority as the spiritual heir of Peter, and that this despotic power was given to Peter by Jesus Himself, who designated Peter prince of the apostles, and subordinated them to Peter's supremacy. I venture to say that there is no warrant in the New Testament for the

claim that such authority was ever exercised by Peter, or that Peter himself ever dreamed of exercising it. This claim of the supremacy of Peter is a cardinal part of the Vatican's claims, and should be "sifted as wheat is sifted." The Vatican has always made much of the text, "*Tu es Petrus*"; but was it not said to all the disciples equally: "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven"? And do we not find "the keys of death and of hell," not in the hands of Peter, according to the Apocalypse, but in the hands of "the Son of Man"?

Where does Paul acknowledge the authority and supremacy of Peter? Does he not, in writing to the Galatians, go out of his way to show that his authority is wholly independent of Peter, and equal to Peter's: "He that wrought effectually in Peter to the apostleship of the circumcision, the same was mighty in me toward the Gentiles"? Did Paul recognize the authority of Peter, when he says: "But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face," and rebuked Peter openly for hypocrisy. If this striking incident shows anything, it shows, not that Paul deferred to Peter, but that Peter deferred to James "the brother of the Lord." Again, James, who was not one of the Twelve, and so may be said to have held a lower place, nowhere in his Epistle refers to Peter, or recognizes his "authority." And Jude, when he wishes to recommend himself, refers not to Peter, but to James. John also is wholly silent as to any claim of Peter's supremacy. Is there not rather an implication of the independent spiritual authority of John in the Master's words: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"

Finally, Peter himself nowhere says anything which might lead us to infer that he had any thought of his own supremacy. Does he not most touchingly describe himself simply as "a co-elder and a witness of the sufferings of Christ"? Peter's view as to the authority of elders and overseers, of priests and bishops, is purely spiritual, and in perfect harmony with the spirit of the Master. He expressly forbids the bishops to "lord it" over the faithful, declaring that their only authority should be that of holy example. And he most significantly adds: "Yea, all of you be clothed with humility, for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace unto the humble." I have always thought that Peter's use of this phrase, "lording it over the inheritance," was

a reminiscence of the words of the Master Himself: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Nothing could be plainer. The Master and His disciple, in the same words, declare that domination, assertion of authority, despotism, is the very negation of spiritual life.

And what has Peter to say of the "temporal power" claimed for so many centuries in his name? He is explicit: "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king as supreme; or unto governors. . . . For so is the will of God. . . . Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the King." Will it be said that the sovereign thus recommended by Peter was distinguished by such piety that there could be no derogation in obeying him? But tradition tells us that Peter wrote this in Rome, under Nero, who had gained the throne by the poisoning of his predecessor, who poisoned his rival, caused the murder of his own mother, had one wife slain and himself killed another, and finally, after an ignoble and cruel life, found a shameful death at his own hand. If Peter could recommend obedience to the son-in-law of Messalina, what becomes of the necessity of temporal power?

III.

It seems undeniable that Jesus gave equal authority to all his Apostles, and that they all recognized this; and, further, that Paul and James, who were not of the Twelve, exercised exactly the same measure of influence and authority. This power was purely spiritual; that of a holy example, of fervor and aspiration; and it would have been utterly repugnant to any of them to call in civil force, or assert their rights "even to the shedding of blood."

The supremacy of Peter was an afterthought, when the See of Rome, by its position in the metropolis of the Empire, had acquired preëminent influence. But in the early days Rome did not claim to be the See founded by Peter; it was always the See "of Peter and Paul."

Other Sees were founded by the other disciples, and they were

very far from recognizing any supremacy, in the sense of despotic authority, in the See of Rome. Saint John, ancient authorities tell us, founded the See of Smyrna. Polycarp, as the successor and disciple of John, went to Rome to Anicetus the bishop, to support the tradition of John against the tradition of Rome as to the celebration of Easter. The Fathers of the early period assert the equality of the disciples. Do we not find Origen writing: "If you hold that the whole Church was built by God on Peter alone, what will you say concerning John, the son of thunder, and each of the other Apostles?"

Irenæus also opposes the supremacy of Rome, and rebukes Victor I for excommunicating the Eastern bishops, who adhered to John's tradition concerning Easter. Tertullian disapproves of the assumption by the bishops of Rome of the titles of *Pontifex Maximus* and *Episcopus Episcoporum,* and distinctly denies the claim made by Zephyrinus of a certain superiority in the Roman See derived as a tradition from Saint Peter. Even Jerome, the pillar of the Latin Church, does not recognize the papacy in the full sense.

One has only to read, for example, the story of the Council of Nicæa to see that it was universally held that the only valid authority was that of the whole Church, and that the supremacy of Rome, in the later sense, had then no existence. The representatives of Rome at that great Council played no great part, and exercised no special prerogatives.

The creation of Roman supremacy was the work of men like the Roman rhetorician whom we know as Saint Augustine, the Roman citizen whom we know as Leo the Great, the Roman prætor who became the first Pope Gregory; and it was built on the ruins of the power of the Cæsars, who fell before the invading Goths. An understanding was reached between the Vatican and the new empire, under which each supported the other, and for centuries no election of a Pope was final until it had secured the approval of the Emperor. It is noteworthy that Pope Pius X owes his succession to the papal power to that age-old compact, if it be true that Kaiser Franz-Josef, as master of the Holy Roman Empire, exercised his right of veto against Cardinal Rampolla.

IV.

In defiance of the words of the Scripture and the practice of

the Apostolic age and the early Fathers, the claims of the bishops of Rome to political power and mental domination steadily increased. It is written: "Either make the tree good, and his fruit good, or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt: for the tree is known by his fruit." Let us consider the fruit of the tree.

As early as the Theodosian Code, we find the alliance with the civil power used as an instrument of persecution, and Gregory invoked the civil power against the Donatists, in perfect anticipation of the "Holy Inquisition." Hildebrand, who assumed the triple tiara as Gregory VII, went further; he asserted that all political authority was derived from the Pope. He made good his claim against the Emperor, and demanded that William the Conqueror should do allegiance for the throne of England. Here Hildebrand was met with flat refusal. Yet the Pope's claim to political suzerainty was made good. Innocent III succeeded where Gregory VII had failed. He brought the King of England to his knees, and forced him to become a vassal of Rome. To take other instances: in 1465 Pope Paul II deposed the King of Bohemia, and brought on a sanguinary war. Half a century later Pope Julius II deposed the King of Navarre. But the most signal instance of this political usurpation came in 1215, when Innocent III formally cursed the Great Charter of England, "in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit: *Damnamus sub intimatione Anathematis prohibentes, ne dictus Rex eam observare præsumet, aut Barones cum complicibus suis ipsam exigant observari: tam Chartam quam obligationes. . . .*" Thus did the Vatican set its face like flint against the Charter of modern liberty.

Infinitely worse was another event of the same year. Summoning the bishops to Rome, Innocent III read to them the decrees which, after they had listened to them in silence, were recorded as the decrees of the Fourth Lateran Council. Among these were two of ominous note: one approving the massacre of the Waldenses, and the other establishing the "Holy Inquisition." It is not my intention to enlarge on that massacre, or to discuss the question whether Torquemada burned three thousand or thirty thousand "heretics." Let the dead past bury its dead.

But what must be insisted on is this: that the poison of despot-

ism, once taken into the veins of an ecclesiastical organization, will always work deadly harm. There are evil powers in the heart which despotism kindles, and they bear horrible fruit of torture and massacre.

Yet, during this very period, there was abundance of the purest spirituality within the Church. To it belong the great names of Saint Francis, Saint Catherine of Siena, Saint Thomas à Kempis, for whom one can have nothing but reverent admiration. These peerless souls, and multitudes of others less renowned, were the salt of the earth, the leaven of the Church, in a very real sense. For no one with reverent faith in the God of love can believe that the Church of Christ was upheld by the butchery of the Albigenses, the fires of the Inquisition. Was it not rather the spiritual power of the true followers of the Master, who "heard his commandments and kept them," which upheld the Church as on a rock? May we not believe in an unbroken succession of such saints, rich in love and purity, forming the soul of the Church within the temporal body, and breathing forth a spiritual power which kept the Church sweet through centuries of despotism and cruelty?

V.

We have seen that Origen, Irenæus, Tertullian and Jerome opposed the Roman bishop's claim to supremacy, and that Origen expressly declares that the Church was not founded on Peter alone. In like manner, we find the Council of Nicæa expressly recognizing other Sees—Antioch and Alexandria, for instance—as "Apostolic Sees," a title later appropriated by Rome. This question was the cause of the division between the Eastern and the Western churches. It was the claim of Gregory VII and of Innocent III to exercise supreme authority over these independent Apostolic Sees of the East which tore Christendom in twain.

In like manner, the claim of the See of Rome to exercise intellectual despotism over Christendom was the real source of the later division which sprang from the fiery protest of Martin Luther. There was crying need for purification. But had there been more moderate counsels on both sides, had the claims of the Vatican been abated, while the Reformers checked their violence, we might have had a strong and vital evolution of the Church without division, the vigorous spiritual forces of Northern Europe developing within its boundaries, in an atmosphere of light and

liberty. We might have had the great movements of modern science, saved from materialism, growing up in an atmosphere of reverence and spiritual life. Had she not insisted on banishing intellectual liberty, the Church might have been saved from the ignominy of that famous decree: "We say, pronounce, declare that you, the said Galileo, by reason of the matters adduced in process, and by you confessed as above, have rendered yourself, in the judgment of this Holy Office, vehemently suspected of heresy, namely, of having believed and held the doctrine, which is false and contrary to the Sacred and Divine Scriptures, that the sun is the centre of the system and does not move from east to west, and that the earth is not the centre of the system. . . ."

We may say, therefore, that the tree is judged by its fruits. The Vatican's successive claims of supremacy, of civil suzerainty and intellectual despotism twice rent Christendom in twain, forcing the separation of the independent Apostolic Sees of the East, and driving into revolt the nations of Northern Europe, in the movement of the Reformation. And these same claims, and most of all that of intellectual despotism, lit the pyres of the Inquisition, spread massacre through the Piedmont valleys, gave hundreds up to torture and death, and wrought a myriad agonies through the Middle Ages.

VI.

What most imports us to recognize to-day is that Pius X is making exactly the same claims as the most extreme of his predecessors. He has openly declared that the separation of Church and State is a "pernicious error," and he evidently holds that the Church is higher than the State. But even more certain and much more significant is his steady adherence to the principle of intellectual despotism, as illustrated by the Syllabus, the Encyclicals, the Papal pronouncements. He firmly believes that he holds the right to say what Christians shall and shall not believe, whether as to the Scriptures, the early history of the Church or the facts and theories of science; and he is prepared to use every means in his power to compel obedience, "even to the shedding of blood." It is well for us to realize exactly what is going on within the Catholic Church; this spirit on the one side, and, on the other, countless ardent souls, including many among the priesthood, who are touched with the light, who have recognized the great results of science, and especially the splendid

doctrine of evolution, which gives such scope to the majesty of God, and who, with this recognition, are far from anything like materialism, but are rather full of the brightest faith in spiritual life, and see all events around them as manifestations of the Divine. These children of the light are further filled with the true gentleness and charity which are the heart of the message of Jesus. They recognize, with sorrow, the evil part played in the world's history by spiritual and intellectual despotism, and they look forward with confidence to a day when the Catholic Church shall be regenerated under the perfect law of liberty.

May we not all share that hope, and, in sharing it, set forth the causes which, in our view, will make for the coming of that brighter day?

If we are right, and we call on history to vindicate us, the evil which for centuries overshadowed Europe like a nightmare has a clearly defined source: the principle of "domination." Jesus Himself set up no authority, but taught the perfect law of love and obedience to the divine will. For Jesus, orthodoxy was not a belief, but a life: "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me"; "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." There is no question here of any one declaring what another shall or shall not believe; there is a question of denying one's self, of hating one's life that one may keep it unto life eternal. There is no authority, but that of more perfect obedience to the law of love, the law of sacrifice. And those should exercise authority who most perfectly exemplify the spirit of the Master, and, by perfect obedience, are united in spirit to the Master. Even then their authority must ever be that of a holy example; they must never "lord it over the inheritance," and, if they win anything of the spirit of the Master, they can never so lord it, for does not the Master say: "I am meek and lowly in heart"?

VII.

Let us declare an irenicon. Let us recognize, in our human frailty, the ever-present temptation to dominate others, to force others to do as we wish, to think as we ordain. Let us admit that this evil ambition is widespread, that it has worked through all ages. Let us say that it was but natural, and hardly to be

avoided, that this same vice of ambition should steal into the fold, and taint the hearts even of the followers of the lowly Nazarene. There arose the desire to dominate, the wish to command, the will to persecute; and the subtle mind, ever obedient to the false desires of the heart, forged excuses for these evil desires. Thus in the Church instead of the perfect law of liberty grew up intellectual tyranny, each party ordaining what others should believe, instead of trusting to the divine light in the heart of each to lead him into all truth.

Let us admit that, through the fall of the Roman Empire and the coming of the Goths, an opportunity was given for ambition to assert itself and, with much appearance of righteousness, to grasp after civil power and intellectual despotism; and that the seed thus sown bore much evil fruit. Let us take this long, sad history for a warning, and cast from our hearts that ambition to rule, through which the angels fell. If we, each in his several heart, shall kill out ambition, the desire to dominate the thoughts and acts of others, we shall find the whole tone and temper of the world around us softening and mellowing, and that gentle influence will in due time invade and transform the Vatican itself. The principle of domination once withdrawn, the way will be opened for the repair of the rending of Christendom caused by that principle's enforcement. The two parts of Christendom which divided on this principle in the sixteenth century may once more come together in brotherly union and concord. And once the claim of domination, of autocratic central power, is abated, the causes which forced the separation of the Eastern Apostolic Sees will have ceased to exist, and that great division also may be overcome. Then we shall see a Church truly Catholic, united by a common obedience to the spirit of the Master, and recognizing that that spirit is expressed through the whole body of those who obey the Master, the Light lightening every heart.

Nor need this irenicon be confined to Christendom alone. Shall we not find, once we abate the evil tendency to dictate the beliefs of others, that the differences between the sons of men are more of form than of substance: that all men of good-will, under whatever sky, have held in their hearts the same awe of the divine, the same hope of immortality.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

EGYPT'S ECONOMIC POSITION AND GOLD HOARDING.

BY MAURICE L. MUHLEMAN.

THE unusual occurrence in our financial circles of a manifestation of interest in the economic affairs of Egypt, is in large measure due to the imperative demand for gold to finance that country's cotton crop. The demand recurs annually, after August, in the London and Paris money-markets, which are called upon to furnish each season from $20,000,000 to $40,000,000, the amount depending upon the size and market value of the crop. Coming, as it did, at a time when all of the money-markets were being subjected to an extraordinary strain to conserve their available and potential supplies of gold, in order to support the enormous credit liabilities which have been so largely expanded during the past decade, its influence was felt even on this side of the Atlantic. Hitherto, our money-market had exhibited no indications of even a remote relation to that of the realm of the Khedive; but, perhaps, the circumstance that we have in recent years increased our purchases of Egyptian cotton—these reaching in the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1907, nearly 79,000,000 pounds, valued at over $16,000,000—served to stimulate the interest. Never before did we spend so large a sum for this cotton; for, even in 1902, when we took over 81,000,000 pounds, by far the largest quantity to that date, the values were only slightly in excess of $9,500,000.

The Egyptian demand for gold is advisedly characterized as *imperative;* for that country has at its disposal a commodity which the rest of the world generally needs in a much greater measure than Egypt needs the gold which pays for it, viz.: the long-fibre cotton, ranking next in value to our very limited product of the Sea Island variety, of which it is indeed, so to speak,

an offspring. The demand for this fibre is almost as pressing as is that for food-products, and the majority of the Egyptian producers part with it only for actual gold; to them no paper representative of the yellow metal is acceptable; they know not credit, nor bank-notes, nor bills of exchange; hence gold must be sent out, just as in the United States cash alone can be used to move the crops at certain stages. Our own purchases of cotton from the land of the Pharaohs are usually settled by exchange upon London; it is not unlikely, however, that, had we been in a position to make advances directly by exports of gold to Alexandria, we might have obtained our proportion of the crop now coming in upon more advantageous terms than we shall have to pay hereafter.

It is not merely as a source of supply of cotton that Egypt merits our attention; the fact that having that staple to sell she has the power to command gold, and the further fact that the greater part of the yellow metal so acquired is practically withdrawn from monetary use, are circumstances that have not received adequate consideration in the estimates relating to the gold-supply of the world. The statistics show that a large amount has annually gone into hoards; like India, and in a less degree China, Egypt has become a place for the secretion of a substantial part of the world's annual gold product, diverting it from availability for monetary purposes. The evidence indicates that, except in certain short periods, the trade movement has been enormously favorable to this accumulation for nearly half a century, or since the period of maximum prices for cotton, due to the interruption of production during our Civil War. Although the statistics of the trade movement are not as complete as might be desired for the earlier years, say from 1861 to 1878, and are defective even for more recent years, a sufficient number of facts are available to clearly illustrate the remarkable conditions.

Before entering upon the discussion of trade returns, however, the general status of the country should be considered. Although nominally independent, Egypt is technically a vassal state of Turkey, paying in tribute annually nearly $3,500,000.*

While the area of the whole territory is nearly 400,000 square miles, the settled portion is slightly under 13,000 square miles

* The tribute was capitalized and sold by the Sultan to French investors.

(say 8,300,000 acres), or a little more than the area of Massachusetts and Connecticut combined; but this contains a population of nearly 10,000,000 souls. The cultivable area, after deducting water areas, marsh and desert land, is 6,400,000 acres. With nearly 2,000,000 families, there are 1,150,000 landholders, cultivating about 5,340,000 acres; the great majority hold only small tracts. Cotton is now the chief product; formerly beans and grain were largely cultivated, but the facility with which the more valuable fibre crop can be brought out has caused a diversion of activity to this special industry. In 1892 the cultivated area was 4,961,000 acres, of which 864,000 were in cotton; in 1906 cotton occupied 1,506,000 acres; the product increased from 5,000,000 cantars* (666,000 bales) to 7,000,000 cantars (927,000 bales) in the period. The number of landholders in 1892 was about 660,000.

The revenues of Egypt are derived from a land tax, or rent, (which formerly contributed more than one-half the total); from duties on imports and exports; from railways owned by the state, etc. The chief single item of expense is the public debt charge; very considerable amounts have been expended upon public works, particularly irrigation projects, made necessary to utilize the waters of the Nile, absolutely the only means of supplying moisture for agriculture; hence the mainstay of the nation's life.

While, as stated, Egypt is semi-independent, this is to be qualified so far as the financial administration is concerned; in 1879 this was placed in the hands of two controllers, one appointed by Great Britain and one by France; in 1883 the French withdrew, and since then the British control has been supreme; Sir Evelyn Baring (later known as Lord Cromer) having been the dominant influence while acting as British Agent and Consul-General from that year until his retirement early in 1907. Control of the purse meant practically control of the Government. All the Great Powers of Europe are directly interested in the administration of the debt through the holdings by their bankers and investors of the Egyptian bonds, part of which the Powers guaranteed; but they have interfered very little with the policy of the British representative, who is backed by a small "army of occupation" (about 5,500 men) and assisted by a

* Cantar equals ninety-nine pounds; bales average about 750 pounds.

considerable corps of foreign civil officials, chiefly British. It may hence be assumed that British interests were not neglected, and these have not always been in harmony with Egypt's greatest welfare. In 1885, the gold standard was adopted; Turkish, French and British gold coins are legal tender, the last named being preferred and most in use. Bank-notes have a very limited circulation, and only since 1898, when the National Bank was established with the power of issue.

An important factor in Egyptian affairs has been the Suez Canal, begun in 1859 and finished in 1869 under French auspices. Egypt had a large interest in this enterprise through ownership of one-half the Company's share capital of 200,000,000 francs (say $38,600,000); a part of this block of stock was distributed, and the remainder, about 44 per cent., was in 1875 sold to the British Government. Egypt is entitled to 15 per cent. of the surplus earnings after providing for interest charges on about $50,000,000 of bonds and other obligations, and 5 per cent. dividend upon the shares; and the entire property comes to the state in 1965. But the royalty of 15 per cent. was pledged for a loan in the seventies and foreclosed by the French holders in 1880; hence it yields nothing to the state.*

No little part of the troubles of the country, prior to the dual foreign control of the finances, was due to the lavish expenditures of the then Khedive, in enormous personal outlays, promoting enterprises not always profitable, causing personal debts which were later put upon the state. The Khedive had under his personal control over 900,000 acres of choice land until 1876, when, by reason of his financial difficulties, he surrendered this large tract to the state, his debts being assumed at the time by the issue of mortgage bonds thereon; as the lands are disposed of, the bonds are retired with the proceeds.

The land tax, or rent, a burden upon agriculture, was in 1882 about $25,000,000; for a series of years it produced less, but now it yields about the same sum to the treasury; it is, however, collected much more easily, being distributed among a larger number of landholders and over a larger area with more remunerative crops.

To further assist cultivation of the soil, an Agricultural Bank was established in 1902, to make advances, generally in small

* It has proved an enormously valuable asset to those who acquired it.

sums, to farmers; loans ranging from $2.50 to $100 are made without mortgage, for short terms; larger ones, for longer terms, up to $2,500, are secured by mortgage; the average amount of the latter was, in 1906, under $300. The total sum loaned was reported to be $35,000,000; the rate for these advances was 9 per cent. until 1906, when an 8-per-cent. charge was fixed upon.

Turning now to the trade reports, as the indices of the economic status, it is desirable to divide the period covered, first taking up the years from 1861 to 1880, when foreign control became effective. The inaccuracy of the reports is partly due to the fact that, under the tariff laws, exports are valued at 10 per cent. less than the current wholesale market price of the commodities; and it is not improbable that imports have also been somewhat undervalued. The report of Lord Cromer for 1905 (p. 97) contains a discussion of this subject by one of the experts of the Government (M. Roussin); contrasting the British returns for five years with the Egyptian returns, a difference of fully $50,000,000 is shown, even after adding the 10 per cent. above referred to. This gives an average difference of fully 20 per cent., only partly offset by freight charges.

The eminent British statistician, Mulhall, gives the values of exports and imports as follows:*

	Exports.	Imports.	Excess Exports.
1861-70	£176,000,000	£64,000,000	£112,000,000
1871-80	130,000,000	52,000,000	78,000,000
Total	£306,000,000	£116,000,000	£190,000,000

A study of the several returns indicates that Mulhall allowed for the difference in valuations; he thus gives Egypt a credit balance with the rest of the world of something like $925,000,000. This appears large; but the circumstance that the cotton crop, which in 1861 was valued at $7,000,000, was estimated at $74,000,000 in 1864, indicates that the sum stated is not susceptible of material reduction.

With such a balance it is not surprising that large expenditure was indulged in by the Khedive; but the outlays were so great that borrowing became necessary. The country began in 1862-3 to permit itself the luxury of a national debt for the first time in its modern annals. The debt grew rapidly, and the conditions

* In "Balance Sheet of the World," 1881, p. 20.

of the borrowing were onerous; the annual debt charge in the budgets averaged 41 per cent. of the total and caused periodical deficits; Mulhall estimates the amount of these from 1861 to 1881 at $460,000,000. He states that by 1880 the borrowing had been nearly $600,000,000 gross, upon which there was charged over $130,000,000 by way of discounts, and an even greater sum was chargeable to items which did not benefit the country. Obviously, the assumption of control of finances in 1879 came none too soon. Egypt's great wealth product was being dissipated.

The era of lavish expenditure gave the country, however, 943 miles of railway, the Suez Canal, harbors and other public works, sugar factories, and the former Khedival domains.

That the enormous trade balance was in substantial part liquidated by the importation of actual specie is clear; but no record thereof appears in the Egyptian statistics. Great Britain alone reports a loss to Egypt of approximately $95,000,000 in gold; and France furnished even a larger quota, as shown by incomplete data at hand; it may be safely assumed that the net gain for the period was as much as $200,000,000; but a large part of this went into hoards, absolutely unavailable as capital except for land purchases. Estimates give the sum in use for money purposes at $60,000,000 only, in 1883.

The new fiscal management soon brought about balanced budgets, and, ultimately, surplus revenues. While a part of the debt was extinguished, it was chiefly in the category of land bonds cancelled as lands were sold; and since other debts were incurred for extension of railways (now about 1,330 miles, valued at $115,000,000), and other public works, the total debt remains substantially the same as when the British took control in 1883, viz.: $468,000,000; but this does not include $12,000,000 of obligations issued for the very expensive Assouan Dam. The annual charge is, however, materially less than formerly, the bulk of the debt being at 4 per cent. and under, against 7 per cent. prior to the reconstruction.

The budget figures, which in the eighties showed under $46,000,000 of average revenues, gave fully $50,000,000 annual average in the nineties, and $75,000,000 for 1906. The expenses have been less than the revenues since 1887, when reserve funds were established which reached $50,000,000 at the end of 1904, and the total now stands even higher; $42,750,000 thereof has since been

invested in securities. The reserve was accumulated in part to meet possible emergencies that might arise in connection with the water-supply, manifestly a wise precautionary measure; whether the investment of so large a part of it in securities was equally commendable is an open question, when the imperativeness of a possible emergency need is borne in mind.

Following are the trade returns and specie movements in millions of dollars from 1879, by four-year periods:

	Merchandise.			Specie.		
	Imports.	Exports.	Net Exports.	Imports.	Exports.	Net Imports.
1879–82	141.7	258.5	116.8	68.6	16.3	52.3
1883–86	164.2	230.1	65.9	47.6	25.0	22.6
1887–90	153.1	223.0	69.9	49.3	42.5	6.8
1891–94	181.3	256.6	75.3	57.3	44.0	13.3
1895–98	197.0	247.1	50.1	67.8	41.6	26.2
1899–1902	274.9	323.6	48.7	81.5	41.4	40.1
1903–06	406.1	421.9	15.8	135.2	51.8	83.4
Totals	1518.3	1960.8	442.5	507.3	262.6	244.7

Allowing for a net import of silver of about $14,700,000, the gain of gold was $230,000,000.

Having in mind that the exports were very considerably undervalued, it is not improbable that the actual credit in the trade movement was $640,000,000, and that some $400,000,000 was settled otherwise than by specie. The annual charge on the debt, almost all of which is held in Europe, and the Turkish tribute, are sufficient to account for more than this sum. Upon the other hand, there have been very large investments of capital by Europeans in Egyptian enterprises; furthermore, the tourist business, which brings annually a large sum to the country, has been increasing; hence, even allowing $1,000,000 for gold annually used in the arts, the reported gain of $230,000,000 since 1879 is not reducible. Nevertheless, the accepted statistics of the United States Mint Bureau give to Egypt a stock of gold of $129,000,000 for 1896, only $30,000,000 for 1902, $17,400,000 for 1903, and $87,000,000 for 1905.

For our immediate purpose it is of interest to note that $50,000,000 of gold was reported as in the treasury about the end of 1904, and that the banks at that time held $12,000,000, giving a total of $62,000,000 visible stock; estimates of the amount in current use are necessarily indefinite; but if the accepted one

of $75,000,000, given in our Mint Report for 1906 (p. 82) is taken, the current stock might thus be placed at $137,000,000. It is obvious that, if the gain of $230,000,000 is considered, the sum hoarded is, as Lord Cromer says, *very large;* for there was unquestionably a very considerable amount of gold in the country (including hoards) at the end of 1878; if this sum was only $100,000,000, which is most conservative, the addition of $230,000,000 net in the intervening years would leave $193,000,000 unaccounted for, practically hoarded; indeed, the sum is probably $50,000,000 larger. It is well known that Egyptian hoards are numerous: there are, for example, 12,400 landholders possessing in all 2,356,000 acres of the most productive territory, hence enjoying large incomes, the surplus of which accumulates.

The trade returns for the four years last past indicate increasing imports; the net exports of merchandise averaged only $4,000,000 per year; yet the net imports of specie averaged nearly $31,000,000. Much more gold would have been imported but for the disbursement of the treasury reserves. Doubtless, introduction of new capital, as well as undervaluations of exports, accounts for the gain in specie. In 1906 alone the net gain was about $35,000,000; and despite the present stringency the movement to Egypt goes on, only slightly restrained.

The conditions brought about (1905-6) an era of speculation, particularly in real estate; values rose enormously, and expansion followed in other lines. A reaction from the inflated values has since taken place. But these incidents affected the cotton-planter in only a negligible degree; the price of cotton was well maintained, having ranged for "good fair" quality, between 14 and 21⅝ cents per pound in 1905-7, against 11½ to 19⅜ cents in 1903-5; in fact, prices reached the highest point in over a decade, with active demand, and they are at the moment at about 19 cents compared with 17¾ cents a year ago.

The question of special interest is whether this command of gold will continue. The policy of the Government has, as indicated, steadily favored agriculture, and it is certain that the development of the cotton industry will go on; the officials claim that regularity of the water-supply is now assured, and plans are already mooted to provide for an important increase in the irrigation and drainage facilities, which will render very large

tracts of now unused land cultivable.* The funds therefor are available, and the policy of further enlarging cotton areas will prevail. Should the progress on these lines equal that made in the recent past, Egypt's power to demand gold will be proportionately increased. While it is true that food-products are now imported in much larger measure than formerly, because of the lessened production compared with home demand, the substitution of cotton has proved a great economic advantage. Comparing the decade 1888 to 1897 with 1906, exports of beans and cereals have diminished from $4,500,000 annually to practically nothing, whereas imports of cereals and flour increased $6,500,000; but exports of cotton and cotton-seed have increased $60,000,000 in value—a net trade gain of $49,000,000.

Lord Cromer in his last report intimates that the annual cotton crop may be increased to 10,000,000 cantars, as against the present product of 7,000,000. At the export value for the year 1906, it is thus possible that Egypt may have a solid credit item in trade of over $160,000,000 for cotton alone. It needs only to increase the crop by 43 per cent. to bring about the maximum; that percentage of gain was accomplished in the past decade. There will, therefore, probably be an even greater annual diversion of yellow metal to Egyptian hoards; an economic fact fully as important as that which has for more than seventy years been observed in the case of India, where $900,000,000 of gold has been absorbed by hoarding. All the arts of modern finance have failed to counteract this Oriental habit of depriving the world of so much of its basis for liquid capital.

M. L. MUHLEMAN.

* For example, the Wadi Rayan project, long ago proposed by one of our citizens, Mr. Cope Whitehouse. See U. S. Senate Doc., 104, 1906.

WHITTIER.

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, LAMPSON PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT YALE UNIVERSITY.

TUESDAY, December 17th, 1907, marks the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier. It is probable that his great fame was never greater than it is to-day; it also seems evident that he is a permanent figure in America, and that his poetry forms a permanent contribution to English literature. Just why this uneducated farmer should have become a major poet, while so many clever verse-experts of higher æsthetic temperament remain distinctly "minor," constitutes an interesting literary problem.

Whittier was born at East Haverhill, Massachusetts, of old Yankee stock. His father was poor, and the boy had to work on the farm. His school education was exceedingly scanty, and he was obliged to support himself during term-time by manual labor. Later he taught at the Academy, a (to him) detestable job; then he became a journalist in various towns in New England and the East. He fell in love with a Hartford girl, offered his heart and hand, and was rejected. He planned a journey in the Far West, which ill health caused him to abandon; the same unpleasant reason forced him to give up a political career, for which his soul burned with ambition. Under Garrison's influence he became an antislavery man, devoting many of the best years of his life to this unpopular cause; his wisdom, moderation and calmness in the conflict finally bringing him sharp rebukes from the leader, to whom such qualities were incomprehensible. After the war, he lived in contented seclusion, and died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, on the seventh of September, 1892, having nearly attained the age of eighty-five years.

He was essentially a lonely man. Romantic by temperament, susceptible to feminine charms, and exactly constituted for the happiness of love and domestic life, he was doomed to austere celibacy. Filled with curiosity for distant places, and having as contemporaries Irving, who spent over twenty years of his life in Europe; Cooper, who, besides his voyages, lived abroad seven successive years; Bryant, who made six excursions to the Old World; Longfellow, who knew Europe perhaps better than his native land—Whittier's travels were bounded on the north by the limits of New England, on the east by the neighboring shore, on the south by Washington, and on the west by Harrisburg. Brought up a Quaker, he was cut off from the cheerful human activities of New England churches, the most prominent feature of village social life. The curse of constant headaches and chronic insomnia made him almost a prisoner, or, as Barrett Wendell phrases it, he was "generally troubled by that sort of robust poor health which frequently accompanies total abstinence." But with all these discouragements, privations, and enforced renunciations, he seems to have preserved the temperament of a beautiful child.

Whittier wrote poetry from earliest youth up to the last moments of his life, his excellent poem to Oliver Wendell Holmes appearing about a week before his death. His successive volumes were the chief events in his existence. Now, if we could borrow a word from the science of Mathematics, we might roughly divide poetry into two classes,—Pure and Applied. Pure poetry would be poetry entirely sufficient unto itself; it gives pleasure merely; its final aim is Beauty. Poets of high distinction who have successfully endeavored to compose pure poetry are John Keats and Edgar Allan Poe. Applied poetry would include instances where the poet's art is applied to some great moral aim, as the religious elevation of humanity, or something still more specific, like the abolition of slavery. Most of Whittier's productions come under the head of Applied Poetry. He makes no claim to be either *Poeta* or *Vates*. He says:

> "Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
> No rounded art the lack supplies;
> Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
> Or softer shades of Nature's face,
> I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

"Nor mine the seerlike power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

"Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own."

Whittier would seem to illustrate Tolstoy's definition of art; if I understand the Russian apostle, he maintains that Poetry, Fiction, and Drama should be written wholly under the impulse of the religious consciousness. For this reason he despises Shakespeare, and regards his own tracts as greater than "Anna Karenina." Whittier's poetic creed would surely please him.

To the sensation-seeker, Whittier's poems seem to lack many of the qualities that have brought permanent fame to other writers. The eternal and predominant theme of poetry—Love-Passion—is highly conspicuous by its almost complete absence; we search in vain for the salt of humor; there is very little internal struggle; for, while Whittier's religious faith was weak in dogma, it was strong in assurance; the swift march of his narrative is often delayed by didactic *impedimenta;* and his imagination seldom soars to a thrilling height. Yet he unquestionably belongs to the glorious company of true poets.

In the first place, he had something which is the only real foundation of Art, as it is of Character—absolute Sincerity. Both the man and the poet were simply incapable of deliberate falsehood. His best poems are transparent like a mountain lake. The pure in heart shall see God; and they see many lowly things as well, for their eyes are clairvoyant, unclouded by selfish desire. No taint of self-pity mars—as it does in Byron—Whittier's poems of Nature. He could not interpret Nature like Wordsworth, but he could *accurately portray in verse the things that he saw,* a very rare gift. His pictures of the New England winter landscape are too familiar to quote; but he is something more than a snow-poet. The very Genius of Summer is in these lines:

"Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold,
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,

And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright staves.
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,
Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf
With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,
Confesses it. The locust by the wall
Stabs the moon-silence with his sharp alarm.
A single hay-cart down the dusty road
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep
On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,
The sheep show white, as if a snow-drift still
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,
And white sweet-clover, and shy mignonette—
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
To the pervading symphony of peace."

Such passages class Whittier among our foremost American poets of nature; and they prove that in fidelity to detail he was as sincere artistically as he was morally in his attacks upon slavery.

Again, if Hawthorne was, as has been happily said, the Ghost of New England, Whittier was its Soul. The rocky hillsides of the North Shore had complete dominion over his heart. And (whether we like it or not) New England, though narrow geographically, has always held the intellectual and moral hegemony of America. There was a vast difference between the Yankee farmer and a European peasant. The former owned the land that he tilled, as his fathers had before him. The Yankee farmers were often poor, often uncultured: but they were never servile; they were kings, recognizing no superior but God. Now, Whittier knew the Massachusetts farmer's life as well as any man who ever lived: and no one has ever expressed it better than he. His poetic realism is both external and internal. He gives us naïvely all the details of the farm, together with the spirit of the New England home. Busy men in city offices who had been born and bred in the country read "Snow-Bound" in a golden glow of reminiscence. The picture is simply final in its perfection, without and within. Not only is it perfect in outline, but perfect in its expression of the castlelike security and proud independence of the Home. The right word to describe the inner meaning of this poem is unfortunately not in the English language, and it

is rather curious that we must seek it in the French. The French, as has been wearisomely pointed out, have no word for home; but we have no word that exactly expresses the significance of *foyer*. It is, however, the real basis of Whittier's greatest poem.

Finally, in the wide field of Religious Poetry, Whittier achieved true greatness. Some one has said that the Puritans represented the Old Testament, and the Quakers the New. Surely, no religious sect in the world has ever had a finer history in virtues of omission and commission than the Society of Friends. Whittier is primarily a Christian poet, a child of faith. He fulfils one of the highest functions of the poet—he not only inspires us in the midst of the daily work and drudgery, but he comforts and sustains weary and sore hearts. He followed the gleam. Like that old Churchman, George Herbert, Whittier's intense piety did not restrict one iota the bonds of his immense charity. The same spirit that kept him from hating the slaveholders made him a genuine admirer of men whose religious principles he could not follow. His poem, "The Eternal Goodness," embraces a larger number of true Christians than the Apostles' Creed. On the more positive side, it is pleasant to note his manly, sturdy defence of his sect in the verses called "The Meeting." I have always believed that this particular poem was inspired by Browning's "Christmas Eve." The definite attitude toward religious worship taken by both poets is precisely similar. They both cheerfully recognize the ignorance and uncouthness of the pious band; but there each chose to abide, for there each thought he found the largest measure of sincerity.

It is a splendid tribute to the essential goodness of popular taste that Whittier has triumphed and will triumph over all the modern sensational poets who delight in clever paradoxes, affected forms of speech, and in mentioning the unmentionable. The "Complete Poetical Works" of Whittier are aglow with the divine fire of a great Personality—a personality whose influence makes for everything that is best in civilization, and which had to so high a degree that childlike simplicity of which the Kingdom of Heaven is made.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER AND RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

"ANCESTORS."*

WHETHER Mrs. Atherton's latest volume, "Ancestors," represents her highest achievement in fiction it would be premature to decide; but this, at least, may be said with some confidence, that of all her novels it offers the best criterion of the strength and the weakness of her artistic creed, the triumphs and the failures of her literary methods. Whatever place is ultimately to be assigned to her works, it must be conceded that she stands apart from the other women novelists of America, since not one of them combines in like degree the broad, uncompromising outlook upon life, and the vigorous, almost virile, sweep of phrase and sentence that so largely determine the calibre of such a book as "Ancestors." Of all Mrs. Atherton's literary assets, the most valuable is her searching knowledge of men and women, her impartial recognition of evil and of good. She understands the potency of sex in all the ordinary relations of human life; she makes us feel the thrill of crude, basic emotions which so often lie just beneath the surface veneer of culture and convention. Every now and then she flings before us some trenchant truth, some probing analysis that stirs us to a gasping wonder at the quality of her insight. If only her technique of construction equalled her frank and clear-eyed understanding of human nature she might be unhesitatingly placed very high among the exponents of the best realism.

It would be both foolish and misleading to suggest that Mrs. Atherton does not understand precisely what she is doing each time that she constructs a plot. On the contrary, while a book like "Ancestors" leaves the impression that she has not

* "Ancestors." By Gertrude Atherton. Harper & Brothers: New York.

practised the best economies of her art, that certain episodes lack structural importance, that the story as a whole has the effect of being too loosely knit, there is an equally strong conviction that she has written in this way deliberately, sacrificing certain advantages for the sake of greater fidelity to the truth of life as she sees it. Of course, in real life, although we admit the ceaseless working of the law of cause and effect, there are a hundred daily happenings of which we do not pretend to understand the significance, careless words and deeds whose relation to the life stories that we are each of us living is quite hidden from us. It is, however, accepted as one of the fundamental axioms of narrative-writing that the author should act as an interpreter of life, carefully eliminating the non-essential, and with equal care making quite plain the structural importance of each character and episode that he introduces. Yet the realist, seeing how persistently the non-essential obtrudes itself, in the real world, at every hour of the day, feels that to leave out of a novel every person not directly concerned in the story, every event that does not carry forward the main action, is to leave out one of the ubiquitous elements of life, and to that extent incur the risk of seeming artificial. Naturally, there is some justice on each side of the question, and any rule that you lay down calls for a liberal construction.

A brief examination of "Ancestors" will make clear the point involved. It must in justice be recognized as a rather big book, full of brilliant pages and stirring scenes, and not seldom startling you with pitiless pictures of the naked souls of men and women. And yet, when you start to sum it up, to tell with the brevity of a ten-word telegram just what it stands for, you find yourself curiously at a loss. The story is so overlaid with side issues, so broken in upon by intruding characters, that it seems rash to say that Mrs. Atherton meant definitely a certain thing and nothing else. In the main, of course, the theme is the power of ancestry as compared with that of environment; more specifically a study of the contrast in development of the self-same strain of blood when exposed respectively to the conditions of English and American life. Apparently Mrs. Atherton's central thesis is that the inherited qualities which go to make the best type of Englishman would, under favorable conditions, produce the best type of American. For this purpose she chooses for her central figure

a young English statesman, Elton Gwynne, who is already a leader in the House of Commons, and for whom his friends prophesy the office of Premier at no distant day. But the sudden death of Elton Gwynne's grandfather and cousin by raising him to the peerage crushes out all hope of political advancement, for in the House of Lords he will be buried alive. During the crucial weeks that follow, while he is slowly awakening to the certainty that his public career is at an end, he comes more and more under the influence of an American cousin, Isabel Otis, whose California home adjoins an extensive ranch belonging to Gwynne's mother. It is through Isabel's clear-sighted presentment of the case that Gwynne begins to entertain, at first laughingly, and then with growing seriousness, the proposition of leaving London, expatriating himself, settling on his California ranch, and in a new environment and under strange conditions carving out for himself the political career which Fate denied him at home.

It is difficult to give, in a brief analysis, an adequate impression of the graphic power with which Mrs. Atherton presents the contrasting pictures of conventional English life and the untrammelled freedom of the Far West. There is never for an instant a sense of flatness in the canvas that she paints with such bold and sweeping strokes. Everywhere you get an impression of seeing far down lengthening vistas, beyond which there are other distances, other phases of life that you cannot see, but only dimly guess at. A dozen times, in the earlier part of the story, the English part, you find yourself wonderingly exclaiming, "How she does understand these people! how she does see through them!" and, later on, when the scene has shifted to California, you find yourself even more emphatically expressing the same wonderment. Admirable, also, is the study of Elton Gwynne's gradual development under the new conditions, the successive steps by which he ceases to be an Englishman and becomes heart and soul an American citizen, aglow with the pioneer spirit and the pride of conquest. And one of the natural, almost inevitable, consequences of this change is the simultaneous awakening of Gwynne to a knowledge of his love for the American cousin, whose divergence from all the standards of womanhood his youth had known had at their first meeting distinctly repelled him.

Yet, big and complex as the volume is, full of the surge and rush of human crowds, the clashing interests of eager, striving,

ambitious lives, one feels convinced that its seven-hundred-odd pages would have gained in strength with more compression, more simplicity, more definite correlation of the parts to the whole and to one another. That Gwynne's grandfather and cousin should die was a condition precedent necessary to his inheritance of the title; yet, with the one suffering from a feeble heart and the other a consumptive, their decease could have been compassed quite simply. There was really no need of dragging in an unsavory episode of a married woman, a rival, a quarrel at the club, a murder, and then the cousin's suicide, and his cruel farewell letter to the grandfather he hated, which gives the shock that kills him. That the riotous blood which flows in the veins of all of Gwynne's kinsfolk should now and again prompt them to strange rebellions against the conventions of their age and world is natural enough; one can understand the half-guessed frailties which for a generation had made Gwynne's mother, the Lady Victoria, the object of curious gossip; but the sudden degenerate impulse which, on the threshold of middle life, leads her to make herself notorious with a degraded San Francisco prize-fighter seems unjustified by any structural necessity of the main story. That Isabel, during the twenty-five years preceding her meeting with Elton Gwynne, should have met some other man who for a time stirred her heart, is quite within the rules of probability; but that she should have spent three of those years in an unchaperoned ramble through Europe, and largely in the Bohemian art circle of Munich, living in careless, if not actually questionable, relations with a worn-out wreck of a man, who dies just in time to save her from worse folly, and whose death she does not learn until she comes face to face with his shrunken and yellow corpse in the *Leichenhalle* at the cemetery—all this has about as little direct connection with the rest of the story as the interspersed tales with which the *picaresco* novelists used to break the continuity of their hero's adventures.

Mrs. Atherton's closing chapter pictures with undeniable power the tremendous, spectacular, awe-inspiring tragedy of the San Francisco earthquake, and the flames that followed in its wake. As a piece of sheer description, it compels wondering admiration. But structurally it adds nothing to the story. The destiny of the principal actors has already been decided. Gwynne's citizenship is a thing accomplished; his marriage to Isabel is arranged

for even to the day and hour; their physical well-being and their heart's content are both assured; the earthquake adds nothing to them, and it takes nothing away. One can think of a dozen ways in which Mrs. Atherton could have woven that final scene into the very warp and woof of the story. Instead, it is simply a gorgeous drop-curtain, which descends after the play is finished, and while the band is playing, and the audience, with their backs turned, are passing out, their thoughts already fixed on other things.

And yet there is another aspect of "Ancestors" that goes far towards justifying that closing description of the flame-swept city. Mrs. Atherton has not deliberately assigned the leading rôle in her story to the city itself in the way that Zola assigned it to his city, in the novel called "Paris," so as to make our interest in the city's destiny paramount to that of any individual lives. Yet much of the time one feels that she herself, sub-consciously, perhaps, cares more for the life of the city, the throb of the city's heart, than for any man or woman in the book. That is why she has caught not merely her city's outward physiognomy, but its inner and vital spirit, in a way that has not before been done in fiction; so that the book will be remembered less as a chronicle of individual human beings than as a huge kaleidoscopic picture of metropolitan life, a monument to the old San Francisco which has passed away.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

IN THE DAYS OF JOHN HARVARD.*

THE clearest insight yet afforded into the environment and personality of John Harvard is due to an author who is neither a graduate of Harvard nor an American. Yet it would be the baldest chauvinism to emphasize the fact. The book before us seeks to picture the personality of an English scholar. John Harvard's youth was spent in London. His culture was due to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Of his brief span of thirty-one years, only a little over a year was spent in the New England where his work lives after him to teach "that one disinterested deed of hope and faith may crown a brief and broken life with deathless fame." There is a fitness in the fact that an English

* "John Harvard and His Times." By Henry C. Shelley. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company.

man of letters familiar by inheritance and association with the larger part of his theme should have given us, on the three hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth, our most vivid and plausible picture of the earliest benefactor of education in this country. Mr. Shelley has realized a charming and persuasive atmosphere, but the facts, if we follow modern insistence upon sources, were due most of all to the investigations of the American antiquarian, Mr. Henry F. Waters. The historical results of the researches of the last twenty years were summarized by Mr. Waters in the June number of the "Harvard Graduate's Magazine."

It is no detraction from the supplementary value and interest of Mr. Shelley's work if we recognize at once that his is a secondary book. There is no question of such discoveries of sources among old wills and musty records as crowned the work of Henry F. Waters nearly a quarter of a century ago. Up to that time our knowledge was almost a blank. In the decade which brought the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Harvard, Benjamin Pierce, in his History of Harvard College (1833), was forced to pass over the founder with little more than mention. President Josiah Quincy, in his history (1840), could only say, "That John Harvard was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, emigrated to this country in 1637 and was immediately admitted a freeman of the Jurisdiction and a member of the church in Charlestown is all that is known concerning him with distinctness and certainty." Two years later James Savage, author of the famous "Genealogical Dictionary of New England," searched England for new material and found practically nothing beyond John Harvard's signature at Emmanuel College. There were no claimants in response to his offer of $500 for five lines of exact information.

But in 1883 Mr. Waters was commissioned to institute a search which began with a most exhaustive reading of old wills at Somerset House. The clues finally obtained by this Harvard graduate led to results of extraordinary interest. Briefly, he found who John Harvard was and where he belonged. He identified his father—like Cardinal Wolsey, John Harvard was the son of a butcher—and traced his mother, Katherine Rogers, to the home of her father, Thomas Rogers, in Stratford, where the latter was a butcher and corn-chandler, of large affairs according

to Halliwell-Phillips, and an associate of Shakespeare's father in the government of the town. The identification of John Harvard with the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark, where he was christened, was made complete. The old Queen's Head Inn, which Mr. Waters visited and Mr. William Rendle described in his "Inns of Old Southwark" (1888), was shown to be as the largest single item of property left to John Harvard by his mother.

This outline of salient results seems desirable in view of a certain lack of detailed acknowledgments in Mr. Shelley's pages. He brackets Mr. Waters and Mr. Rendle together in phrases which, as regards the former, seems to us singularly incomplete. It would have been fitting also to make some special mention of a little book published in 1894, Dr. Thompson's History of St. Saviour's Church, with its records of associations with kings and queens, cardinals and martyrs, and names high on the roll of English men of letters. But so much of stricture in passing tempers but slightly enjoyment of the painstaking and ingenious re-creation of atmosphere in the only book which has been devoted to John Harvard's life and times.

In outlining literary and political characteristics of his earlier years, it has been obviously necessary to indicate the keynote of Puritanism at once, and the book naturally becomes a picture of the vicissitudes of English Non-conformists in the generation which followed after the death of Elizabeth. The persecutions by Laud, which drove so many Puritan ministers to New England —Cotton and Hooker are among them—are vividly reflected in the earlier chapters. As to the daily life, the studies and tempered recreations which young Harvard must have shared, a plausible reconstruction has been effected from the note-books of a neighbor, one Nehemiah Wallington. Elsewhere, particularly in the years at Emmanuel College, this method of inference from contemporary documents has been applied with results enlightening and full of interest, though naturally lacking scientific exactitude.

In one case, however, the author's zeal in historic restoration leads him far afield. If Shakespeare were not Shakespeare we should hardly have so elaborate an argument that he may well have been the means of bringing together the father and mother of John Harvard. We have seen that the father of John Harvard's mother was a neighbor and associate of Shakespeare's

father at Stratford. From 1596 to 1611 Shakespeare himself was associated with Southwark. The Globe Theatre was there, and there in St. Saviour's Church, where John Harvard was christened, November 29, 1607, William Shakespeare, less than a month afterward, stood by the grave of his brother Edmund. The incongruity of close association between the Puritan butcher, Robert Harvard, and the actor-playwright is manfully met by the author, but that Shakespeare was the match-maker must be accounted as somewhat far-fetched, if ingenious, speculation. Mr. Waters, in pointing out the connection, simply says: "It is fair to suppose that Shakespeare was acquainted with his townswoman, John Harvard's mother, and he may, in his younger years, have taken part in some play performed in the yard of the Queen's Head Inn."

Again and again the reader finds himself indebted to Mr. Shelley's research into the life, manners and customs of the times. Now it is the processions through Southwark, which John Harvard must have witnessed as a boy. Later, when at twenty he entered Emmanuel College, Mr. Shelley is unwearied in sketching not only the Puritan atmosphere at Emmanuel, but also the personality of instructors and students, and such suggestive bits of color as the visit of Charles I and the award of a degree to Rubens, both of which John Harvard must have seen. But the younger sons of Harvard should doubtless be more heedful of the fact that his name never appears among those set down for "admonitions," and that he took the B.A. and M.A. degrees in the minimum time. The modern undergraduates may read with a keener relish than their president that football received the official approval of Emmanuel College in John Harvard's time.

When the young graduate returned from the Commencement of July, 1635, it was to a home made vacant by the death of the mother to whom, and to the brother Thomas, Harvard University also owes a debt of gratitude. He held the first place in her will. In April, 1636, came his marriage to his friend's sister, Anne Sadler, in the church of South Malling, where the entry has been identified, and there followed his final decision, doubtless long a matter of debate, to emulate others of his belief who had sought religious freedom in a new land. The collection of a library, the sale of some of his inherited real estate in Southwark, and

other preparations must have occupied him up to the time of sailing in the spring of 1637; and his voyage may well have lasted for twelve weeks.

It was the irony of fate that this young clergyman, fleeing from religious persecution and false doctrine, should have arrived in Charlestown in the midst of the bitter theological warfare evoked by the "Antinomian heresies" of Anne Hutchinson. Nevertheless, there was a vacancy in the Charlestown church and there he was installed not as pastor, but as "teacher," his duty being "to explain and defend the doctrines of Scripture." Land was assigned to him, he built a house, and interested himself in his duties and in the affairs of the colony. To him, fresh from the English university, the college authorized by the General Court clearly appealed with peculiar force. His own time was short; it was for him to pass on the torch, and when his last hours came, September 14th, 1638, although he left no written will, he made it clear that one-half his estate and all his library should be given to the new college at Cambridge. The legacy of money alone was probably double the amount originally appropriated by the General Court. But it was due to the Court that the college took his name. His legacy was without conditions. There was no thought of self-aggrandizement. The days of this most modest benefactor were not the days of oil and steel.

No portrait of John Harvard has come down to us. No line of his writing, not even his autograph, is preserved in this country. Only one book remains from his library. Although a monument to his memory was reared in Charlestown in 1828, the exact site of his final resting-place continues open to question. We have the more reason, therefore, to value this book, which synthesizes in popular form the results of researches into his life and provides a more definite—we may almost say a more intimate—understanding of his life and surroundings than we have ever had before. The three hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth comes at a time when the record of his stainless, unselfish life may be pondered to good purpose. In the words of President Eliot at the unveiling of French's ideal statue in the Harvard Delta in 1884, "This pure, gentle, resolute youth will teach that the good which men do lives after them, fructified and multiplied beyond all power of measurement or computation."

RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

WORLD-POLITICS.

ST. PETERSBURG: WASHINGTON.

ST. PETERSBURG.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction in contemporary Russian history, where wonders are daily wrought by revolutionaries even when they are only mischievous scholars playing truant. Feats that might well seem impossible to intrepid soldiers are achieved with ease by beardless boys. A few days ago fifteen striplings held up a train on the South Western Railway and carried out an elaborate plan with the thoroughness of a Japanese army corps. Nowadays trains are accompanied and protected by special armed guards, but these enterprising lads bound the guards, the watchmen, the engine-drivers, the conductors, the comptrollers, and then terrorized hundreds of passengers and set to work. Unable to force open the safe, they blew up the luggage-van with dynamite, setting fire to it; they then robbed the mail-wagon, detached the engine from the train and departed on it, leaving the passengers helpless. All Russia marvelled at the push and energy of these youthful citizens. Equally characteristic was the exploit of a lad, a few days later, who, entering a second-class railway-carriage, pulled out his revolver and cried, "Hands up!" And all hands went up, except those of one passenger, who, unarmed as he was, rushed at the bandit, knocked him down and called upon his fellow travellers to help him. But the fellow travellers all sat still as if kept in position by some wizard's spell. Finally, the highwayman escaped, leaving his revolver behind, leaped from the train and made off in the darkness unscathed.

Youth which ought to be the hope of the nation is thus become the source of its fears. That is the burden of nearly all the plaintive utterances one hears on the decay of Russia. One of the most recent of these emanates from Count Tolstoy, the vener-

able sage of Yassnaya Polyana, whose literary jubilee of over half a century has been allowed to pass unnoticed. No, not wholly unnoticed: shots were fired at his house by some lads, who went unpunished. At the tea-table, next day, the Count said:

"Youth no longer shows respect to age. I recollect a venerable old peasant named Yermiloff, who dwelt here in Yassnaya Polyana. He had a large family, and whenever the members quarrelled he was their judge. He was wont to lock up his daughters-in-law in two different rooms of the ground floor when they fell out. And such was the authority he enjoyed that his decision was never questioned. Now it is quite different. The old folks tell me that the young people refuse to acknowledge their authority.

"The other evening I was coming home from a walk in the park when the voices of children reached me from behind the trees. They were reviling each other in the coarsest and most obscene words. My first impulse was to pass on. Then it occurred to me that one of my own pupils might be among them. How could I walk on if that were possible! Well, I drew near to the group of children, and sure enough there was one of my former pupils, a pretty boy of twelve. But his glance was no longer pure, his eyes no longer those of a child. . . . I spoke to him. Was he not ashamed, I asked, to have uttered such coarse words? 'It wasn't me,' he answered, telling a lie. I pointed out to him that he, being the eldest among these children, was spoiling and ruining them. 'Ho! ho!' exclaimed the little boy provokingly and without winking. 'You should hear how they swear! Much worse than I.' Such an impression as this is unspeakably painful. The picture which it conjures up in my mind's eye is that of an upturned glass. Pour out as much water as you will, it will flow down the sides. Not a drop can enter the glass. Truly, it is terrible."

The press is largely responsible for this demoralization of Russia's youth. It exhorted the students and scholars to quit the lecture-halls for subterranean meetings of revolutionary societies, it helped to turn the temples of science into debating-rooms and bomb factories and it gave its readers falsehood as daily nourishment and truth only as medicine. And as for Russian parents, the least bitter thing one can say with truth is that they are even more difficult to educate than their children.

"One of the characteristic traits of our liberation movement," writes the chief Russian paper, "and of the press that illustrates it, is unfortunately glaring, shameless falsehood. This weapon is, so to say, hallowed by tradition. . . . Untruth is everywhere; like a cobweb it covers Russian life in all its aspects, veils its eyes, hinders it from seeing, dulls its hearing. Meanwhile the human

spiders diligently spin their web, zealously invent lies, eagerly deceive and dissemble, yet drape themselves in the toga of integrity which becomes them as a saddle might become a cow."

It is not merely that political fanatics, who think that the end justifies the means, deliberately give currency to an untruth. But lies are the very staff of life, as it were. Circumstantial stories of every conceivable kind are therefore invented and given to the world. A short time ago, one of the most widely read journals in St. Petersburg, commenting upon the need of elegance in life, informed its readers that the walls of the Café Luitpold in Munich are decorated with splendid frescoes painted by Lenbach. As a matter of fact, Lenbach had neither time nor inclination to decorate *cafés*, and he never painted a fresco in his life.

That the press organ of the Russian League should accuse the Finnish people of hatching a plot to kill the Tsar by running his yacht on to a rock is not surprising. For the motive is manifest. But for that very reason the calumny is harmless. Few people now favor the odious theory put forward by the "*Russkoye Znamya*" to account for the accident to the Tsar's yacht. Everybody finds the explanation adequate which Russian negligence affords, and many monarchists fear that this ingrained predisposition to perfunctoriness will one day give the terrorists the opportunity which they are now eagerly seeking to slay the Tsar and strike his adherents with panic. Only a few days ago the central press organ of the revolutionary party frankly, nay, brutally, expressed the conviction that soon a real trial would take place of genuine regicides for the slaying of the Tsar. Unhappily, forewarned is not forearmed in Russia.

Miracles of thoughtlessness amuse or horrify the foreign observer of Russian life almost every day. But they are one and all of the type which was so admirably illustrated by an amazing incident that occurred in the early days of the reign of Alexander II. In May of the year 1857 the Grand Duke Nicholas was on board a steamer sailing down the river Volkhoff. As the captain, a Russian, did not inspire much confidence, an English captain, resident in St. Petersburg, was hurriedly sent for and installed on the bridge. It was a measure of precaution, nothing more. The Englishman, taking it for granted that things were what they seemed to be, bade the stokers do their work well. He could not assume that the furnaces and boilers were defective,

and he was consequently stupefied to learn that the flames were coming out through a long hole in the metal and that the ship was in danger of being burned to ashes. The captain gave orders that the fire should be extinguished. Buckets were accordingly fetched, filled with water, and then found to be useless, owing to great cracks through which the water leaked out. Undaunted, the British seaman ordered the men to lower the life-boat. His command was quickly obeyed, but it was inefficacious because the boat, being dried and warped, had large cracks and on reaching the water sank before his eyes. Disgusted, the captain had a hawser cast to the bank of the river, but as it had been long out of use it was rotten and snapped. Finally the Grand Duke, the captain and all the human beings on board forded the river without difficulty and then saw the ship burn to the water's edge.

But if the "Nichevo"* mood and implicit trust in St. Nicholas are the bane of the common people, formality and routine are the undoing of the upper classes. Use and wont give rise to a number of suppositions and stories which have no foundation in fact. Here is one sensational tale which lately grew out of the habit which soldiers and officers are obliged to cultivate of answering their superiors in the words, "It is exactly so" *(tochnotak)*. During the manœuvres at Krassnoye Selo this summer, the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolayevitch was on the field following the evolutions of the troops. He is the personage whose life was twice attempted last winter and whose influence with the Emperor, which is sometimes decidedly beneficent, is nearly always considerable. The attacking body of soldiers having fired, the Grand Duke, who is no coward, suddenly rose up in his saddle, grew pale and moved aside to consult with a group of officers. Then a general rode over, and addressing the commander of the attacking troops, asked how it happened that one or more of the soldiers had used ball cartridges. The officer lost his head, stuttered, denied the allegation and fell silent. The general said: "But the bullet fell at His Imperial Highness's feet. Here [turning to some officers behind him], is not that so?" "It is exactly so, Your Excellency," was the reply. Exactly. They were accustomed to make this reply, and they made it. And it lent color to a story which was utterly groundless. The commanding

* "Nichevo" means, among many other things, "Never mind," "Don't worry." It is constantly in the mouths of Russians.

officer, having recovered his reasoning powers, began to explain that ball cartridges could not have been distributed, but the general rode away, leaving the story on record. The truth would seem to be that, so elaborate and numerous and effectual are the precautions taken, a mistake is practically impossible. Yet the legend is now believed that among the troops in camp a couple of months ago certain officers and men conspired to take the life of the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolayevitch and went the length of firing at him.

Political passions in Russia are gradually subsiding. Things and persons are beginning to be seen in correct perspective. The masses yearn for peace and are willing to pay heavily for it. They are no longer concerned whether the Duma snatches more prerogatives from the Tsar than he accorded in his Manifesto. In the elections, they take but little interest, most of the qualified voters keeping away from the polling-booths. The Government, willing to work with any Chamber, hopes great things from the third Duma, and is covering $5,000 worth of paper with bills and proposals for its consideration. But perhaps the most characteristic of all these signs of the times are the "Home-comers." These are political convicts who, having escaped from the prisons, the strongholds and the penal colonies of Siberia, are voluntarily coming back. The phenomenon is unprecedented. The curious people of Siberia asked the returning convicts for an explanation. "The general stagnation of things political, and the difficulty of obtaining revolutionary employment," was the answer. "The miseries of an illegal life are easily borne," one of the home-comers added, "when they are outweighed by the consciousness that you are doing good work. But when you lack this set-off illegal life is unbearable."

WASHINGTON, *November, 1907.*

WHEN President Roosevelt heard of the failure of the Westinghouse corporation, he is said to have ejaculated naïvely, "Why, I never meant to hurt Westinghouse!" The company in question, as its receiver will easily be able to demonstrate, was and is solvent, but its notes, which were negotiable anywhere three months ago, could not be discounted at the time of the corporation's collapse, owing to the state of the money market. A great manufacturing company must, of course, meet with cash

many of its continually recurring obligations. The sphere of the Westinghouse Company's operations, moreover, had of late been extended greatly, though by no means beyond the compass of its resources had the normal conditions of credit prevailed. Unfortunately, the delicately poised structure of credit, which, as regards the ratio of its dimensions to currency has been compared to a pyramid standing on its apex, had been jostled rudely, with the result that legal tenders were unprocurable in quantities adequate to the needs of the American community. The spectacle which we have witnessed during the last few weeks has recalled that which was presented in the United States during 1837, not long after the beginning of Van Buren's administration. When President Jackson had withdrawn the Government deposits from the United States Bank, he had dealt a deadly blow to the resources and the credit, not only of that corporation, but of a multitude of dependent and affiliated concerns. The grave consequences of the act did not disclose themselves immediately, but the ultimate outcome was the destruction of public confidence, not only in bank-notes, but in every species of commercial paper. Enterprise was paralyzed; commerce halted; the myriad wheels of industry were stopped. It seemed scarcely worth while for farmers to sow seed beyond what would suffice to meet their personal wants, for there was no certainty that a surplus could be disposed of at a profit. No historian of the period has expressed a doubt that, had the panic of 1837 occurred a year earlier, not only Jackson's policies, but Jackson himself, had he come forward for a third term, would have been repudiated loudly and fiercely at the ballot-box. As it happened, Jackson's favorite lieutenant, Van Buren, was left to bear the brunt of the storm, with the result that he was beaten overwhelmingly when he came up for reëlection in 1840. Unquestionably, Van Buren was a scapegoat for Jackson's sins. Mr. Roosevelt has been less fortunate than the hero of New Orleans. The Roosevelt panic has taken place a twelvemonth before the end of his second term. It is possible, of course, that the devastation threatened by the Roosevelt panic may be checked and circumscribed, thanks to the self-sacrificing efforts of some of the very financiers whom the President has striven persistently to injure in public esteem. We say *self-sacrificing,* for it is obvious that a banker who has at his disposal, or can procure easily, ten, twenty, thirty millions

of dollars in cash, could double or treble his capital by simply remaining passive, and allowing a panic to take its course, before making investments. To lend money at ten per cent. at such a critical conjuncture, when more than a hundred per cent. had been offered, is recognized throughout the land as an act of magnanimous beneficence.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the Roosevelt panic has been quelled, and that the President's popularity, though impaired by it, has not been extinguished, we are still confronted with the question, Could the present occupant of the White House obtain a third term, if, in spite of his repeated declarations, he should let himself be persuaded to accept another nomination? It is certain that the chatter about a third term for Mr. Roosevelt is gathering volume at Washington, and the assertion is now often made in quarters usually well informed that, under certain circumstances, he may be prevailed upon to run in 1908. Those who desire to see the President the next Republican nominee allege that there has been no wide-spread and vehement protest against the suggestion, and from this circumstance they deduce that silence has already given assent. They forget that the deep-rooted hostility of the American people to a third term has not yet been provoked to earnest expression, because few people have believed that, under any conceivable pressure, the President could be prevailed upon to forswear his proclaimed determination not to accept a renomination. They ought to take warning, however, from the fact that already Mr. Roosevelt has had his Burchard in the person of a professor in a Western college, who, with amazing fatuity, has declared at a public meeting that the national welfare demands that the present Chief Magistrate shall be elected a King for life. This, in spite of the fact that experience has shown that the life-tenure of executive power, whether the office bear the title of Princeps, Mayor of the Palace, Lord Protector, First Consul or Prince-President, is apt to be transformed into an hereditary sovereignty. Amusing as this incident is, it undesignedly foreshadows the storm of obloquy and derision to which Mr. Roosevelt would be subjected should he defy an unwritten law of the republic and try to accomplish that which Washington, Jefferson and Jackson refrained from essaying, and in trying to attain which even the Man of Appomattox succumbed.

The circumstances under which the anti-third-term tradition was established, and also the outcome of the crucial test which it bore in 1880, have of late been recounted lucidly and briefly in the twenty-third volume of Hart's American Nation Historical Series. The author of that volume, Professor Edwin E. Sparks, of the University of Chicago, recalls that a proposal made in the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 to limit the Presidential term to seven years, but to make a President ineligible for a second term, was rejected, and that, consequently, Washington, the first Chief Magistrate, was at liberty to serve as many terms as public desire and his own judgment might dictate. Yet, contemplating retirement even toward the close of his first term, he wrote to Madison that "the spirit of the Government may render a rotation in the elective offices of it more congenial with the ideas of liberty and safety." Having consented to accept a second term because of the "perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations," he rejoiced four years later that the condition of the Republic no longer rendered "the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety." Professor Sparks goes on to remind us that in 1807 President Jefferson directed attention to the danger lest, "if some termination to the services of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, or supplied by practice, this office, nominally for years, will, in fact, become for life; and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance." Jefferson's determination to avert this menace, and to observe the "sound precedent of an illustrious predecessor," was praised in the press and at public meetings: rotation in the Presidential office was declared to be the bulwark of freedom. Between Jefferson and Jackson no Chief Magistrate was sufficiently popular to put this principle of the "unwritten Constitution" to the test, and Jackson had advocated so persistently in his Messages to Congress the adoption of an amendment prohibiting even a second term, that he could not think of accepting a third without stultifying himself. Fortunate was it, as we have said, for Jackson's reputation that he did not accept a third term, for, within a few months after he left the White House, the appalling panic of 1837 broke out, and his favorite for the succession to himself, Van Buren, was defeated easily in 1840, when he ran for the second term, because he was looked upon as per-

sonifying Jackson's financial policy, which had
tested.

So firmly planted became the antagonism to P
succession, that the six elected Presidents who
son served but one term each or less, and Lincol
in a quarter of a century to be chosen for a sec
Grant, also, who, at the head of great armies, h
after victory, and who had received the principal
for the restoration of the Union, a second term w
the recognition of the vastness of his services co
a revival of the old dread of a third term long be
drew to a close. Soon after Grant's second elec
"Cæsarism" was raised, and continued to be he
Third Term" became a shibboleth, so that Grant'
even presented to the Republican Convention of
however, early in 1880, Grant returned from a t
of the world, he was greeted with an outburst
thusiasm which some of his former lieutenants m
sire to have him returned to the Presidential ch
remembered that Conkling brought New York
third term for Grant; that Logan did the same th
and Cameron for Pennsylvania. Several minor
in the wake of these great commonwealths. M
persons who in 1876 would have opposed giving
term, supported him in 1880, on the ground that
ran only against a third consecutive term, and
years which had elapsed since Grant left office h
disability. In spite of the plausible, though esser
distinction thus drawn, the cries of alarm of fo
were reheard, and Cæsar, Cromwell and Napoleo
forward as examples of civic menace in a milit
result is well known. In the Republican Natio
of 1880, Grant never got more than 312 votes,
necessary for a choice. Then and there was it su
been demonstrated that there is to be no thir
American President, even if it be not consecutive.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

The Lesson of Aspasia.

We have never been able to understand why discursive communications marked "personal" or "not for publication" should be addressed to an editor; the very act is an impertinence, implying, as it does, complacent belief, on the part of the offender, in his possession of deeper knowledge or better morals or a finer spiritual quality, besides being cowardly if technically honest, or deceitful if shrouded in the ambiguity of a questionable signature. Persons who write such letters are like boys who, angered because of their expulsion from an apple-orchard, await the cover of darkness to vent their spite by hurling pebbles at the farmer's windows. Their effusions produce little effect upon the mind of even a novice and none at all upon that of one who has grown to regard, if not with disdain, at least with indifference, the immature opinions of the normally careless reader. The properly constituted and suitably trained editor, if not unduly vain, may feel measurably grateful to one who supplies him with information that otherwise he could obtain, if at all, only at great cost of time and energy; but individual views he holds lightly, even condescendingly, since already he possesses many more, such as they are, than he will ever be able to convey. But in the mind of casual quality the sense of due restraint yields readily to that of impulsive resentment, and timidity crowns the irresistible outburst with a mandate requiring concealment of identity. A letter from a woman thus afflicted with a grim determination to make known her views without accepting the responsibility for their utterance lies before us. It is marked with redundant emphasis "personal and *not* for publication"; but while, of course, we would not divulge the identity or betray the confidence of a foolish lady, even with her full permission, there seems to be no impropriety in reproducing

her sentiments behind the screen of anonymity. This, then, is what she writes in impatiently virile characters:

SIR,—I cannot let your philippic on woman go by—unrebuked.

Across the margin of my September NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW against that article I wrote:

"What this writer should do is to go back to the ancientest of ancient history, read up and acquaint himself with woman's achievements to the present time, and see how thoroughly man is eclipsed wherever she has had an inning. Another suggestion is that this writer cover himself with chagrin, and pray to be stayed with charity."

I think alongside of your remark, that "woman is a being so complex that only Divinity Himself would have had the hardihood to fetch her into existence," you should have added the opinion of that satiric poet, Hipponax, that "a man has only two pleasant days with his wife—one when he marries her, the other when he buries her."

I thought this number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW an unusually interesting one, but on nearing the end, when I found myself caught in the meshes of your article on woman, I assure you, as soon as I could extricate myself, I reverted again to my Athenian women—markedly Aspasia—as an antidote.

I feel very much like the Jew depicted in one of Hogarth's paintings. I do not recall the name of it, but the study is of a church of olden time, when pulpits were swung up high near the rafters, and the exhortations were ranting and boisterous. A Jew with pack on back, pipe in mouth, looks in through the window as he passes, and audibly "thanks God he is not a Christian." When I had finished your article, I thanked God not only that I was a woman, but that there are still pens wielded by Hamilton Wright Mabies, who estimate women at their true worth.

I think we women can extend you *no* absolution.

Passing gently over the pointless allusion—in rather sophomoric phrasing—to the painting, and disregarding the unintended reflection upon a distinguished *littérateur* in referring to him as a group instead of as a segregated combination of lucid mind and kindly disposition unique and incomparable, we have left for serious consideration only the striking example of woman's supremacy thus firmly raised before our dazzled vision. Aspasia was, indeed, a genius. She was forbidden by the unique Athenian law to contract marriage with a citizen, but it would be a grave mistake to assume that she was thereby deprived of opportunities to achieve greatness. On the contrary, strange to say, her apparent disqualification was her real opportunity; for the high-born Athenian girl, seemingly more fortunate, when at length she

was wedded to a husband who had been chosen for her by old women in her early years, was by custom relegated to the attic and forbidden that association with others which is essential to the development of mind and manners. But possessing neither beauty nor certain other attributes nowadays considered essential to the maintenance of a secure position in polite society, Aspasia's wit, wisdom, tact and charm sufficed to win for her a personal influence over learned men not wielded before or since by any woman. In common with all of the stranger-women, she was free to practise arts of pleasing, and was encouraged by custom to invent new methods of feeding the vanities of men. Undoubtedly, too, in studying how best to first ensnare and then enslave, she profited from the advice of the experienced philosophers, just as the gentle Theodota was guided by Socrates himself. That her ultimate success was purely intellectual is clearly evidenced by the fact that the most scrupulous citizens brought their own wives to her for instruction; but it is unlikely that the powerful Pericles would have been driven to the extremity of tears to win her acquittal from a sympathetic tribunal if, at the beginning, at least, her life had not been as sensual as that of the majority of her class.

But does not the real question relate less to the extent of Aspasia's influence than to the good or ill wrought by its exercise? It is true that she urged the unfortunate citizen women to strive to attain a higher level by cultivating attractiveness of mind and person; but she must have realized, possibly not without gratification, that advice so sardonic necessarily, however earnest, could avail little. In point of fact, indeed, the effect produced was quite the reverse of that apparently hoped for. The citizen women were depressed and the stranger-women were exhilarated by Aspasia's success; and from the day of her ascendancy the former lost ground steadily, and the latter became more and more prominent and influential, until finally the wives were lost sight of altogether. Not one of their names appears on the pages of history from Athens's golden age to its fall, while simultaneously the records abound increasingly in mention of the "companions." Nobody ever heard of Mrs. Plato, or Mrs. Aristotle, or Mrs. Epicurus, or Mrs. Isocrates; but Archeanassa, Herpyllis, Leontium and Metaneira were names familiar to every resident of Athens. So were scores of others. One writer painted fascinating pictures of one hundred and thirty-three; the comic poets

chronicled their witty sayings and turned them into verse; sculptors, inspired by the dazzling appearance of the most beautiful woman the world has ever seen, preserved to posterity their fine features; artists, statesmen, teachers—all were at their feet.

Meanwhile, the wives remained at home caring for unloved children, and so lost to the refinements of their ancestors that before the end of the dismal story we are told that they ate like dogs, tearing away meat with their teeth and cramming it into their mouths. And yet, in theory and before the law, these neglected and degraded women continued to be responsible for the propagation of a race, while no burden rested upon the shoulders of those better equipped, but unrecognized by the State. From the downfall of the nation which inevitably ensued, are we not forced not only to conclude that the decay of Athens began with the ascendancy of Aspasia, but also to infer that no State can long survive the humiliation of one sex by the other, or even withstand the unavoidable effect of open disregard of what might be termed instinctive convention?

If so, the lesson is one well learned in these days of loosening marital ties, since it supplements that which has come to be regarded as only a moral requirement with a vitally practical reason for sturdy resistance to further encroachments upon the wholesome condition traditionally attained through matrimony.

The obviously studied, though no less thoughtless, reference of our correspondent to the "opinion of that satiric poet, Hipponax," to the effect that the only two pleasant days a man has with his wife are those of her marriage and of her burial, could find response only in the shallowest of minds. An observation based upon aught else than truth is not satirical, but silly—and such is this of Hipponax. The fact, as, of course, every one of experience well knows, is that the most trying and profanity-provoking days in a man's life are those when he marries and buries a consort. On neither occasion is he the central figure; on each he is an object of sympathy, rather than of envy; and his masculine spirit revolts against the enforcement of passivity no less than against the interruption of business. A week or so later, in both cases, he becomes reconciled, enthusiastically or decorously, as the case may be, to the requirements of fate; but for the time being he is the most wretched of beings. To offer as an authority upon a topic so vital to the human race a choleric humpback whose sole

claim to distinction rests upon his invention of a choliambic measure substituting a spondee for the final iambus in an iambic trimeter is, to our mind, absurd. A "satiric poet," forsooth, who spared neither his own parents nor the gods, who never experienced even his own vaunted gratification at either marrying or burying a wife, because he never had one! A lot he knew about it as compared with us of the present enlightened day!

On Behalf of Satan.

As we approach the season when hearts are warmed by emotions of forbearance for saints and charity for sinners, it would seem to be fitting that somebody should say a good word for the devil. We fully recognize the disfavor in which he is ostensibly and somewhat ostentatiously held by those of us who would reluctantly admit, if pressed, that we may be better than our neighbors; and we appreciate the odium likely to be incurred by one who pleads for anything like a "square deal" for a cosmic politician whose regard for righteousness suffers sadly from the nature of his business. And yet, accustomed as we are to grant that any one who has achieved noteworthy success possesses some merit, we may not logically or fairly deny the right of consideration to an archangel who, after thousands of years of strife unexampled in point of bitterness, still manages, according to current opinion, to hold his own. True, we think or, at least, are glad to hope that the seemingly everlasting struggle between day and night, light and darkness, good and evil, is gradually working to the ultimate salvation of a small, though select, segment of the human race; but, even so, to depreciate the fighting quality of our chief adversary would reflect little credit upon a breed accustomed to acclaim its own sportsmanlike spirit.

Surely, if it be true, as our most religious observers declare, that Satan still has a greater following than all of the good angels combined, the fact is full of significance. And how accounted for? That he is shrewder and more industrious than the others we have been taught and may readily believe; but even that painful admission hardly suffices as an explanation. May it not be that Satan, in common with other politicians, has been misunderstood and misrepresented? His original offense seems not to have been unduly serious; he was only so ambitious, as we are informed, that he could not keep quiet, and his restlessness

made of him a common nuisance, as it has of others since, and Saint Michael was instructed to put him out. Unfortunately for us, he landed eventually upon our earth in the vicinity of an attractive new garden, and, assuming the guise of a serpent, impertinently accosted an imprudent lady in such beguiling fashion as to produce those disastrous results of which we all are now cognisant.

It was not a manly or generous act thus to impose upon the credulity of a newly made lady quite destitute of experience; but there is no reason to believe that it was regarded as wholly without excuse even at home, because, according to the Scriptures, he kept going back and forth and handing in reports until he overshot the mark by practically betting that poor Job could be nagged into repudiation of his faith. We have never been able to understand how Satan got permission to have that test made. Job was an inoffensive, law-abiding citizen, wholly devoted to his own sheep and wives and in all other ways exemplary in thought, expression and conduct. But, calm and simple though he seemed, he was, as we all who read the Bible know, strong enough to resist temptation, and the ambitious Satan, losing prestige in consequence in heaven, was virtually forced to pass the remainder of his days on earth, where we must confess he has been and is to this day most annoying and pertinacious.

Fortunately, there is no reason to believe that his ministrations will continue beyond this life. There was at one time such an idea shared by even such men as Milton and Dante and Calvin, but later advices indicate to the scientific mind that it was fallacious. In the first place, it is now conceded that Hell is not a hot place, but a land of bitter cold and icy walls, gloomy enough to irritate sinners, and yet not entirely devoid of material comforts. Its original name was Niflheim, but since none but Germans could pronounce it properly, it was changed as a compliment to the Teutonic goddess, Hel, when she became its queen, and has since been known to all by that title—short, easily spoken, and capable of being uttered, at times, with appropriately explosive emphasis. Thence, in midwinter, seeking shelter from the Icelandic blasts, travelled the djöful, as he was then known in that vicinity.

It was a red-letter day in Hel when the devil arrived; the jovial residents had long wanted a butt for their jests, and the

half-starved wanderer supplied the need. "In the most good-humored manner," Professor Max Müller informs us, "they exchanged a flitch of bacon for his marvellous quern; and when he had satisfied the cravings of hunger, they played many pranks upon him."

One cannot but feel some pity for the poor devil in those early days. He was young and inexperienced, lacking both patrimony and friends, and looking forward to a protracted existence and strenuous career. The Germans thought he was stupid, and their legends contain so many accounts of ludicrous ways in which they invariably outwitted him, that Southey once confessed that he "could never think of the devil without laughing." It was in this contemptuous spirit that the English, having in mind the nix or nixy of the German fairy-tales, corresponding to the nicor of Beowulf, designated him laughingly as Old Nick. But the devil was nobody's fool. Despite the loss of his quern, his indefatigability and developed talents have won for him a place in history equal, if not superior, from the view-point of mere personal achievement, to that of a mediæval conqueror or a modern President. His tragic death at the hands of a common button-moulder, as related in the legends, we must regard, not as the record of an actual happening, since we know only too well that he is still with us, but as prophetic that his career will not continue beyond this life.

Many who have had visions of hot griddles, burning oil and the like will be comforted by this assurance; and yet it is not easy to foresee how we can get along without him even in the world to come. Certain it is that those of us who have no cause for personal apprehension will not only miss the jaunty goings-on which we now find enlivening, but will also consider it almost a breach of faith to be deprived of an occasional peek at certain people we know smarting under the treatment they so richly deserve even now. We really cannot tell. It may be that the Teutonic notion is wrong, and that the good old Presbyterian conception will yet be realized. If so, how tempting the prospect of long winter evenings before the fire, listening to the sardonic prince's tales of his personal experiences among our fellow men! We can even now see Mark Twain sitting there smoking, drinking in those autobiographical reminiscences, and slowly turning green from envy. But meanwhile, possessing our souls in patience,

let us be not accused of unworthy hedging if, at this appropriate season, we ask the prayers of all good people for Satan himself, no less than for his multitudinous flock. We shall rather be bringing ourselves into healthy accord with the high sentiments of those whose sympathy finds bounds neither in race, nor in clime, nor in geographical line, nor in extra-terrestrial condition, but who desire the universal welfare—like Robert Burns, who thus exhorted his fellow-sinner to repentance:

> "But fare-you-weel, Auld Nickie-Ben!
> O, wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake:
> I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
> E'en for your sake!"

THE ESPERANTO SOCIETY.

THE Esperanto Society, organized by THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, now has close upon fourteen hundred members, and in printing a list of their names there is a double purpose. In the first place, each member will obtain an idea as to the identity of his fellow members. The second object is more important still.

Esperanto is spreading so rapidly, the movement is growing so strong, that THE REVIEW'S provisional Society must now be superseded by a permanent, cohesive organization.

At the present time the only officers are the two Honorary Presidents, Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, the originator of Esperanto, and the Marquis L. de Beaufront, head of the Esperanto movement in France.

Our suggestion now is that the members in each State, Territory, insular possession or foreign country choose two persons, one to act as president, and another as secretary for that particular section. Since there are no charges for membership in this society, we earnestly hope that every member will feel it a duty to notify us promptly of his or her choice. The majority will decide.

ALABAMA

Felter, S. A.
Fowlkes, Ethel E.
Lang, George
McCormack, G. B.
Marshall, J. Leslie

ALASKA

Hobart, Clarence
Reynolds, Major F. P.

Andrews, Lute E.
Rutherford, Mrs. Minnie U.
Seuter-King, Mrs. Sue
Streepey, John P.
Streepey, Mrs. John P.
Walker, C. T.
Wills, F. J.
Wooten, June P.

CALIFORNIA

Aitken, Mrs. Robert G.
Aitken, Wilhelmina E.
Ash, Dorsey
Bain, Wilhelmina S.
Balch, David M.
Berry, David M.
Berry, Mrs. David M.
Bobsin, H. A.
Boothe, Lawrence W.
Brereton, W. C.
Briggs, Dr. W. A.
Bryan, Captain R. B. (U. S. A.)
Carleson, Carl O. F.
Case, E. L.
Chevalier, Herbert
Costello, S. V.
Cummings, Mrs. J. M.
Dannenbaum, I.
Disher, O. E.
Drew, F. C.
Dwyer, Misses
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LA SENTENCOJ DE SALOMONO.*

(El la Biblio.)

EL LA ORIGINALO TRADUKIS, L. L. ZAMENHOF.

CAPITRO I.

(1) SENTENCOJ de Salomono, filo de Davido, reĝo de Izraelo, (2) por scii saĝon kaj moralinstruon, por kompreni parolojn de prudento, (3) por ricevi instruon pri saĝo, vero, justo kaj honesto, (4) por doni al la malsaĝuloj spriton, al la junulo scion kaj singardemon. (5) Saĝulo aŭdu kaj plimultigu sian scion, kaj prudentulo akiros gvidajn kapablojn, (6) por kompreni sentencon kaj retoraĵon, la vortojn de saĝuloj kaj iliajn ekzemplojn. (7) La timo antaŭ Dio estas la komenco de sciado. Saĝon kaj instruon malpiuloj malestimas. (8) Aŭskultu, mia filo, la instruon de via patro, kaj ne forĵetu la ordonon de via patrino; (9) ĉar ili estas bela krono por via kapo kaj ornamo por via kolo. (10) Mia filo, se pekuloj vin logos, ne sekvu ilin. (11) Se ili diros: iru kun ni, ni embuskos por mortigi, ni senkaŭze insidos senkulpulojn; (12) kiel infero ni englutos ilin vivajn, kaj la piulojn kiel irantajn en la tombon; (13) ni trovos diversajn grandvaloraĵojn, ni plenigos niajn domojn per rabaĵo; (14) vi lotos meze inter ni, unu monujo estos por ni ĉiuj. (15) Mia filo, ne iru la vojon kune kun ili, gardu vian piedon de ilia vojstreko, (16) ĉar iliaj piedoj kuras al malbono kaj rapidas

* Dr. Zamenhof has made this translation of Proverbs from the original text especially for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The subsequent chapters will be published during 1908.

verŝi sangon. (17) Ĉar vane estas metata reto antaŭ la okuloj de ĉiuj birdoj, (18) kaj ili embuskos sian propran sangon, ili insidas siajn proprajn animojn. (19) Tiaj estas la vojoj de ĉiu, kiu avidas rabakiron: ĝi forprenas la vivon de sia posedanto. (20) La saĝo kantas ekstere, ĝi aŭdigas sian voĉon en la stratoj: (21) ĝi vokas en la ĉefaj kunvenejoj, ĉe la prodegaj eniroj, en la urbo ĝi diras siajn parolojn. (22) Ĝis kiam, ho malsaĝuloj vi amos malsaĝon, kaj al blasfemontoj plaĉos blasfemado, kaj senprudentuloj malamos scion? (23) Returnu vin al mia predikado; jen mi eligos al vi mian spiriton, mi sciigos al vi miajn vortojn. (24) Ĉar mi vokis, kaj vi rifuzis, mi etendis mian manon kaj neniu atentis; (25) kaj vi forĵetis ĉiujn miajn konsilojn kaj miajn predikojn vi ne deziris: (26) Tial ankaŭ mi ridos ĉe via malfeliĉo, mi mokos, kiam timo vin atakos. (27) Kiam la timo atakos vin kiel uragano kaj via malfeliĉo venos kiel ventego, kiam venos al vi mizero kaj sufero; (28) tiam ili min vokos, sed mi ne respondos, ili min serĉos, sed min ne trovos. (29) Tial ke ili malamis scion kaj timon antaŭ Dio ili ne deziris havi, (30) ili ne deziris miajn konsilojn, ili malestimis ĉiujn miajn predikojn: (31) ili manĝu la fruktojn de sia agado kaj ili satiĝu de siaj pripensoj. (32) Ĉar la kapricoj de la malsaĝuloj ilin mortigas, kaj la senzorgeco de la senordulo ilin pereigas. (33) Sed kiu min aŭskultas, loĝos sendanĝere kaj estos trankvila kaj ne timos malbonon.

THE PROVERBS.

(Of the Bible.)

CHAPTER I.

(1) THE proverbs of Solomon the son of David, king of Israel; (2) to know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; (3) to receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, and equity; (4) to give subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion. (5) A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels: (6) To understand a proverb, and the interpretation: the words of the wise, and their dark sayings. (7) The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction. (8) My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: (9) for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck. (10) My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. (11) If they say, Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause: (12) let us swallow them up alive as the grave; and whole, as those that go down into the pit: (13) we shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil: (14) cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse: (15) my son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path; (16) for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood: (17) surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird. (18) And they lay wait for their own blood; they lurk privily

for their own lives. (19) So are the ways of every one that is greedy of gain; which taketh away the life of the owners thereof. (20) Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets: (21) she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, saying, (22) how long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? (23) Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you. (24) Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; (25) but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof. (26) I also will laugh at your calamity: I will mock when your fear cometh; (27) when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. (28) Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me; (29) for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: (30) they would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof. (31) Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. (32) For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them. (33) But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

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